

Christ
in
Song





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John J. Hood,
Compliments of author.



32-18

CHRIST IN SONG

HYMNAL

CONTAINING
OVER 700 BEST HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS NEW AND OLD

I. INVITATION AND
REPENTANCE.

IN 400 PAGES ARRANGED IN FOUR DEPARTMENTS:

II. CONSECRATION
AND PRAISE.

III. WORK AND
TRUST.

IV. HOME AND
HEAVEN.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY F. E. BELDEN,
Author of ILLUSTRATED OBJECT LESSONS AND SONGS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST, for the Bible Kindergarten in the
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PREFACE.

SONG is the first-born of Love and Joy. The Christian has more love and joy than the sinner, and hence has more need of song than any other class of human beings.

What songs ought Christians to use?—Evidently those which inspire the highest appreciation of God's love. But all not having the same natural or cultivated capacity for appreciation, we can not adopt any inflexible rule relative to the class of music to be used in the church service, the Sabbath-school, the missionary gathering, or the camp-meeting, where persons of all grades of religious experience and musical education meet together. To give satisfaction to all we must have several collections of music, one for each general condition, separating the people according to their preferences, or else have a book large enough to embrace the choicest songs of each grade, ever tending upward toward the best,—the most spiritual,—not leaving the selecting to either the simplicity-loving Christian or the musical theologian.

The conscientious primary teacher knows what is helpful (not merely pleasing) to the little people; the choir leader knows what suits those with whom he is most closely in sympathy; the pastor knows what selections are most heartily sung by the congregation. If any one of these persons prepares a book to suit himself, it will be a class collection, restricted in use.

The Scriptures contain one grade of inspiration, but many forms of expression of the one great truth,—“God is love.” This is stated both plainly and elaborately, for both the simple and the wise,—those who can appreciate only the writings of John, and

those who love to search out the “hard to be understood” sayings of Paul. The seventh chapter of Hebrews is not “stuck up” because the simple minded may not at first sight discern its meaning; neither is John 3:16 “cheap” because some lover of metaphor prefers language which represents the Saviour as the “Rose of Sharon” and the “Lily of the Valley.” The “Hallelujah Chorus” and the less difficult modern anthem are not “worldly” because a lover of simple song may think so; neither is “Jesus loves me, this I know,” or “Come, thou Fount,” “prosy” because certain persons prefer intricate harmony.

To condemn a song because the bass or some other part is written on one degree of the staff through several measures instead of moving or jumping as best it can to a new position for every syllable, is usually to overlook the tenfold more important *spirit of the gospel* which it may contain in spite of its disregard for the traditional laws of musical composition. And yet a chant is considered “classical,” notwithstanding many syllables are often sung successively on one degree of the staff, and usually in a racy, jumbled manner, since it is very difficult for a congregation to sing a chant well. And because it *is* difficult, shall we laud this style of composition and deprecate the singing of the same thought when represented in rhythmical, metrical form, as in our gospel hymns, with harmony no less monotonous?

The whole and half notes of the chant are hard to sing because the words are irregular. Improving on this, the metrical psalm and hymn came into use; and improving on the whole note for a measure to which

several words are to be sung, the fourth, eighth, and sixteenth mathematical divisions of the whole note came to be used as a certain means of *keeping the voices together*. Shall this glorious result in the singing of our modern gospel hymns — this excelsior of unity for which singers of chants and choruses drill night after night and day after day — be called a child of “cheapness”? It is eminently so in that the other is born of expense. With the simple form we have room for a thought of worship. With the difficult form we are likely to think only of singing correctly, even as an elaborate invocation diverts the mind from prayer.

Neither extreme is best, but of the two, monotonous simplicity is preferable in the worship of God. With regret we cite the proverbial truth that the more of musical effort the less of worship in the song service, which is evidence that at least some things common to musicians and singers are detrimental to spirituality. *True education ever inspires true devotion.*

It can not be wrong to carefully train singers and instrumentalists in order that we may praise God “with the Spirit and with the understanding also;” for at the dedication of the temple Solomon had singers who were not only trained, but paid (at least their expenses) while devoting their time to preparation. Doubtless in the *motive* — the desire to display self rather than praise God — lies the secret of the lack of spirituality in the song service. Let us not forget that Song is the sister of Prayer, and both are *cheerful* handmaids of Worship.

The numerous standard hymns and tunes in this collection emphasize the compiler’s opinion that they are superior for general religious use. In the Sab-

bath-school, no less than in the church service, spiritual edification, rather than musical entertainment, should be the object sought by singing; hence the songs in this book are not classified as “primary,” “intermediate,” etc., lest instructors continue to err by confining their pupils to such songs. We earnestly urge leaders to freely use the old hymns and tunes, even among the children, singing them in a gladsome, reverential spirit, instead of drawing them out in the tedious, sanctimonious manner which is in part responsible for their present general disuse by young people.

Whether old or new hymns are preferred, select those that contain the most of Christian instruction and cheerful devotional spirit, avoiding all trivial, sensuous music. Such we have endeavored to exclude from this collection, realizing that preferences are formed largely in childhood and youth, and that if the previous generation of children had been taught only the best — the most spiritual — hymns and melodies, we should not now be troubled with so great diversity of adult tastes relative to what is best.

If it be said that children do not like spiritual hymns and tunes, we reply that taste is largely the result of habit in taking either physical or mental food. Children should be given the *best*, the most *nutritious*, not the most sensational and exciting. When they are old enough to choose for themselves, they will then know how to choose.

To hasten the immortal era of spiritual parents, spiritual teachers, spiritual children, spiritual songs, this collection is humbly dedicated to the Spirit’s use, with the hope that every congregation will insist on singing and having music that they can sing. “Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.”

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The average 200-page Sunday School song book contains less than 200 musical compositions. The average 500-page Church Hymnal contains less than 600 musical compositions. "Christ in Song" contains over 400 pages and about 700 musical compositions.

The standard tunes and hymns are set in small type because an occasional glance at the words and music is all that is necessary in order to sing them. The more modern hymns and songs are in larger type because they are not so well known. Little time being required for singing a short tune, the eye is not wearied by the smaller type,—using which we are enabled to give (at about the regular S. S. song book price) more music and greater variety than can be found in the expensive collections for congregational use.

The best obtainable selections from all books have been chosen regardless of expense, and by careful examination it will be seen that for general use among children, youth, and adults, "Christ in Song" stands first among sacred song collections in devotional spirit, excellent hymnology, melodious songs, variety of themes, classification, number of contributors, durability of bindings, and low prices.

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PART I.

Invitation and Repentance.

1

LEAD THEM TO THEE.

(DOANE. 6s & 4s.)

ARRANGED.

"And they brought young children to him."—Mark 10 : 13.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gav-est me;
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Fes - tive and gay, Let no de - lu-sive snare, Lure them a - stray;
3. E'en for such lit - tle ones, Christ came a child, - And in this world of sin Lived un - de - filed.
4. Yea, tho' my faith be dim, I would be - lieve That thou this precious gift Wilt now re - ceive;

O, by thy love di-vine, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
But from temptation's pow'r, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
O, for his sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
O, take their young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark 5: 19.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in, — That won - der - ful re - demption,
 3. Tell me the same old sto - ry When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glo - ry

Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
 God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon,
 Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul,

CHORUS.

For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
 The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has pass'd a - way at noon. Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
 Tell me the old, old sto - ry: Christ Je - sus makes thee whole.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.— CONCLUDED.

Musical notation for the first part of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics: Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

3

JESUS LOVES ME.

ANNA WARNER.

"We love him because he first loved us."—1 John 4: 19.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Musical notation for the first part of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics: 1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to him belong, They are weak, but 2. Jesus loves me! he who died, Heaven's gate to open wide; He will wash a-way my sin, Let his lit - tle 3. Jesus loves me! loves me still, When I'm sad or weak and ill; From his shining throne on high, Comes to watch me 4. Jesus loves me; he will stay, Close beside me all the way, If I love him, by and by He will take me

CHORUS.

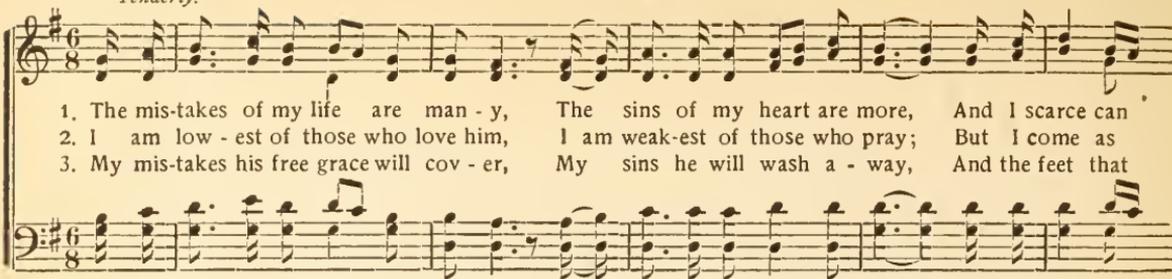
Musical notation for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics: he is strong. child come in. Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Je-sus loves me; Yes, Je-sus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so. where I lie. home on high.

AT THE DOOR.

MRS. U. L. BAILEY.
Tenderly.

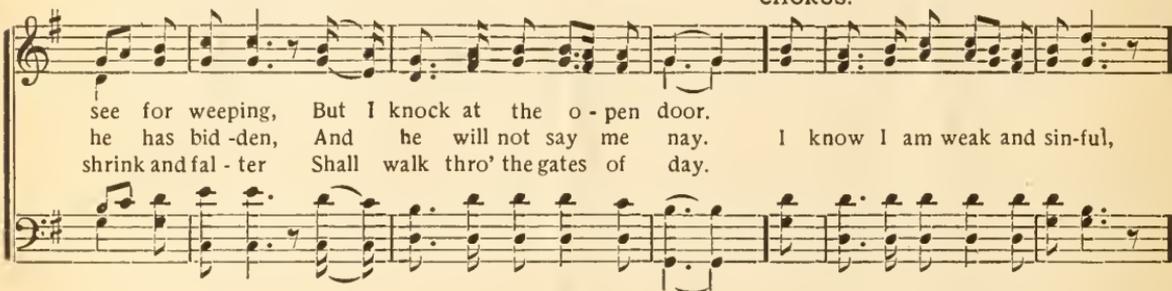
"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. 3:8.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

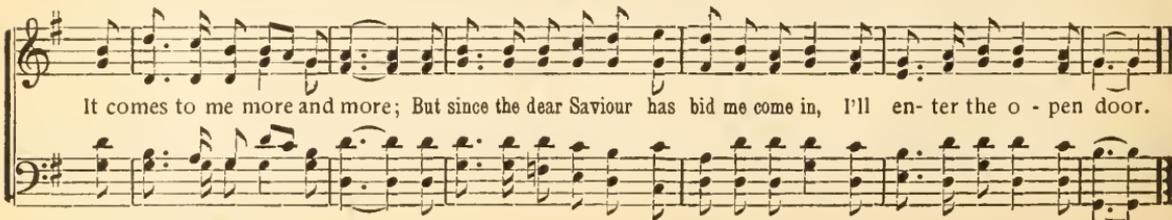


1. The mis-takes of my life are man - y, The sins of my heart are more, And I scarce can
2. I am low - est of those who love him, I am weak-est of those who pray; But I come as
3. My mis-takes his free grace will cov - er, My sins he will wash a - way, And the feet that

CHORUS.



see for weeping, But I knock at the o - pen door.
he has bid - den, And he will not say me nay. I know I am weak and sin-ful,
shrink and fal - ter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.



It comes to me more and more; But since the dear Saviour has bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

SHALL I LET HIM IN?

H. R. P.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him,
and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

H. R. PALMER,

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let him in? Pa-tient-ly plead-ing with
 2. Shall I send him the lov-ing word? Shall I let him in? Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my
 3. Yes, I'll o-pen this heart's prouddoor, Yes, I'll let him in. Glad-ly I'll wel-come him

my sad heart; O shall I let him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and
 gracious Lord, O shall I let him in? He can in-fi-nite love im-part, He can
 ev-er-more; O, yes, I'll let him in. Bless-ed Sav-iour, a-bide with me, Cares and

cheerless is all with-in; Christ is bid-ding me turn un-to him; O shall I let him in?
 par-don this reb-el heart; Shall I bid him for-ev-er de-part, Or shall I let him in?
 tri-als will light-er be; I am safe if I'm on-ly with thee, O, bless-ed Lord, come in!

MAKE ROOM FOR JESUS.

F. E. B.

" And laid him in a manger because there was no room for him in the inn."— Luke 2:7. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus? Room to rest his wea - ry feet? Will you let the roy - al
 2. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus? Not one room in all the inn, Heart so full of pride and
 3. Sel - fish one, I know the rea - son,—Je - sus can - not dwell with sin, He would cast out all your
 4. Swing the door and give him welcome, With his heav'n-ly grac - es fair,— Faith and Love, and Peace and

REFRAIN.

Stran - ger Tar - ry in the cold, dark street?
 pleas - ure, Heart so full of se - cret sin? Have you a - ny room? Have you a - ny room?
 serv - ants, So you dare not let him in.
 Glad - ness, Pur - i - ty, and Praise, and Pray'r.

Have you a - ny room for Je - sus? Make room! make room! Make room for Je - sus.

LET HIM IN.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a Strang - er at the door, Let - - - him in; - - - He has been there
 2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let - - - him in; - - - If you wait he
 3. Hear you now his plead - ing voice? Let - - - him in: - - - Now, O now make
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n - ly guest, Let - - - him in: - - - He will make for
 Let the Sav iour in, let the Sav iour in;

oft be - fore, Let - - - him in; - - - Let him in, ere he is gone, Let him
 will de - part, Let - - - him in; - - - Let him in, he is your friend, And your
 him your choice, Let - - - him in; - - - He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to
 you a feast, Let - - - him in; - - - He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when
 Let the Sav iour in, let the Sav iour in;

in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let - - - him in. - - -
 soul he will de - fend; He will keep you to the end, Let - - - him in. - - -
 you he will re - store, And his name you will a - dore, Let - - - him in. - - -
 earth - ties all are riv'n, He will take you home to heav'n, Let - - - him in. - - -
 Let the Sav iour in, let the Sav iour in.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

E. R. LATTA.

(BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.)

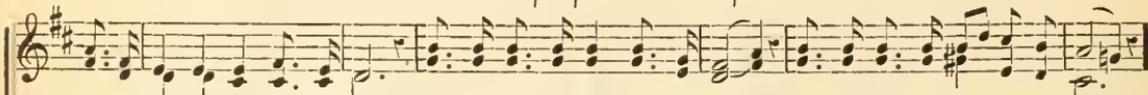
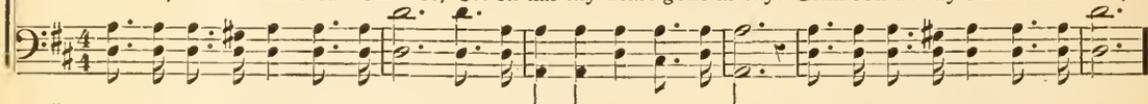
H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

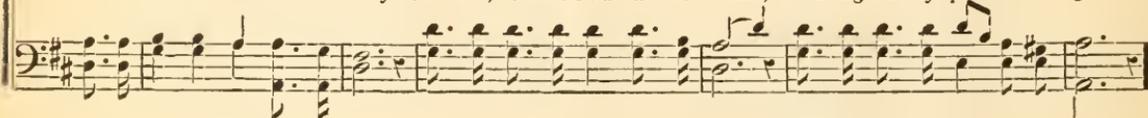
"For sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13:1.



1. Bless - ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners re-vealed; Bless-ed be the dear Son of God;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod-y o'er came; Grievous were the sorrows he bore,
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from thee, Oft-en has my heart gone astray: Crim-son do my sins seem to me,



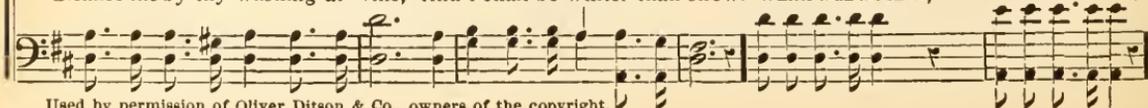
Only by his stripes we are healed. Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
But he suffered thus not in vain. May I to the Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Water cannot wash them a - way. Je - sus, to that Fountain of thine, Leaning on thy promise I go;



CHORUS.



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whit - - er than the snow, . . .
Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,



WHITER THAN SNOW.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Whit - - er than the snow, . . . Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, . . . And I shall be whiter than snow.
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, of the Lamb, than snow.

9

LIKE AS A FATHER.

F. E. BELDEN.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Ps. 103: 13.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Like as a fa - ther pit - ies his child, So the Lord pit - ies the sin - ner de - filed;
2. Like as a fa - ther when we be - lieve, Mer - ci - ful Sav - iour, he waits to re - ceive;
3. Like as a fa - ther, ev - er the same, He hath cre - a - ted, and knoweth our frame;
4. Like as a fa - ther, con - stant is he, God in com - pas - sion re - gard - eth our plea;

Wait - eth in kind - ness, Pit - ies our blind - ness, Long - eth to wel - come, tho' oft - en re - viled.
List - ens to hear us, Bless - es to cheer us, Pit - ies when - ev - er his Spir - it we grieve.
Watch - eth the stray - ing, Guarding the pray - ing, Bids us to trust in his Al - might - y name.
In need he com - eth, Prec - ious his prom - ise: Fa - ther in heav - en for - ev - er to be.

ONLY ONE STEP.

F. E. B.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16:31.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from dark - ness in - to light; On - ly one step to
 2. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from self with all its pride; On - ly one step to
 3. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from death for - ev - er more; On - ly one step to
 4. On - ly one step to Je - sus; The Spir - it calls to - day. On - ly one step to

REFRAIN *m*

Je - sus, from weak - ness in* - to might.
 Je - sus, the meek One cru - ci - fied. On - ly one step, on - ly one step;
 Je - sus on life's im - mor - tal shore.
 Je - sus, O grieve it not a - way!

f That is not far to Je - sus! *p* On - ly one step, *pp rit.* on - ly one step: Then why not take it now?

URGE THEM TO COME.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

"That my house may be full."— Luke 14: 23.

W. H. DOANE.

1. In the highways and hedges go seek for the lost, Gather them in to the fold,—Was the earnest com-
 2. If the Shepherd we love, we will care for the sheep; Pre-cious are they in his sight; They are out in the
 3. To the wea-ry and thirst-y the Saviour has said, "Come, heavy laden, to me, I will give you to
 4. There's a welcome for all in the kingdom of grace, All who repent and believe; And the souls that have

CHORUS.

mand that our Saviour di-vine Taught his dis-ci-ples of old.
 des-ert, they wander a-lone; Lead them from dark-ness to light. Urge them to come, show them the way; Ten-der-ly,
 drink of the wa-ter of life;" Tell them the fountain is free.
 stray'd and returned to the fold, Je-sus will glad-ly re-ceive.

lov-ing-ly, bring them to-day; Urge them to come, why should they roam? Bring them along to our dear Saviour's home.

"COME UNTO ME."

F. E. B.

"For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."—Matt. 11:30.

F. E. BELDEN.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. O heart bowed down with sorrow! O eyes that long for sight! There's gladness in be-liev-ing; In
 2. Earth's fleet-ing gain and pleas-ure Can nev-er sat-is-fy: 'Tis love our joy doth measure, For
 3. Di-vin-est con-so-la-tion Doth Christ the Healer give; Art thou in con-dem-na-tion? Re-
 4. His peace is like a riv-er, His love is like a song; His yoke's a bur-den nev-er; 'Tis

Four measures for prelude.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus there is light. "Come un-to me, all ye that la-bor
 love can nev-er die, pent, be-lieve and live. Come, O come, come un-to me, Come, O come, all ye that labor;
 ea-sy all day long.

and are heavy la-den, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke up-on you, and
 Come, O come, heavy laden souls, I . . . will give you rest. Come, O come, come, take my yoke,
 and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and
 Come, O come, heavy laden souls, I . . . will give you rest. Come, O come, come, take my yoke,

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I will give you rest.

"COME UNTO ME."—CONCLUDED.

learn . . . of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."
Come, O come, come, learn of me; I am meek and

rit.

13

PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2:21. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers thou art call -ing, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at the throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un- be- lief.
3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded, brok-en spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth be-side thee! Whom in heav'n but thee!

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my humble cry; While on oth - ers thou art call -ing, Do not pass me by.

LIFE IN A LOOK.

F. E. B.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45: 22.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's life in a look at the sacred cross, Je - sus has said, "Look unto me;" Earth with its rich-es is
 2. When first to the Saviour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that fell on me; Oft as the clouds of temp-
 3. I'll look to the cross ev'ry day and hour, Trusting the promise God has given; None ev - er fall neath the

CHORUS.
 on - ly dross, Bright treasures beyond in the cross I see. In a look there's life for thee, In a
 ta - tion rise, A look at the cross still my strength shall be.
 tempter's pow'r, Who trust and obey in the strength of Heav'n. In a look there's life for thee,

look at Cal - va - ry; Blessed thought, salvation free, By a look at Cal - va - ry.
 In a look at Cal - va - ry; Blessed thought, sal - va - tion free, By a look at Cal - va - ry.

rit.

ABLE TO DELIVER.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."— Dan. 3: 17.

EMMA L. MORTON.

1. A - ble to de - liv - er! sound it far and near; A - ble to de - liv - er who - so - e'er will hear;
 2. A - ble to de - liv - er! can it real - ly be? Is there an - y pow - er can de - liv - er me?
 3. A - ble to de - liv - er! courage, trembling one! Are you serving Je - sus? he will save his own.

From the fier - y furnace, from the sin - ner's doom, Je - sus will de - liv - er who - so - e'er will come.
 Tell me, tell me tru - ly, is the Christ once slain A - ble to de - liv - er me from Satan's chain?
 Fear not Satan's pow - er, cling to Je - sus' hand, Cease your fear and doubt - ing, bold - ly for him stand.

CHORUS.

A - ble to de - liv - er, A - ble now to save, When you are, my brother, A - ble to be - lieve.

LINGER NO LONGER.

R. L.

"Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you."—Isaiah 30 : 18.

ROBERT LOWRY.



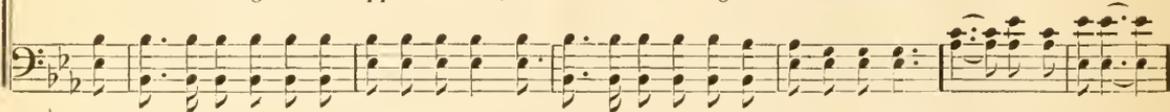
1. Lin - ger no long - er; Mercy is waiting for thee; Sin will grow stronger; Now from its tyranny flee;
2. Wealth without measure, Honor and fame, thou may'st see; No earth - ly treasure Ev - er can sat - is - fy thee;
3. Though like a mountain, Sin on thy conscience should be, Come to the fountain O - pen - ed at Cal - va - ry;



CHORUS.



The world that is smiling, so cheerful and gay, From Jesus is leading thee farther a - way.
Thy richest possessions delusive will prove, But wealth that endureth is laid up above. Turn from thy straying,
Thou needest no longer from happiness roam; The Saviour is waiting to welcome thee home.



No longer de - lay - ing; Heav'n opens for thee—Turn from thy straying, No longer de - lay - ing; Heav'n o - pens for thee.



THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

F. J. CROSBY.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. 1: 18.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

Duet. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow; Tho' they be
2. Hear the voice that en - treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God! to God! He is of
3. He'll for-give your trans-gressions, And re - mem - ber them no more; no more; "Look un - to

Duet. *p*

red - - - like crim - son, They shall be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
great - - - com - pas - sion, And of wondrous love; Hear the voice that en - treats you,
Me, - - - ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God; He'll for - give your transgressions,

Tho' they be red

Quartet. *f* *p rit.*

Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Hear the voice that en - treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
He'll for - give your transgressions, And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.

W. A. O.

"I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 10: 11.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep-herd, Call-eth thee now to come In - to the fold of safe - ty,
 2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep-herd, Gave his dear life for thee, Ten - der - ly now he's call - ing,
 3. Lin - ger - ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are abroad to - day, Seeking the sheep now straying,

Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the morn of youth,
 Wan - der - er, come to me; Haste, for with - out is dan - ger, Come, eries the Shepherd blest,
 Seek - ing the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov - ing Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come

CHORUS. *Softly.*

En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the way of truth.
 En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest. Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly calling is he;
 In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.— CONCLUDED.

Wanderer, wanderer, come un - to me, Pa-tiently standing there, waiting, I see Je-sus my Shepherd di - vine.

rit.

19

NOT IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

F. E. BELDEN.

Slowly.

"For in death there is no remembrance of thee; in the grave who shall give thee thanks?"—Ps. 6:5.

(SOLO OR QUARTET.)

FRANZ ABT, Arr. by F. E. B.

1. Not in the hour of death, Not when the pulse is low, Not with the failing breath, Not when you fear to go;
2. Not when the frost of time Has changed the gold to gray; Come in the golden prime Of manhood's summer day.
3. Not when the noon of care Has robbed the flow'rs of dew; Come in the morning fair, Of life's glad spring-time new.

REFRAIN.

Come to Him now, come, Come to Him now, Jesus can save, O come to him now; Jesus will save, O come to him now.

cres. dim. rit. pp

* OVER THE LINE.

MRS. N. K. BRADFORD.

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, though he be not far from every one of us."—Acts 17: 27.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. O ten - der and sweet was the Father's voice, As he lov - ing-ly called to me, "Come o - ver the
2. "But my sins are so man - y, my faith so small,"—Lo! the answer came quick and clear, "Thou need - est not
3. "But my flesh is so fee - ble," with tears I said, "And the path - way I can - not see; I fear if I
4. The world is so cold I can - not go back, Press for - ward I sure - ly must; I'll lay my weak

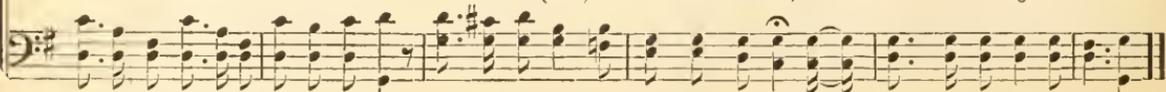


line, it is on - ly a step, I'm waiting, my child, for thee."
 trust in thy - self at all, Step over the line, I'm here."
 try I may sad - ly fail, And thus dis - hon - or thee."
 hand in his wound - ed palm, Step over the line and *trust*.

"O-ver the line," hear the sweet re-frain,



Angels are chanting the heaven-ly strain; "O - ver the line,"—Why should I re - main With a step between me and Jesus?
 (4th) I will not remain, I'll cross it and go to Jesus.



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* For special use as soprano and alto duet throughout, alto borrow tenor in first five measures of chorus. Very effective for tenor and alto, tenor using soprano notes as far as chorus, then alto taking soprano, tenor singing its part to 6th measure of chorus, then borrowing alto notes for last three measures.

MERCY'S GATE IS OPEN.

F. M. D.

To him that knocketh it shall be opened.—Matt. 7:8.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Ye who long in sin have wandered, From the Saviour's fold a-way, Come, the gate of mercy's o - pen,
 2. Ye who think yourselves unworthy, Oft - en doubt-ing by the way, Come, the gate of mercy's o - pen,
 3. Far a-way in realms of glo - ry, An - gel voices chant the strain, "Come, the gate of mercy's o - pen;"
 4. On the ear the tones are fall - ing, Like sweet mu-sic from a-bove, "Come, the gate of mercy's o - pen,

REFRAIN.

O - pen wide for you to - day. Come, O come to - day, Come, O come to -
 Come and en - ter while you may.
 We re - peat the glad re - frain.
 Come, ac - cept a Father's love." Come, O come, sin - ner, come to - day, Come, O come,

day; Come, the gate of mercy's o - - pen, Open wide for you to - day.
 sin - ner, come to - day; Come, O come, the gate of mercy's o - pen, O - pen wide for you to - day, for you to - day.

THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 15: 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, spread the ti-dings round, Where-ev-er man is found, Wherev-er hu-man hearts
 2. The long, long night is past, The morn-ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
 3. Be-hold, the King of kings, With heal-ing in his wings, To ev-'ry cap-tive soul
 4. O bound-less Love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mor-tals tell
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly A-bove the vault-ed sky, And all the saints a-bove

D. S.—The Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n,

And hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev-'ry Chris-tian tongue Pro-claim the joy-ful sound;
 And fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en hills The day ad-van-ces fast;
 A full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant cells The song of tri-umph rings;
 The match-less grace di-vine,— That I, a child of sin, Should in his im-age shine!
 To all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less love, The song that ne'er will die:

The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; O, spread the tidings round, Where-ev-er man is found,—

The Com-fort-er has come! The Com-fort-er has come, The Comfort-er has come!

The Com-fort-er has come!

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ABLE TO SAVE AND KEEP.

C. E. G.

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."—Jude 1 : 24.

P. BILHORN, by per.

1. He's a - ble to keep you from falling, He's a - ble all things to sub - due, To bind up the
 2. He's a - ble to heal our dis - eas - es, Our bod - ies his pow'r can make whole; He's a - ble to
 3. He's a - ble to car - ry our burdens, To rid us of all anx - ious care; He's a - ble to
 4. God's tho'ts to his chil - dren are precious, All this and much more will he give; Thro' faith in the

CHORUS.

brok - en in spir - it, And save to the ut - ter - most too.
 keep us from sinning, And per - fect his life in the soul. A - ble, will - ing,
 rest us when wea - ry, He's will - ing our cross - es to share.
 dear name of Je - sus, We ask and thro' him we re - ceive. A - ble to save, a - ble to keep,

a - ble and will - ing to save; A - ble, will - ing, Je - sus is a - ble to save.

BUILD ON THE ROCK.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell not:

F. E. B.

for it was founded upon a rock."—Matt. 27: 24, 25.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll build on the Rock, the liv-ing Rock, On Je-sus, the Rock of A-ges; So shall we a-bide the
 2. Some build on the sink-ing sands of life, On vis-ions of earth-ly treas-ure; Some build on the waves of
 3. O build on the Rock, for ev-er sure, The firm and the true foun-da-tion; Its hope is the hope which

CHORUS.

fear-ful shock, When loud the tem-pest ra-ges. We'll build on the Rock, We'll
 sin and strife, Of fame, and world-ly pleas-ure. We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock, We'll
 shall en-dure,— The hope of our sal-va-tion.

build on the Rock; We'll build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock, On Christ, the mighty Rock.
 build on the Rock, on the sol-id Rock;

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2:13.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Hear the words our Saviour hath spoken, Words of life, un-fail-ing and true; Careless one, prayerless one,
 2. All in vain we hear his commandments, All in vain his prom-is-es, too; Hearing them, fearing them,
 3. They with joy may en-ter the cit-y, Free from sin, from sorrow and strife, Sanc-ti-fied, glo-ri-fied,

CHORUS.

hear and re-mem-ber, Je-sus says, "Blessed are they that do."
 nev-er can save us, Bless-ed, O bless-ed are they that do. Blessed are they that do his commandments,
 now and for-ev-er, They may have right to the tree of life.

Bless-ed are they, blessed are they; Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

COVER WITH HIS LIFE.

F. E. B.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered,"—Ps. 32: 1.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Look up - on Je - sus, sin - less is he; Fa - ther, im - pute his life un - to me.
 2. Deep are the wounds transgres - sion has made; Red are the stains; my soul is a - fraid.
 3. Long - ing the joy of par - don to know, Je - sus holds out a robe white as snow:
 4. Re - con - ciled by his death for my sin, Jus - ti - fied by his life pure and clean,

f
 My life of scar - let, my sin and woe, Cov - er with his life, whit - er than snow.
 O to be cov - ered, Je - sus, with thee, Safe from the law that now judg - eth me!
 "Lord, I ac - cept it! leav - ing my own, Glad - ly I wear thy pure life a - lone."
 Sanc - ti - fied by o - bey - ing his word, Glo - ri - fied when re - turn - eth my Lord.

D. S.— My life of scar - let, my sin and woe, Cov - er with his life, whit - er than snow.

REFRAIN.

D. S.
 Cov - er with his life, whit - er than snow, Ful - ness of his life then shall I know.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAS. NICHOLSON.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul;
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice;
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet,
 4. Lord Je - sus, thou seest I pa - tiently wait; Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

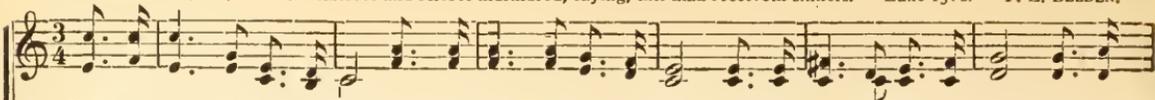
Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow;
 To those who've sought thee, thou nev - er said'st No; } Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

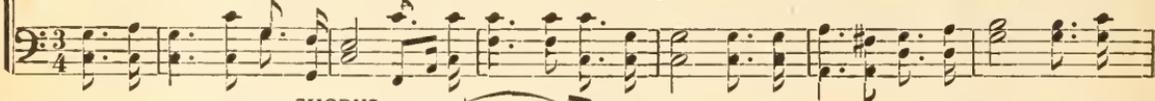
Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. "The Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, this man receiveth sinners."— Luke 15: 2. F. E. BELDEN,



1. Sing it o'er and o'er a-gain, Glorious message, clear and plain; 'T is to-day the same as then, Christ re-
2. "Seek and find," and "look and live;" Grace is free! proclaim to all Who the heav'nly pathway leave, All who
3. Years of sin condemn us not, Pure be-fore the law we stand; Je-sus' blood removes each spot, Sat - is -
4. He will take the sin - ful - est, Make the scarlet white and pure; Come, and he will give you rest; Trust his
5. In Thy righteous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest forgiv'n; Self is lost in love di - vine, Death in



CHORUS.



ceiv-eth sin - ful men.
lin-ger, all who fall.
fies its full de-mand.
word, for-ev - er sure.
life, and earth in heav'n.

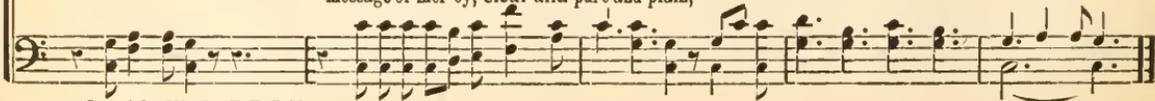
Wonderful word, - - O sweet re - frain! Christ re - ceives - - sin - ful

Wonderful word, O sweet and glad refrain!

Christ receives



men (O praise his name!) Message of mer - - cy, clear and plain, — Christ re-ceiv - eth sin - ful men (praise his name!)
Message of mer-cy, clear and pure and plain,



I'M SO GLAD!

"But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke 18:16.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I'm so glad that Je - sus said, "Let the chil - dren come to me," Placed his hands upon each head,
 2. He's the same as long a - go, Time can nev - er change his love; Like a stream 'twill ev - er flow
 3. Sweet - er still his voice will sound, When he speaks the glad "well done!" As the chil - dren gath - er 'round

REFRAIN. *Slowly and softly.*

Spoke so ten - der - ly:
 From the Fount a - bove. "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come to me, Of such shall the kingdom of
 Je - sus on his throne.

faster.

heav - en be." Glad - ly we will come, glad - ly we will come, Joy - ful - ly we come to Je - sus.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

"My son, give me thine heart."— Prov. 23 : 26.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. They bro't their gifts to Je - sus, And laid them at his feet, And love for this dear Sav - iour,
 2. A - part from oth - er giv - ers A poor way - far - er stood; He saw the gifts they of - fered,
 3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sor - row, "I know how kind thou art, Take all I have to give thee,

Made ev - 'ry off 'ring sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help for the poor of earth,
 The poor - est count - ed good, And he was filled with long - ing, A gift, tho' poor, to bring;
 My sin - ful, wayward heart." Then Je - sus answered soft - ly, "Count not the gift as small,

CHORUS.

And not a gift among them Was tho't of lit - tle worth.
 A - las! all emp - ty hand - ed He stood be - fore the King. Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus,
 Tho' all of them are precious, Thine is the best of all.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.—CONCLUDED.

That he will count most sweet? Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee," And lay it at 'his feet.

31

KNOCKING, KNOCKING.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE, arr.

(FOR MALE OR MIXED VOICES)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, O how fair! 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly, Nev-er
 2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, won-drous fair; But the door is hard to o - pen, For the
 3. Knocking, knocking,—what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair; Yes, the wounded hand still knocketh, And be-

such was seen be-fore; Ah! my soul, for such a won - der Wilt thou not un - do the door? Wilt thou not un - do the door?
 weeds and i - vy vine With their dark and clinging ten-drills Ev - er round the hin-ges twine, Ev - er round the hin-ges twine.
 neath the thorn-wreath'd hair Beam the patient eyes, so ten - der, Of thy Sav-ior waiting there; Wilt thou keep him waiting there?

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WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32 : 26.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN,

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Al-ways true; There's a right and wrong side, Where stand you?
 2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand; Still 'tis not the strong side, True and grand.
 3. Come and join the Lord's side; Ask you why? 'Tis the on-ly safe side By and by.

CHORUS.

Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? False or true?
 Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? Where stand you?
 Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, . . . traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isa. 63:1.

Rev. R. W. TODD.

HARRY SANDERS.

1. O who is this that com - eth From Edom's crim - son plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now thy
 2. O why is thine ap - par - el With reek - ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the wine - press red? O why this bloody
 3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How could'st thou bear this shame? "With mercy fraught, mine own arm brought Salvation in my

p
 name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A ran - som gave; I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
 tide? "I the wine - press trod a - lone, 'Neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo - ple there was none Mighty to save."
 name; I the bloody fight have won, Con - quer'd the grave, Now the year of joy has come, — Mighty to save."
cres. *f*

REFRAIN.
cres. *f* *ff* *p*
 Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save; Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.
 Mighty to save, Mighty to save.

NEVER BE AFRAID.

ANON.

"There is no fear in love."— 1 John 4: 18.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Nev-er be a-fraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a word can do; Nev-er be a-fraid to
 2. Nev-er be a-fraid to work for Je - sus, In his vineyard day by day; La-bor with a kind and
 3. Nev-er be a-fraid to bear for Je - sus, Keen re-proach-es when they fall; Pa-tient-ly en-dure your
 4. Nev-er be a-fraid to live for Je - sus; If you on his care depend, Safe-ly shall you pass thro'

CHORUS.

own your Sa-viour, He who loves and cares for you.
 wil - ling spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay. Nev - er be a - afraid, nev - er be a - afraid,
 ev - 'ry tri - al, Je - sus meek - ly bore them all.
 ev - 'ry tri - al; He will keep you to the end.

Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er; Je - sus is your lov - ing Sa - viour, Therefore nev - er be a - afraid.

BRAVELY SAY NO!

F. E. B.

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan; for it written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."—Luke 4: 8.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Brave-ly say No! when tempt-ed to sin, List to the voice of conscience with-in;
 2. Oft-en the tempt-er comes with a song, Strew-ing with flow'rs the path-way of wrong;
 3. Je-sus was tempt-ed just as we are, Sin could not stain him, sin could not mar;

Je-sus will help you cour-age to show; Turn from the wrong and brave-ly say No!
 Watch and be read-y al-ways to say, "No" to the voice that calls you a-way.
 We have the pow'r to keep him with-in, He has the pow'r to keep us from sin.

CHORUS.

Brave-ly say No! Al-ways say No! Je-sus will help you; Brave-ly say No!

HOW SHALL WE STAND IN THE JUDGMENT ?

"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire."— Luke 3: 17.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When Je - sus shall gath - er the nations, Be - fore him at last to ap - pear, Then how shall we
 2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words "faith - ful serv - ant, well done," Or trembling with
 3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransom'd his seal; He will clothe them in
 4. Then let us be watching and waiting, With lamps burning steady and bright; When the Bride - groom shall
 5. Thus liv - ing with hearts fixed on heav - en, In pa - tience we wait for the time When the days of our

CHORUS.

stand in the Judgment, When summon'd our sentence to hear?
 fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne?
 heav - en - ly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel. He will gather the wheat in his garner,
 call to the wedding O may we be read - y for flight!
 pil - grim - age end - ed, We'll bask in the presence di - vine.

But the chaff will he scat - ter a - way; Then how shall we stand in the Judgment Of the great resurrection day?

WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

“Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”—Matt. 25 : 34. REV. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sit - ting, perhaps, where his peo - ple be; How will it
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once died for men; Splendid the
 3. Like lightning's flash will that in - stant show Things hid - den long from both friend and foe; Just what we
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dress'd; Ah! well for
 5. End - less the sad sep - a - ra - tion then, Bit - ter the cry of de - lud - ed men, Aw - ful that
 6. Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace, So to a - wait thee, each in his place, That we may

REFRAIN.



fare, friend, with thee and me When the King comes in?
 vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
 are will each neighbor know, When the King comes in. When the King comes in, broth - er,
 us if we stand the test, When the King comes in.
 mo - ment of an - guish when Christ the King comes in.
 fear not to see thy face When thou com - est in.

When the King comes in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

(SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET, WITH FULL CHORUS.)

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:8.

EMILY S. OAKLEY.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sow - ing the seed by the day - light fair, Sow - ing the seed by the noon - day glare,
 2. Sow - ing the seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing the seed on the rocks to die,
 3. Sow - ing the seed of a lin - g'ring pain, Sow - ing the seed of a mad - dened brain,
 4. Sow - ing the seed with an ach - ing heart, Sow - ing the seed while the tear - drops start,

Sow - ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sow - ing the seed in the sol - emn night.
 Sow - ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow - ing the seed in the fer - tile soil.
 Sow - ing the seed of a tar - nished name, Sow - ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame.
 Sow - ing in hope till the reap - ers come Glad - ly to gath - er the har - vest home.

CHORUS.

Sown in the dark - ness or sown in the light, Sown in our weak - ness or sown in our might;

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Gath - ered in time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah! sure will the har - vest be.

39

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

"I lay down my life for the sheep."—John 10:15.

J. E. WHITE.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
 2. My Father's house of light, My glo - ry-circled throne, I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
 3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitt'rest ag - o - uy, To res - cue thee from hell;

I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me? I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me? I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me? I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?

KEEP TENTING TOWARD THE HIGHLANDS.

F. E. B.

"Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom."—Gen. 19:17.

F. E. BELDEN.

Duet or all Soprano and Tenor Voices.

1. Are you tent-ing on the low-lands Of the fa - ted, flow'ry plain? Are you near-ing life's high
 2. Does fair Sod-om in her glo - ry Beckon you with ease or gain? Heed her aw - ful judg-ment
 3. To the mountains of sal - va - tion! Hear the an - gel, Mer - cy, call; Do not tar-ry! look not

dim. CHORUS.
 mountains, As the night comes on a - gain? Keep tent-ing toward the highlands, Each evening nearer
 sto - ry; Linger not, her joys are vain.
 back-ward! Hasten on ere vengeance fall. Keep tenting toward the highlands of life,

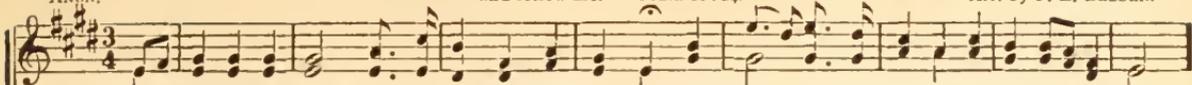
home; Keep tent-ing toward the high-lands, Keep tent-ing near-er home. . . .
 sweet home; Keep tenting toward the highlands of life, heav'nly home.

WILL YOU GO?

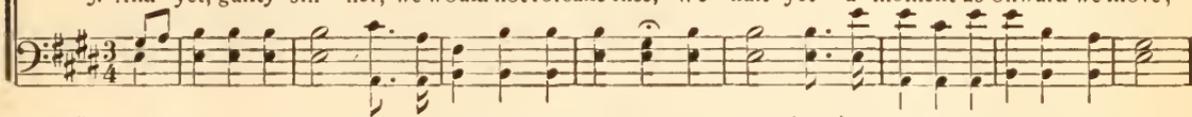
"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross,
and follow me."—Matt. 16: 24.

Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

ANON.



1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
2. In that blessed land, neither sigh - ing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glo - ri - fied rove:
3. No fraud, nor de - ceit, nor the hand of op - pression, Can in - jure the dwellers in that ho - ly grove;
4. No pov - er - ty there, no, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
5. And yet, guilty sin - ner, we would not forsake thee, We halt yet a moment as onward we move;



Ye wand'ers from God, in the broad road of fol - ly, O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in mis - e - ry languish,
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
No sickness can reach them, that coun - try is health - y;
O, come to thy Lord! in his arms he will take thee, And bear thee a - long to the E - den a - bove.



CHORUS.



Will you go, will you go, Will you go, will you go? O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?



TARRY BY THE LIVING WATERS.

F. E. B.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—Rev. 21:6.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, The fount - ain pure and free; There Je - sus waits to give us
 2. When weary with the toilsome journey, 'Tis sweet to rest a - while Where crys - tal wa - ters gen - tly
 3. Then come to Christ, the liv - ing wa - ter, Thy strength will he re - store; Come, taste the joy of his sal -

CHORUS.

welcome, A welcome sweet 't will be. We'll tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the
 murmur, And sunny fountains smile.
 va - tion, And drink to thirst no more. fount of liv - ing waters,

liv - ing wa - ters; Tar - ry by the liv - ing wa - ters, Tar - ry by the Fount of Life.
 fount of liv - ing wa - ters; fount of liv - ing wa - ters,

LET THE LITTLE ONES COME.

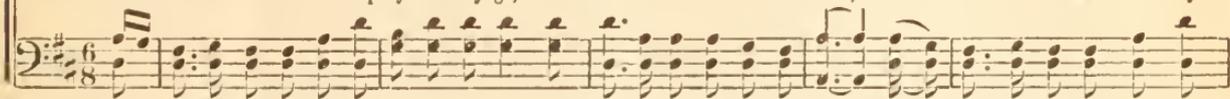
MRS. J. LUKE.

"Forbid them not to come unto me."—Matt. 19: 14.

ARRANGED by F. E. B.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, How he call'd lit-tle chil-dren as
 2. Yet still to the Saviour in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love, And if I thus ear-nest-ly



lams to his fold, I should like to have been with them then. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his
 seek him be-low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove. In that beau-ti-ful place he has gone to pre-pare For



arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me."
 all who are wash'd and forgiv'n, Oh, may we at last find a glad welcome there, Safe at home in the king-dom of heav'n.



CALLING.

"Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your souls shall live."—Isa. 55: 3.

W. L. T.

Slow and tenderly.

W. L. THOMPSON, by per.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
 4. Think of the won - der - ful love he has promised, Prom - ised for you and for me;

At the heart's por - tal he's wait - ing and watch - ing, Watch - ing for you and for me.
 Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Shad - ows are gath - ring and death's night is com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, - - Ye who are wea - ry, come home; - -
 Come home, come home,

cres. *dim.*

CALLING. CONCLUDED.

Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

rit. *pp*

45

ONLY TWO WAYS.

(Duet or quartet for male voices. For ladies' voices, altos sing bass notes an octave higher.)

F. E. B. "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction."—Matt. 7:13. F. E. B.

1. There are two ways for trav'lers, on - ly two ways: One's a hill pathway of bat - tle and praise; The oth - er leads
2. There are two guides for trav'lers, on - ly two guides: One's the Good Shepherd, e'en thro' the death tides; The oth - er,—the
3. There are two homes for trav'lers, on - ly two homes: One's the fair cit - y where e - vil ne'er comes; The oth - er,—sin's
4. Quick - ly en - ter the strait way, lead - ing to life; Shun the wide gate - way of fol - ly and strife. The Spir - it in -

downward; tho' flow'ry it seem, Its joy is a phantom, its love is a dream, Its love is a dream, 'tis on - ly a dream. ser - pent, be - guiling with sin Whose beau - ty ex - ter - nal hides poi - son with - in, Hides poi - son with - in, death poison with - in. wag - es, e - ter - nal and dread, The fate of the lost ones, the doom of the dead, The doom of the dead, the sorrowful dead. vites you this moment to come; The Sav - iour is wait - ing to welcome you home; To welcome you home, to welcome you home.

JESUS SAVES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved."—Rom. 10: 13.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the gladness all a - round, Je - sus
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By his death and end - less life, Je - sus

saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves, Onward,
 saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves, Earth shall
 saves, Je - sus saves; Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in

't is our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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4. Give the winds a mighty voice,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 Let the nations now rejoice,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 Shout salvation full and free,
 Highest hills and deepest caves,
 This our song of victory,
 Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

YOUR SAVIOUR, TOO.

(TRIO. If sung as duet for Soprano and Tenor, Tenor take small notes.)

S. O'MALLY CLUFF, Chorus added.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I have a Saviour, he's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few;
 2. I have a Fa-ther: to me he has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty, bless-ed and true;
 3. A robe fair and spot-less, re-splen-dent in whiteness, Is wait - ing in glo - ry my won - der - ing view;
 4. To me has been giv - en a peace like a riv - er—A peace that the friends of this world nev - er knew;
 5. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov-ing Sav-iour is you Saviour too;

And now he is watch-ing in ten - der-ness o'er me, And O that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too!
 And soon will he call me to meet him in heav-en, But O that I might hear him welcome you too!
 And when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, I would see you re-ceiving one too!
 And Christ is the Au-thor, and Christ is the Giv - er, And O that his peace might be giv - en to you!
 Then pray that you Saviour may bring them to glo - ry, And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

Your Sav-iour, too, Your Sav-iour, too; My Sav-iour bids me tell you, He's your Sav-iour, too.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

EMMA CAMPBELL.

"When he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out."—Mark 10: 47.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng Which moves with bus - y haste a-long,— These wondrous gath'rings day by day?
 2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should be The cit - y move so might - i - ly? A pass - ing stranger, has he skill
 3. Je - sus! 'tis he who once be-low Man's path-way trod, 'mid pain and woe; And burdened ones where - e'er he came,
 4. To - day, he comes; from place to place His ho - ly foot-prints we can trace; He paus - eth at our threshold,—nay,
 5. Ho! all ye heav - y la-den, come! Here's par - don, com-fort, rest, and home; Ye wand'ers from the Father's face,

What means this strange com - motion, pray? In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 To move the mul - ti - tude at will? A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 Brought out their sick, and deaf and lame. The blind re - joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 He en - ters,—con - de-scends to stay: Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by?"
 Re - turn, ac - cept his proffered grace. Ye tempt-ed ones, there's ref-uge nigh: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."

In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 A - gain the stir - ring notes re - ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 The blind re-joiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."
 Shall we not glad - ly raise the cry—"Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by?"
 Ye tempt-ed ones, there's ref-uge nigh: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."

6. But if you still this call refuse,

And all his wondrous love abuse,

At last he'll sadly from you turn,

Who now his invitation spurn.

||: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—

"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by." :||

TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—Ps. 102 : 1.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me, I must die; O bring thy free sal -
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood waspilt; And thou canst make me
 3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break; Now save me for thine
 4. I bow be - fore thy mer - cy seat, Be - hold me, Saviour, at thy feet; Thy work be - gin, thy
 5. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new, And work both in and
 6. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, Still, still my cry shall

REFRAIN.

va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
 own name's sake, And take me as I am. Take me as I am, Lord, Take me as I am,
 work com - plete, And take me as I am.
 by me too, And take me as I am.
 be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am.

Just as I am; Take me as I am, Lord, take me as I am, Just as I am.

THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.

F. E. B.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.
(Duet, with Quartet Chorus.)

F. E. BELDEN.

Dolce. *cres.* *dim.*

1. There's room for you to an-chor With-in the port of rest, Where tempests all are o-ver,
 2. There's room for you to an-chor; The ship is wait-ing now,—The ship of God's pre-par-ing,
 3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved be-low; The same sweet voic-es greet us
 4. O heav-ing, swell-ing billows, Bear on-ward to my home! Be-yond these dreary headlands

p

And calms no more mo-lest; How sweet to wea-ry voya-gers This pre-cious promise giv'n:
 O ask not why nor how. His boundless love and mer-cy No tongue can ev-er tell,—
 As in the long a-go. Then hush! ye murm'ring wa-ters, Ye tem-pests, cease to blow!
 I see its shin-ing dome. There, there my faint-ing spir-it No more for rest shall sigh;

f *dim.* *m* **REFRAIN.**

There's room for you to an-chor Safe in heaven
 If you but trust his promise, All is well. There's room (for you), there's room (for you);
 I al-most hear the mu-sic Soft and low.
 'Tis there I hope to an-chor, By and by.

THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.—CONCLUDED.

There's room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heav'n.

mf *f* *dim.* *P*

51

WHILE JESUS WHISPERS.

WILL. E. WITTER. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. O hear his tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come!

Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

PURE GOLD.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head."—Ps. 21: 3.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Why la-bor for treas-ures that rust and de - cay, That sparkle a mo-ment, then van-ish a - way ?
 2. Each promise contain'd in the Book he has giv'n, Di-rect-ing the soul in its path-way to heav'n,
 3. The gift of the Spir - it, which all may re - ceive — The rapture of par-don to all who be - lieve —

Go rath-er to Je - sus, with earnest de - sire, And buy of him "gold that is tried in the fire;"
 Is priceless, e - ter - nal, un-bound-ed, and free, More precious than diamonds, or gems of the sea;
 An an-swer to pray'r when the heart is oppress'd — The hope of a crown, and a man-sion of rest —

Sal-va-tion's a treas-ure of val - ue un - told; Be wise to ob-tain it, for this is PURE GOLD.
 God's word is a treas-ure of val - ue un - told; O fail not to gain it, for this is PURE GOLD.
 All these are bright treasures of val - ue un - told; Make haste to se-cure them for they are PURE GOLD.

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness; but shall have the light of life."—John 8: 12.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

1. Come out in the sunshine! O gath-er its wealth! There's joy in the sunshine, And beauty and health. Why stay in the
 2. A flow'r in the shad - ow Will lose its bright hue, 'T will weary and with - er, And so 'tis with you. We fade in the
 3. Come out in the sunshine! O hear Love's sweet voice! And all ho - ly spir - its With you will rejoice. You'll sing with the
 4. Live out in the sunshine, Till Jesus appears, Then share in his glory Thro' love's endless years. O dwell in his

CHORUS.

shadow? Why weep in the gloom? Come out in the sunshine, And let your soul bloom. O beau - ti - ful
 shadow Of thought or of room; But out in the sunshine We blossom and bloom.
 an - gels. Wher - ev - er you go, You'll glad - ly tell oth - ers The way out of woe.
 presence, Where no shad - ow mars; Re - flect - ing his beau - ty, You'll shine as the stars. Beautiful,

healing light, Sent down from the courts a - bove, Thou mak - est the dark - ness bright With the smile of God's tender love.
 Beautiful light

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

Rev. G. LANSING TAYLOR.

"Fear not, I am with thee."—Isa. 41 : 10.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Dare to do right, dare to be true! You have a work that no oth - er can do;
 2. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Oth - er men's fail-ures can nev - er save you;
 3. Dare to do right, dare to be true! God who cre - a - ted you cares for you too;
 4. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Keep the great Judg - ment day al - ways in view;
 5. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Je - sus, your Sav - iour, will car - ry you through;

cres.
 Do it so brave - ly, so kind - ly, so well, An - gels will hast - en the sto - ry to tell;
 Stand by your conscience, your hon - or, your faith; Stand like a he - ro and bat - tle till death;
 Treas - ures the tears that his striv - ing ones shed, Counts and pro - tects ev - 'ry hair of your head;
 Look at your work as you'll look at it then— Scann'd by Je - ho - vah, and an - gels, and men;
 Cit - y, and man - sion, and throne, all in sight, Can you not dare to be true and do right?

CHORUS.
 An - gels will hast - en the sto - ry to tell. Dare to do right, Dare to be true, Dare! dare! dare to be true!
Repeat last line of each stanza.

H. R. P.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 Cor. 10: 13. H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-tation, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some other to win;
2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain;
3. To him that o'ercometh, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer, Tho' often cast down;



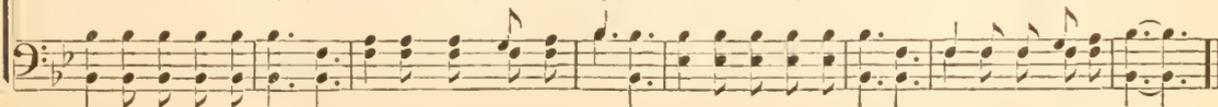
Fight man-ful - ly onward, Dark pas-sions sub-due,
 Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 He who is our Saviour, Our strength will re-new,



CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will carry you through.



SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."—Isa. 44:3. "Return unto me" . . . "ye have robbed me . . . in tithes and offerings. . . . Bring ye *all* the tithes into the storehouse . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Mal. 3:7-11.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. "I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirs - ty, Floods of the Spir - it up - on the dry ground;"
 2. Ye who have robbed me in tithes and in off'ings, All to my storehouse now hast-en to bring;
 3. Herewith now prove me, by faith-ful-ness prove me, Giv-ing for oth - ers as I give to thee;

On - ly re - turn ye, re - pent and re - turn ye, Seek - ing for - give - ness while mer - cy is found.
 Closed are my win - dows, my win - dows of blessing; Can they be o - pened while Self is your king?
 Love is the key that un - lock - eth my treasures, — Love o - pens heav - en, by faith of - fered free.

REFRAIN.

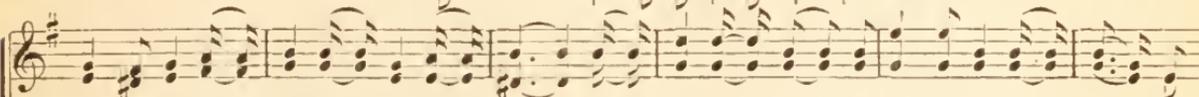
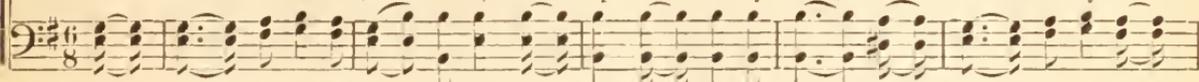
{ Show - ers of blessing; send them, O Lord! Are we not waiting with one ac - cord? }
 { Show - ers of blessing; wherefore deferred? (Omit.) } Ye are not ful - ly foll'wing my word.

THE LOST SHEEP.

F. E. BELDEN.

Solo preferred.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the
 2. "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine, Are they not e - nough for thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer,
 3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the
 4. "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way, That mark out the mountain's track?" They were shed for one who had
 5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep, There rose a cry to the



hills a - way, Far, far from the gates of gold; A - way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A - way from the
 "One of mine Has wandered a-way from me, And al-though the road be rough and steep, I go to the
 Lord passed thro', Ere he found his sheep that was lost. Far out on the desert he heard its cry, Fainting and
 gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, why are thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-
 gate of heav'n,— "Re - joice! I have found my sheep;" And the an - gels sang around the throne, "Re - joice! for the



ten - der Shep-herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care. [*For last stanza only, from old
 song, joyfully.*]
 desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
 helpless, and ready to die, Fainting and helpless, and ready to die.
 night by many a thorn, They are pierced to - night by many a thorn."
 Lord brings back his own, (*Omit*) - - - - Re-joice! for the Lord brings back his own."



MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

"And he went forth again by the sea side, and all the multitude resorted unto him."—Mark 2 : 13.

ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

DR. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each cooing dove (each cooing dove) and sighing bough (and sighing bough), That makes the eve (that makes the eve)
 2. Each flow'ry glen (each flow'ry glen) and moss - y dell (and moss - y dell), Where happy birds (where happy birds)
 3. And when I read (and when I read) the thrill-ing lore (the thrill-ing lore), Of him who walk'd (of him who walk'd)

so blest to me (so blest to me), Has something far (has something far) di - vin - er now (di - vin - er now),
 in song a - gree (in song a-gree), Thro' sunny morn (thro' sunny morn) the prais-es tell (the prais-es tell),
 up-on the sea (up-on the sea), I long, oh, how (I long, oh, how) I long once more (I long once more),

CHORUS.

It bears me back (it bears me back) to Gal-i - lee (to Gal - i - lee).
 Of sights and sounds (of sights and sounds) in Gal-i - lee (in Gal - i - lee). O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where
 To fol - low him (to fol - low him) in Gal-i - lee (in Gal - i - lee).

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.—CONCLUDED.

Je-sus loved so much to be, O Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i-lee, Come, sing thy song a-gain to me.
sing thy song a - gain to me.

59 GETHSEMANE.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimm'd that lately shown;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
The Suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

CHO.— Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Where Jesus wept for you and me;
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
O think of dark Gethsemane!

2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he who hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

60 CALVARY.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHO.— O Calvary, dark Calvary,
Where Jesus gave his life for me;
O Calvary, dark Calvary!
I look away to Calvary!

2. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
3. Since I, who was undone and lost,
Have pardon through his name and word;
Forbid it, then, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

ISAAC WATTS

THE PASSOVER.

F E B

Slow, with feeling.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12; 13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. The day is dead, and Egypt's night re-tur - ning, Is dark and still in death's prophet-ic gloom.
 2. The Lamb is slain, the Sac - ri - fice im-mor - tal, Whose life received cre - ates the soul a - new.
 3. Not there? not there? no crimson on the lin - tel? De - lay! de - lay! O thou de-destroy-ing One!
 4. Art safe, my soul?—rest not in thy sal - va-tion, Else thou art not like Him who came to die;

crs.
 The world sleeps on, but Israel's lamp is burn-ing; At mid - night sounds the'oppressor's note of doom.
 His blood is shed,—but is it on the por - tal? O haste and see! doth it a - vail for you?
 Give grace! give grace! it must be more than men-tal; My heart! my heart! let there thy work be done.
 In love go forth with mer-cy's in - vi - ta - tion, A - wake the world! death's angel pass - es by.

REFRAIN. *p*

"I will pass o - ver you, when I see the blood;" I will pass o - ver you,—'tis a sav - ing flood.

THE PASSOVER.—CONCLUDED.

rit. *p*

3
7

"I will pass o - ver you, when I see the blood," The precious blood of Je - sus.

3
7

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a triplet of eighth notes at the beginning and ends with a fermata. The piano accompaniment is on a bass clef staff, also in Bb and 4/4, with a triplet of eighth notes at the beginning and ends with a fermata. The lyrics are: "I will pass o - ver you, when I see the blood," The precious blood of Je - sus.

62

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.

REV. A. C. COKE, ATT.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

GEO. F. ROOT.

2/4
2/4

1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List—thy bosom's door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh, ever - more!
 2. Death comes down with reck-less foot-steps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will tarry knock-ing, When the door is shut?
 3. Vain-ly thou wilt stand en-treat-ing Christ to let thee in, At the gate of mer-cy beat - ing, Wailing for thy sin!

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. Both are in a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The vocal line has a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List—thy bosom's door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh, ever - more! 2. Death comes down with reck-less foot-steps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will tarry knock-ing, When the door is shut? 3. Vain-ly thou wilt stand en-treat-ing Christ to let thee in, At the gate of mer-cy beat - ing, Wailing for thy sin!

Say not 't is thy pul-ses beat-ing, 'T is thy heart of sin; 'T is thy Saviour knocks, and cri-eth, "Rise and let me in!"
 Je - sus wait-eth, waiteth, waiteth; But the door is fast; Grieved away thy Sav-iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last.
 Nay! a - las, O guilt-y sin-ner! Hast thou then for-got? — Je - sus wait-ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not!

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. Both are in a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: Say not 't is thy pul-ses beat-ing, 'T is thy heart of sin; 'T is thy Saviour knocks, and cri-eth, "Rise and let me in!" Je - sus wait-eth, waiteth, waiteth; But the door is fast; Grieved away thy Sav-iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last. Nay! a - las, O guilt-y sin-ner! Hast thou then for-got? — Je - sus wait-ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not!

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace."— Dan. 5:5.
 Words and music by KNOWLES SHAW, by per. Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden vessels, as the
 2. See the brave captive Daniel as he stood before the throng, And rebuked the haughty monarch for his
 3. See the faith, zeal, and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the
 4. All our deeds are re-cord-ed; there's a Hand that's writing now; Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his

Book of Truth records, In the night as they reveled in the roy-al palace hall, They were seiz'd with conster-
 might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writing, 'twas the doom of one and all; For the kingdom now "is
 se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, Yet he understood the
 roy-al man-date bow; For the day is approaching, it must come to one and all, When the sinner's condem-

CHORUS.

na-tion, at the hand upon the wall.
 finished," said the hand upon the wall.
 writing of his God upon the wall.
 na-tion will be writ-ten the wall.

Is the hand of God writing now? Is the hand of God writing
 on the palace wall?

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.— CONCLUDED.

now? - - - - - writing on the wall.
 on the palace wall? Shall the record be "Found wanting," Or shall it be "Found trusting," While the hand is writing on the wall? (the palace wall.)

p *m* *f* *p* *rit.*

64

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

F. E. B.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.— Dan. 5:27.

F. E. BELDEN.

Slow.

1. When the Judge shall weigh our motives, For e - ter - nal gain or loss, Shall we stand as gold be - fore him?
2. Shall we hear the glad words spok - en: "Faithful servant," and "Well done," Or the dread and awful sentence,
3. Shall we heed the Spir - it's plead - ing, While for mer - cy we may call, Or de - lay till God's handwriting

REFRAIN.

Or as vile and worthless dross? { Weigh'd in the balance of the Lord, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and want-ing;
 "Thou art wanting," sinful one? { Weigh'd by the standard of his word, (Omit.) - - - - - Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting. }

Seals the fi-nal doom of all?

1 2

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

"Greater love hath no man than this."—John 15:13.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fail or fall, Till in - to the fold of the
 2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Fill'd with a ten - der love; No thro - b of woe that our
 3. Oh, hearken now to the voice of Je - sus; Why will you longer roam? There's peace and rest on his

D. S.—*Oh, turn to that love, wea - ry,*
 D. S.

CHORUS.

peace of God, He has gath - ered us all.
 hearts can know, But he feels it a - bove. Je - sus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free!
 lov - ing breast, And a glad heav'nly home.

wand'ring soul, Je - sus plead - eth for thee.

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ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. B.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26:28.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Al - most per - suad - ed now to be - lieve; Al - most per - suad - ed Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some
 2. Al - most per - suad - ed, come, come, to - day; Al - most per - suad - ed; turn not a - way. Je - sus in -
 3. Al - most per - suad - ed; har - vest is past; Al - most per - suad - ed; doom comes at last! "Al - most" can

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ALMOST PERSUADED.—CONCLUDED.

soul to say, "Go Spir-it, go thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On thee I'll call."
 vites you here, An-gels are ling-'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'r'er come!
 not a-vail; "Al-most" is but to fail! Sad, sad that bit-ter wail—"Almost,—but lost!"

67

I WILL EARLY SEEK THE SAVIOUR.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. "Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth."—Ecc. 12:1. FRED A. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I will ear-ly seek the Sav-iour, I will learn of him each day; I will fol-low in his footsteps,
 2. I will hast-en where he bids me, I am not too young to go In the pathway where he lead-eth.
 3. He is stand-ing at the doorway Of es-cape from ev-'ry sin: I will knock, for he has promised,

D. S.—Je-sus loves me, died to save me.

End CHORUS *D. S.*

I will walk the nar-row way.
 Not too young his will to know. For he loves me, yes, he loves me, Je-sus loves me, this I know;
 He will hear and let me in.

This is why I love him so. Copyright, 1888, by FILLMORE BROS.

REV. WM. McDONALD. (vs.) WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I am com-ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for thee, Long has evil reigned with-in;
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends and time and earthly store;
 4. In thy prom-is-es I trust, Now I feel the blood applied:
 5. Jesus comes! he fills my soul; Per-fect-ed in him I am;

I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal-va-tion find.
 Je-sus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod-y thine to be, Wholly thine for-ev-er-more.
 I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru-ci-fied.
 I am ev'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

Refrain.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Blessed Lamb of Cal-va-ry!

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now.
 (Last.) Jesus saves me, saves me now.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER. (C. M.) MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. O now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
 2. I see the new cre-a-tion rise, I hear the speaking blood;
 3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, Above the world and sin;
 4. Amazing grace! 't is heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap-plied,

Je-sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his wounded side.
 It speaks,—polluted nature dies, Sinks neath the cleansing flood.
 With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
 And Je-sus, on-ly Jesus, know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.

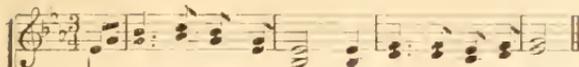
Refrain.

The cleansing stream I see, I see, I plunge, and now it cleanseth me!

O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

MRS. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now in- deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a-lone,
3. Since nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim,
4. And when be fore the throne I stand in him complete,



Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Refrain.


Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe;



Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s & 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-



Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast
round me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid dark - ness



while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,
died for me, O, may my love to thee,
turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way,



O, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine!
Pure, warm, and changeless be, — A liv - ing fire!
Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.

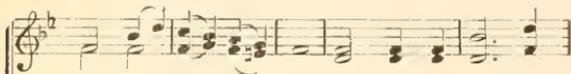
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GOD CALLING YET.

JANE BORTHWICK. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.



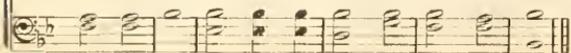
1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures
 2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his
 3. God call - ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my
 4. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but
 5. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I



shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing
 lov - ing voice de - spise, And base - ly his kind
 heart the clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing
 still in bon - dage live? I wait, but he does
 yield with - out de - lay; Vain world, farewell! from



years all fly. And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
 care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 to re - ceive, And shall I dare his Spir - it grieve?
 not for - sake: He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
 thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.



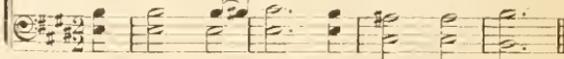
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A PRESENT HELP.

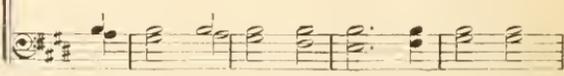
WHITTIER. (INVITATION. C. M.) WALLACE.



1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps,
 2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet
 3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress
 4. Thro' him the first fond prayers are said,
 5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all,



To bring the Sav - iour down; In vain we
 A pres - ent help is he; And faith has
 Is by our beds of pain; We touch him
 Our lips of child - hood frame; The last low
 What - e'er our name or sign, We own thy



search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.
 yet its Ol - i - vet, And love, its Gal - i - lee.
 in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
 whispers of our dead Are burdened with his name.
 sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!



JOSEPH GRIGG. (FEDERAL STREET. L. M.) H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal
 2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning
 3. A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight
 4. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my
 5. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may When I've no
 6. Till then, - nor is my boast - ing vain, - Till then I

man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom an -
 blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
 be ashamed of, noon; 'Twas midnight with my soul
 hopes of heav'n de - pend! No; when I blush, be this
 guilt to wash a - way; No tear to wipe, no good
 boast a Sa - vour slain; And O, may this my glo -

gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days?
 di - vine O'er this he - night - ed soul of mine.
 till he, Bright Morning Star, bade dark - ness flee.
 my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.
 to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 ry be, That Christ is not a - shamed of me!

ANON.

(HARTEL, L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Be - hold the Sav - iour at the door! He gen - tly
 2. He coun - sels thee to buy of him Gold tried by
 3. O, hear the faith - ful Witness' voice, He of - fers
 4. His mis - sion now is al - most o'er, Be - fore the
 5. His locks with dew's of night are wet, But at thy
 6. Yea, bring him in, a welcome guest; So shalt thou

knocks, has knocked be - fore, Has wait - ed long, is
 fire, and rai - ment clean; A - noint thine eyes, that
 now a fi - nal choice; Thou art of - fen - sive,
 throne he'll plead no more; The filth - y must his
 heart he lin - g'ring yet. A - wake! and o - pen
 in his pres - ence rest, And in com - mun - ion

wait - ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 thou may'st see, And put a - way thy stains from thee.
 O lukewarm! There fore be zeal - ous and re - form.
 filth re - tain, He that is ho - ly, so re - main.
 wide the door; Bid thy Be - lov - ed wait no more.
 sweet and free, Shalt sup with him and he with thee.

J. A. ALEXANDER. (WOODLAND. C. M.) N. D. GOULD.

1. There is a line by us un-seen, That cross-es ev-ry
2. O! where is this mys-ter-ious bourne By which our path is
3. How far may we go on in sin? How long will God for-
4. An an-swer from the skies is sent: "Ye that from God de-

path, The hid-den bound-a-ry between, The hid-den
crossed, - Be-yond which God him-self hath sworn, Beyond which
bear? Where does hope end? And where be-gin, Where does hope
part, While it is called to-day, re-pent, While it is

bound-a-ry be-tween God's pa-tience and his wrath.
God him-self hath sworn That he who goes is lost?
end? And where be-gin The con-fines of de-spair?
called to-day, re-pent, And hard-en not your heart."

77

- 1 The wonders of redeeming love
Our highest thoughts exceed;
The Son of God comes from above,
For sinful man to bleed.
- 2 He gives himself, his life, his all,
A sinless sacrifice.

- For man he drains the cup of gall,
For man the Maker dies.
- 3 And now before his Father's face
His precious blood he pleads;
For those who seek the throne of grace
His love still intercedes.

R. F. COTTRELL.

MCCOMB. (SPANISH HYMN. 7S. 6L.) SPANISH.

1. Chief of sin-ners tho' I be, Je-sus shed his blood for me,
2. O the height of Je-sus' love! Higher than the heav'n above,
3. Chief of sin-ners tho' I be, Christ is all in all to me;

Died that I might live on high, - Died that I might never die;
Deep-er than the deepest sea, Last-ing as e-ter-ni-ty;
All my wants to him are known, All my sorrows are his own;

As the branch is to the vine, I am his, and he is mine.
Love that found me-wondrous tho'! - Found me when I sought him not.
Safe with him from earthly strife, He sustains the hidden life.

79

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus how to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
See the wormwood and the gall;
See the pang's his soul sustained;

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear his cry;
Learn of Jesus how to die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea But that
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid
3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With man -

thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me
my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can
y' a conflict, many' a doubt—"Fightings with - in, and

come to thee,
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
fears with - out,"

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, thy love I own
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

WILLIAM COWPER. (FOUNTAIN. C. M.) UNKNOWN

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, That fountain in his day;
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,

And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.

D. S.
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,

For me a blood-bought, free reward—
Eternal life for me.

6 There is a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor hisping, stammering tongue
Is ransom'd from the grave.

CHARLES WESLEY.

W. HENRY OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;
 2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Re - pent - ance to im - part,
 3. For thine own compassion's sake, The gra - cious won - der show;
 4. Clothe me with thy ho - li - ness, Thy meek hu - mil - i - ty;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter, weep.
 Give me, thro' thy dying love, The hum - ble, contrite heart;
 Cast my sins behind thy back, And wash me white as snow:
 Put on me thy glorious dress—En - due my soul with thee:

Speak the rec - on - cil - ing word, And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Give what I have long implor'd, A portion of thy grief unknown;
 If thy pit - y now is stirr'd, If now I do my - self bemoan,
 Let thine im - age be restor'd, Thy name and nature let me prove;

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
 Fill me with thy fulness, Lord, And per - fect me in love.

ANON.

Arr. by F. E. B.

1. The great de - ci - sive day is at hand, is at hand! The
 2. Those who made his crown of thorns will be there, will be there! Those who
 3. Where will the sin - ner hide in that day, in that day? Where

great de - ci - sive day is at hand; The day when Christ will come,
 made his crown of thorns will be there! Those who smote him with the reed
 will the sin - ner hide in that day? It will be in vain to call,

To call his children home, And to seal the sinner's doom,—is at
 Up - on his sa - cred head, And made his temples bleed,—will be
 "Ye mountains on us fall," For his hand will find out all In that

hand, is at hand;—And to seal the sinner's doom, is at hand.
 there, will be there;—And made his temples bleed, will be there.
 day, in that day; For his hand will find out all in that day.

84 COME YE YE CONSOLATE.

THOMAS MOORE.

(115 & 105)

SAMUEL WEBBE

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye languish;
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing,
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow-ing

Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
Hope of the pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure;
Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly say-ing,
Come to the feast of love, come ev-er know-ing

Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not heal.
"Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not cure."
Earth has no sor-row but heaven can re-move.

85 COME UNTO ME.

ANON.

(115 & 105)

LOWELL MASON

1. Come un-to me when shad-ows dark-ly gath-er,
2. Large are the mausions in my Fa-ther's dwell-ing,
3. There, like an E-den blos-som-ing in glad-ness,

When the sad heart is wea-ry and distressed;
Glad are those homes that sor-rows nev-er dim;
Bloom the fair flow'rs by earth so rude-ly pressed;

Seek-ing for com-fort from your heav'nly Fa-ther,
Sweet are the harps in ho-ly mu-sic swell-ing,
Come un-to him all ye who droop in sad-ness,

Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.
Soft are the tones that raise the heav'nly hymn.
"Come un-to me, and I will give you rest."

WILLIAM HUNTER.

ARR. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phys-i-cian now is near, The syn-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus;
 2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus;
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
 4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear; No oth - er namo but Je - sus;
 5. And when he comes to bring the crown,—The crown of life and glo - ry;

No speaks, the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus!
 Go on your way in peace to hear'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless-ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 O how my soul de-lights to hear The precious name of Je - sus!
 Then by his side we will sit down, And tell re-demp-tion's sto - ry.

Chorus

Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung,— Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!

R. L.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my cleansing this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
 5. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me pure within? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my par-don this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

Refrain.

Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er font I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

88 WEEPING WILL NOT SAVE ME.

R. L.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Weep-ing will not save me— Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
 2. Work-ing will not save me— Pur - est deeds that I can do,
 3. Wait-ing will not save me— Help-less, guilt - y, lost I lie,
 4. Faith in Christ will save me— Let me trust thy weep-ing Son,

That could not al-lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—
 Ho-liest thoughts and feelings, too, Can not form my soul a - new—
 In my ear is mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—
 Trust the work that he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run—

Refrain.

Weep-ing will not save me.
 Work-ing will not save me.
 Wait-ing will not save me.
 Faith in Christ will save me.

} Je-sus wept and died for me; Je-sus suffered

on the tree; Je-sus waits to make me free: He a-lone can save me.

By permission of R. Lowry.

89

ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. STOCKTON.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
 2. For Je-sus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to be-stow;
 3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
 4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,

And he will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in his word.
 Plunge now in - to the crimson flood That washes white as snow.
 Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les-tial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Chorus.

On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;

He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

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90 COMFORT TO THE DREARY.

ANON. (AURELIA. 7S & 6S. D.) SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



1. O, Com- fort to the drear- y! O, Joy to the op-pressed!
 2. Enslav'd of Rom-ish er - ror, Worn out with fruit-less pains,
 3. Ye who the world have court-ed, And suffer'd from its spite;
 4. O come and make the tri - al; Christ's service is re - lease;



"Come un- to Me, ye wea- ry, And I will give you rest."
 Why live in doubt and ter- ror? Come, cast away your chains!
 Ye who with sin have sport-ed, And felt its ser- pent- bite;
 If hard the self- de- ni- al, Its fruit is joy and peace.



O, come with all your weakness, Come with your load of woe;
 Renounce the su - per - sti - tion By all the world preferr'd;
 Come, learn, your fol - lies quit-ting, That this world's gain is loss;
 His word your faith de - fend - ing, Shall avert you for the strife;



And learn if him with meekness All righteousness to know.
 And turn from vain tra - di - tion To His re-deem-ing word.
 To Christ's light yoke sub-mit-ting, Come, and take up the cross.
 Peace all your steps at-tend-ing; The prize,— e-ter-nal life!



91 OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

BP. W. WALSHAM HOW. JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT.
(ST. HILDA. 7S & 6S. D.)

1. O Je - sus! thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus! thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus! thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low,—



In low - ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er:
 And thorns thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, my chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?"



We bear the name of Christians, Thy name and sign we bear:
 O, love that passeth knowledge, So pa-tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow We o - pen now the door:



O, shame, thrice shame up - on us! To keep thee standing there.
 O, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav-iour, quickly en - ter, And leave us nev-er-more!



REV. SAMUEL J. STONE. (LANGRAN. 105.) JAMES LANGRAN.

1. Wea-ry of earth and la-den with my sin, I look to
 2. The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E-vil is
 3. Cease, restless will! thy lone-ly strife re-sign! I know too

heav'n and long to en-ter in; But there no e-vil thing may
 ev-er with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra-cious
 well how lit-tle strength is mine; Grant me, dear Lord, thy sav-ing

find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come,"
 ti-dings fall, "Re-pent, re-turn, thou shalt be loos'd from all."
 love to see: I strive no more, I give my-self to thee.

(Tune, Perseverance, No. 94.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 The Lord first empties whom he fills,
 Casts down whom he would raise;
 He quickens when the letter kills,
 Exalting thus his praise.
 When he applies his healing blood
 Unto a sin-sick soul,
 This balsam, pow'rful, precious, good,
 Ne'er fails to make it whole.</p> | <p>2 On us he spent his life and blood,
 Our losses to retrieve;
 Mankind's redemption now holds good
 For sinners who believe.
 Lord, I believe! what'er befall,
 A thankful heart be mine,—
 A heart that answers to thy call,—
 One that is wholly thine.</p> |
|---|--|

ERSKINE.

REV. F. L. HOSMER. (PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.)

UNKNOWN.

1. Go not, my soul, in search of Him, Thou wilt not find him there,—
 2. Tho't an-swer-eth a-lone to tho't, And Soul with soul hath kin-
 3. O gift of gifts! O grace of grace! That God should con-de-scend

Not in the depths of shadow dim, Nor heights of up-per air.
 The outward God he find-eth not Who finds not God within.
 To make thy heart his dwelling-place And be thy daily Friend!

For not in far-off realms of space The Spir-it hath its throne;
 And if the vis-ion come to thee Reveal'd by in-ward sign,
 For not in far-off realms of space The Spir-it hath its throne;

In ev-ry heart it find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.
 Earth will be full of De-i-ty, And with his glo-ry shine.
 In ev-ry heart it find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.

FABER.

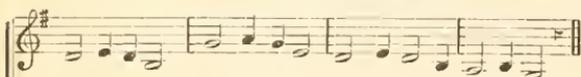
(LADIES' VOICES.)

ARRANGED.

ALTO SOLO.



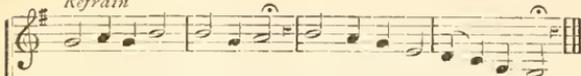
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good;
3. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n;
4. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
5. But we make his love too narrow, By false lim-its of our own;
6. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;



There's a kindness in his justice, Which is more than liberty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is healing in his blood.
 There's no place where earthly failings Have such kindly judgment giv'n.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-fully kind.
 And we mag-ni-fy his strict-ness With a zeal he will not own.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.



Refrain



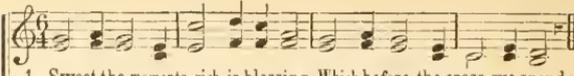
He is calling, "Come to me;" Lord, I gladly fol-low thee!



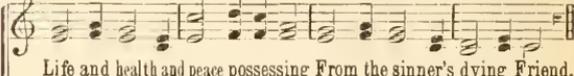
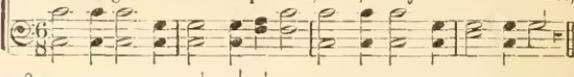
F. W. FABER.

(8s & 7s.)

ARRANGED.



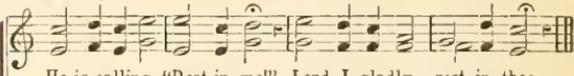
1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross we spend;
2. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low before his cross to lie,
3. Here we feel our sins for-giv-en, While upon the Lamb we gaze;
4. While in grateful con-tem-pla-tion, Lord, our eyes are fix'd on thee,



Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dying Friend.
 While we see divine compassion Beaming in his gracious eye.
 And our thoughts are all of heaven, And our lips o'erflow with praise.
 May we taste thy full sal-va-tion, And, unvail'd, thy glories see.



Chorus.



He is calling, "Rest in me!" Lord, I gladly rest in thee.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 God is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
 God is wisdom, God is love.</p> <p>2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays and ages more;
 But his mercy waneth never:
 God is wisdom, God is love.</p> | <p>3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness stream-
 God is wisdom, God is love. [eth:</p> <p>4 He with earthly cares entwined
 Hope and comfort from above;
 Everywhere his glory shineth:
 God is wisdom, God is love.</p> |
|---|---|

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

MRS. M. D. JAMES.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Crowded is your heart with cares, Have you no room for Je - sus ?
 2. Wasting all your precious hours, Have you no work for Je - sus ?
 3. Seeking earth's possessions fair, Have you no time for Je - sus ?
 4. Bear-ing on-ly worthless leaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus ?

Capt-ured by earth's gild-ed su-ares, Have you no room for Je - sus ?
 Spend-ing these God-given pow'rs, Have you no work for Je - sus ?
 None for gracious deeds to spare, Have you no time for Je - sus ?
 In your hands no precious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Je - sus ?

Lo! he's standing at your door, Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er;
 Striv-ing not to conquer sin, Seek -ing not a soul to win,
 Worldly pleasures, wealth, and ease, Seeking, grasping toys like these,
 Not a grain to store away, Naught your la-bor to re - pay,

Hear him pleading ev-er-more; Have you no room for Je - sus ?
 Bring-ing not a wand'rer in; Have you no work for Je - sus ?
 Striv-ing on -ly self to please; Have you no time for Je - sus ?
 Not a joy for that great day When you shall meet with Je - sus.

L. H.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee;
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure;
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - feet faith and love,
 4. All hail, a - ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace!

For cleansing in thy pre-cious blood, That flow'd on Calva - ry.
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spot-less all, and pure.
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
 All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

Chorus.

I am com-ing, Lord! Com - ing now to thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

MARY S. B. DANA.

SPANISH.

Solo or Quartet.

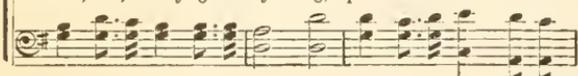
1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will protect thee for-ev - er, Wipe ev-'ry fall-ing tear;



Go to the clear-flowing Fountain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will forsake thee, oh, nev - er, Sheltered so tender-ly there!



Fly, for th'a-ven-ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav-iour will
Haste, then, the daylight is fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in



hear thee, He on his bos-om will bear thee, O thou who art
sigh-ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The Saviour will



wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev-'ry tear, Yes, Je - sus will wipe ev-'ry tear.



101 I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(6s & 8s.)

T. C. O'KANE.



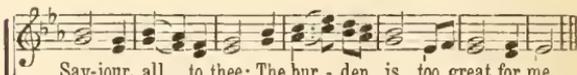
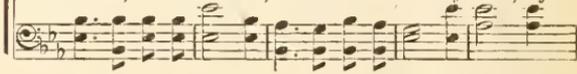
1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can-not count, That
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can-not tell; No
3. My heart to thee I bring, The heart I can-not read, - A
4. My life I bring to thee, I would not be my own; O



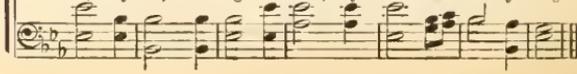
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all may cleansed be, In thy once opened Fount: I bring them,
words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so well: I bring the
faithless, wand'ring thing, An e-vil heart indeed: I bring it,
Sav - iour, let me be Thine, ev - er thine a-lone. My heart, my



Sav-iour, all to thee; The bur - den is too great for me.
sor - row laid on me, O suf-fring Sav-iour! all to thee.
Sav-iour, now to thee, That fix'd and faithful it may be.
life, my all, I bring To thee, my Sav-iour and my King.



1. O spot-less Lamb! I come to thee, No lon - ger can I from thee stay;
 2. Weary I am of inbred sin, Oh, wilt thou not my soul release?
 3. I plunge beneath thy precious blood, My hand in faith takes hold of thee;

Break ev'ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sin a-way.
 En - ter and speak me pure within. Give me thy per-fect peace.
 Thy prom-is-es just now I claim; Thou art e-nough for me.

D.S.—O spotless Lamb, I come to thee: Take all my sin a-way.
 Chorus. (Last) He takes my sin a-way.

Take all my sin a-way, Take all my sin a-way: *D.S.*

Last.—He takes my sin a-way, He takes my sin a-way.

1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears,
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;
Cho. Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ever faith-ful be:

(Chorus after last stanza only, if preferred.)

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A maz-ing pity! grace unknown! And love be-yond degree!
 When Christ the mighty Maker died For man, the creature's, sin.
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a way; 'Tis all that I can do.
And when thou sittest on thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

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1. Hov-er o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit, Tho' I can-not tell thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa-cred feet I bow:
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, O, bathe my heart and brow:

Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
 But I need thee, greatly need thee; Come, O come and fill me now.
 Blest, divine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with love, and fill me now.
 Thou art com-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweetly fill-ing now.

D. S. Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je-sus, come and fill me now.

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H. BONAR.

(HUBERT. S. M. D.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Not what these hands have done, Can save this guilt-y soul;
2. Not what I feel or do, Can give me peace with God;
3. No oth - er work save thine, No mean-er blood will do;

Not what this toil-ing flesh has borne, Can make my spir-it whole.
Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears, Can ease my aw-ful load.
No strength, save that which is divine, Can bear me safely through.

Thy work a-lone, my Lord, Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to thee,
I praise the God of grace, I trust his love and might.

Thy blood a-lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace within.
Can rid me of this dark unrest, And set my spir-it free.
He calls me his, I call him mine; My God, my joy, my light.

1 Cast out the buyers, Lord,
The sellers bid depart;
Cleanse me from carnal thought and
word,
And purify my heart.
A temple would I be,
Meet for the royal Son:
Ye money-changers, fear and flee
Before the Sinless One.

2 The love of self o'erthrow;
The love of God bring in,
That ministers to all below,
God's remedy for sin.
Rise up! thou Living Word,
Thine arm of strength lay bare,
That naught in me henceforth be heard
But voice of praise and pray'r.

3 When thus this robber's home
Becomes a house of pray'r,
Do Thou with all thy power come,
And dwell forever there, —
The hopeless ones to cheer,
And broken hearts make whole;
In me do thou alone appear
To ev'ry sin-sick soul.

F. E. B.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth —
"Ye must be born again!"
"Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice —
'T is life poor sinners need.

2 "Ye must be born again!
And life in Christ must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go —
'T is He alone can save,
"Ye must be born again!"
Or never enter heav'n;
'T is only blood-washed ones are
there —
The ransomed and forgiv'n.

1 He's coming once again,
To set his people free;
That where he is, in glory bright,
His saints may also be.
Then lift the drooping head,
Look up, rejoice and sing;
He comes in majesty sublime,
Salvation's glorious King!

2 The earth shall quake with fear,
The heav'n's shall flee away;
And where shall guilty man appear
In that tremendous day?
No refuge then is nigh,
No shelter from the blast;
The night of vengeance veils the sky
When mercy's day is past.

3 His eyes of living flame,
The wicked shall devour;
No tongue will lightly speak the name
Of Jesus in that hour.
No scorn, no words of hate,
For his meek followers then;
But prayers and tears that come
too late,
Will mark earth's mighty men.

F. E. B.

109 THE SPRINKLED BLOOD.

ANON.

(WEBB, 7S & 6S. D.)

WEBB.

1. The sprinkled blood is speak-ing Be-fore the Father's throne,
2. The sprinkled blood is speak-ing For-give-ness full and free,
3. The sprinkled blood is plead-ing Its vir-tue as my own,
4. O wondrous pow'r, that seeketh From sin to set me free!

The Spirit's pow'r is seek-ing To make its vir-tues known;
Its wondrous pow'r is break-ing Each bond of guilt for me;
And there my soul is read-ing Her ti-tle to Thy throne.
O precious blood, that speaketh! Should I not val-ue thee?

The sprinkled blood is tell-ing Je-ho-vah's love to man,
The sprinkled blood's reveal-ing A Fa-ther's smiling face,
The sprinkled blood is own-ing The weak one's feeblest plea;
The sprinkled blood is shed-ding Its fragrance all a-round,

While heav'nly harps are swelling Sweet notes to mer-cy's plan.
The Saviour's love is seal-ing Each mon-u-ment of grace.
'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning, It pleads, O Lord, with thee.
It gilds the path we're tread-ing, It makes our joys a-bound.

110 ON JESUS.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in him,
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

2 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.
I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

HORATIUS BONAR.

111 I NEED THEE.

1 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

2 I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.
I need the Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne.
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy ceaseless praises,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee!

FREDERICK WHITEFIELD.

112 JUBILEE.

1 The gospel trump is sounding
The year of jubilee.
And grace is all abounding,
To set the bounden free.
Forsake your wretched service,
Your master's claims are o'er;
Avail yourselves of freedom,
Be Satan's slaves no more.

2 A better Master's calling,
In accents true and kind;
He asks a loving service,
And claims a willing mind.
He offers you salvation,
And points to joys above;
And, longing, waits to make you
The objects of his love.

3 In living faith accept him,
Give up all else beside;
While grace is loudly calling,
Look to the Crucified.
Return, return ye captives,
Return unto your home,
The gospel trump is sounding,
The jubilee is come

ANON.

113 L. E. A. NOTHING BUT LEAVES. S. J. VAIL.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of wast-ed life;
 2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain;
 3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad men'ry weaves No rail to hide the past;
 4. Ah, who shall thus The Mas-ter meet, And bring but withered leaves?

O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promis-es unkept,
 We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds,—
 And as we trace our wea-ry way, And count each lost and misspent day,
 Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet, Be-fore the aw-ful judgment seat

And reap from years of strife—
 Then reap, with toil and pain, Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
 We sad-ly find at last—
 Lay down for golden sheaves,

114 HEAVEN IS NOT FAR AWAY.

C. E. L.

C. E. LESLIE, by per.

1. Heav-en is not far a-way, When Je-sus is near;
 2. Will you not re-pent, believe, When Je-sus is near?
 3. Are you com-ing home to-day, When Je-sus is near?

Give your heart to him to-day, When Je-sus is near.
 Peace and par-don now receive, When Je-sus is near.
 Do not long-er stay a-way, When Je-sus is near.

D. S.—Heav-en is not far a-way, When Je-sus is near.

Place your trust in this dear Friend, He will keep you to the end;
 He will not your pray'r refuse, Come and now the Saviour choose;
 Cast your burdens on the Lord, He has promised in his word

115 THOU ART THE WAY.

ANON.

(BLISS. C. M.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Thou art the Way, to thee alone, From sin and death we flee;
 2. Thou art the Truth; thy word alone, True wis-dom can im-part;
 3. Thou art the Life; the rending tomb Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;
 4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know,

And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
 Thou on-ly canst in-form the mind, And pur-ify the heart.
 And those who put their trust in thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.
 That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e-ter-nal flow.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Baptize us a - new With pow'r from on high. With love, O re-
 2. Un-worthy we cry, Un - ho - ly, unclean, O wash us and
 3. O heav-en ly dove, Descend from on high! We plead thy rich
 4. O list the glad voice! From heaven it came: Thou art my be-

Chorus.

fresh us! Dear Sav- iour, draw nigh. We humbly beseech thee, Lord
 cleanse us From sin's guilty stain.
 bless- ing; In mer- cy draw nigh. (*Last vs.*)
 lov - ed, Well pleased I am. We praise thee, we bless thee, dear

Je - sus, we pray, With love and the Spirit baptize us to-day.
 Lamb that was slain, We laud and adore thee, Amen and Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

(LITCHFIELD. C. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his stat-utes still!
 2. O send thy Spir-it down to write Thy law up-on my heart,
 3. From van-i-ty turn off my eyes, Let no corrupt de - sign
 4. Or - der my footsteps by thy word, And make my heart sincere;

O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!
 Nor let my tongue indulge de- ceit, Nor act the li- ar's part.
 Nor cov- e - tous de - sires a - rise Within this soul of mine.
 Let sin have no do- min- ion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.

ANON

(SOLO OR QUARTET.)

Irish Air, arr.

1. { The last call of mercy now lingers for thee; }
 { O sin-ner, re-ceive it; to Je - sus now flee! }
 2. { O slight not the warning now of-fered at last, }
 { Till sum-mer is end-ed and har-vest is past; }
 3. { While Je - sus is call-ing, O turn not a - way; }
 { For swiftly approaches the dread Judgment day: }

- D. C. { 1. His offered sal-va-tion and love are a- bused.
 2. And pardon, sweet pardon is offered no more.
 3. Come now to life's waters, ye thirsty ones, come.

D. C.
 He oft- en has called thee, but thou hast re - fused;
 Till mercy, long slighted, has left thy heart's door.
 The Spir- it in- vites you, O why will you roam?

W. B. TAPPAN. (OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.) BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
 2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains Is borne the song that angels know;

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suffer'ing Saviour prays a - lone.
 E'en that dis-ci-ple whom he loved heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
 Yet he who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.
 Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

120 THAT DREADFUL DAY.

WALTER SCOTT. (OLDEN. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
 2. When shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, The flaming heav'ns together roll,
 3. On that great day, that wrathful day, When man to Judgment wakes from clay,

What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?
 And louder yet, and yet more dread, Resounds the trump that wakes the dead,
 Be thou, O Christ, thy people's stay, Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass away.

121 ALL HAVE GONE ASTRAY.

JOSIAH PRATT. (BACA. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. We all, O Lord, have gone astray, And wandered from thy heav'nly way: The wilds of
 2. In pen-i-ten-tial grief we sigh, And lift to thee our humble cry, Won by thy
 3. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep! Our wand'rings heal, our footsteps keep: We
 seek thy

sin our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee, our God, Far from the paths of thee,
 our God,
 love, we turn to Him Who died to save us from our sin, Who died to save us from our
 sin.
 shelt'ring fold again, Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain, Nor shall we seek thee,
 Lord, in vain.

122 SHALL OUR CHEEKS BE DRY?

BEDDOME. ARR. (CONTRITION. S. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry?
 2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'ring an-gels see!
 3. He wept; shall we not weep? He died; shall we not die?

Let floods of pen-i-ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
 Be thou astonished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
 He rose; shall we not rise from sleep, To reign with him on high?

123 NOT BLOOD OF BEASTS.

ISAAC WATTS. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al-tars slain,
 2. But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way;
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine,

Could give the guilt-y conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain.
 A sac-ri-fice of nob-ler name And richer blood than they.
 While like a pen-tent I stand, And there confess my sin.

124 WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND?

J. MONTGOMERY. (SHAWMUT. S. M.) L. MASON, arr.

1. O where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea-ry soul?
 2. Be-yond this vale of tears There is a life a-bove,
 3. Thro' Christ, the Life, the Way, May we that life ob-tain;

'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-ther pole.
 Un-measur'd by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
 And thro' the mer-its of his blood, That endless glo-ry gain.

125 DEPTHS OF MERCY.

C. WESLEY. (ALETTA. 7s.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?
 2. I have long withstood his grace, Long provoked him to his face,
 3. There for me the Sav-iour stands, Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;

Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
 Would not hearken to his calls, Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
 God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps, and loves me still.

126 COME, MY SOUL.

JOHN NEWTON. (SEYMOUR. 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Come, my soul, thy snit pre-pare! Je-sus loves to answer pray'r;
 2. With my burden I be-gin: Lord, remove this load of sin;
 3. Lord, I come to thee for rest, Take pos-sess-ion of my breast;

He him-self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
 There, thy sovereign right maintain, And without a ri-val reign.

127 COME, GRACIOUS SPIRIT.

SIMON BROWNE. (WARE. L. M.) KINGSLEY.

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from a - bove;
 2. To us the light of truth display, And make us know and choose thy way;
 3. Lead us to ho-li-ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God;
 4. Lead us to God, our fi-nal rest, To be with him for - ev - er blest;

Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide; O'er all our thoughts and steps preside.
 Plant ho-ly fear in ev-'ry heart, That we from God may no'er de - part.
 Lead us to Christ, the liv-ing way, Nor let us from his pre-cepts stray.
 Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share—Fulness of joy for - ev - er there!

128 COME TO THE LIVING WATERS.

ANON. (HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.) BRADBURY.

1. Come to the liv-ing waters, come! O - bey your Maker's call; Re-tur-n, ye
 2. Noth-ing ye in ex-change shall give; Leave all you have behind; Free-ly the
 3. I bid you all my goodness prove; My prom-is-es are free: Come, taste the

weary wand'ers, home; My grace is free for all, My grace is free for all.
 gift of God re-ceive, And peace in Je - sus find, And peace in Je - sus find.
 manna of my love, De-light your souls in me, Delight your souls in me.

129 O FOR THAT FLAME!

WM. H. BATHURST. (MENDON. L. M.) GERMAN.

1. O for that flame of liv-ing fire Which shone so bright in saints of old;
 2. Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt In Abram's breast, and sealed him thine?
 3. Is not thy grace as night-y now As when E - li - jah felt its pow'r?
 4. Remember, Lord, the ancient days; Renew thy work, thy grace re-store;

Which bade their souls to heav'n aspire, Calm in distress, in dan-ger bold!
 Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er-gy di-vine?
 When glory beamed from Moses' brow, Or Job endured the try-ing hour?
 And while to thee our hearts we raise, On us thy ho - ly Spir - it pour.

130 RETURN, O WANDERER!

WM. B. COLLYER. (BALERMA. C. M.) ARR. R. SIMPSON.

1. Re-tur-n, O wan-der - er, re-tur-n, And seek thy Fa - ther's face;
 2. Re-tur-n, O wan-der - er, re-tur-n; Thy Sav-iour bids thee live;
 3. Re-tur-n, O wan-der - er, re-tur-n, And wipe the fall - ing tear;

Those new desires which in thee burn, Were kin - dled by his grace.
 Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn how free - ly he'll for-give.
 Thy Fa-ther calls—no lon-ger mourn: 'Tis fore in-vites thee near.

131

A CLOSER WALK.

COWPER.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

HAYDN.

1. O, for a closer walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove! return,—Sweet Messenger of rest;
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
4. The dearest i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be,

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.
But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship on-ly thee.

132

'COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

JOSEPH HART.

(ST. THOMAS. S. M.)

HANDEL.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, come, Let thy bright beams a-rise,
2. Con-vince us all of sin, Then lead to Je-sus' blood,
3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc-ti-fy the soul,

Dis-pel the sor-row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.
And to our wond'ring view re-veal The mercies of our God.
To pour fresh life in ev-ry part, And new-cre-ate the whole.

133

FROM DAY TO DAY.

B. CLEVELAND.

(NAOMI. C. M.)

NAEGELI.

1. O, could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God,
2. Lord, I de-sire with thee to live Anew from day to day,
3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart, And make me wholly thine,

Then would my hours glide sweet a-way, While leaning on his word.
In joys the world can never give, Nor ev-er take a-way.
That I may nev-er-more depart, Nor grieve thy love divine.

134

LIGHT DIVINE.

ANDREW REED.

(MERCY. 7s.)

GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine,
2. Ho-ly Spir-it, pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine,

Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my darkness in-to day.
Long has sin, without con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Cast down ev-ry i-dol-throne, Reign supreme, and reign alone.

143 I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

CHARLES WESLEY. (SELENA. L. M. 6L.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. { Come, O thou Trav - el - er un-known, Whom still I hold, but can not see; }
 { My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a-lone with thee; }
 2. { I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and mis - er - y de - clare; }
 { Thy-self hast called me by my name, Look on thy hands, and read it there; }
 3. { In vain thou strug-gled to get free: I never will un-loose my hold; }
 { Art thou the Man that died for me? The se-cret of thy love un-fold; }

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy na-ture know.

144 BROAD IS THE ROAD.

ISAAC WATTS. (MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.) H. C. ZEUNER.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-gether there;
 2. De - uy thy-self, and take thy cross. Is thy Redeemer's great command;
 3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more;

But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el - er.
 Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'ly land.
 Is but es-teem'd al-most a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.

145 THE WONDROUS CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS. (MC CABE. L. M.) E. S. WIDDEMER.

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the prince of glo-ry died,
 2. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 3. Since I, who was un-done and lost, Have pardon thro' his name and word;
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a trib-ute far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet? Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 For - bid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di-vine, Demands my life, my soul, my all.

146 TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

S. SMITH. (TO-DAY. 6S. & 4S.) L. MASON.

1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'ers, come; O ye be-night-ed
 2. To - day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear him now; With-in these sa-cred
 3. To - day the Saviour calls; For ref-uge fly; The storm of jus-tice

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
 souls, Why lon - ger roam?
 walls To Je - sus bow,
 falls, And death is nigh.
 Yield to his pow'r,
 Oh, grieve him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

147

COME TO ME.

C. ELLIOTT.

(WARD. L. M.)

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. With tearful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea,
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee;
3. "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no rest-ing-place for thee;
4. O voice of mer-cy! voice of love! In con-flict, grief, and ag-o - ny,

Yet, mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
O, to the wea-ry, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
To heav'n di-rect thy weep-ing eye, I 'am thy por-tion; come to me."
Sup-port me, cheer me from a-hove! And gen-tly whisper, "Come to me."

148 GIVE THY YOUTH TO GOD.

H. BONAR.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

JOHN G. NAGELI.

1. Give, thou, thy youth to God, With all its bud-ding love;
2. He seeks thy heart, my child; He wants to make thee blest;
3. Take, thou, the side of God, In all things great or small,

Send up thy op-'ning heart to him, Fix it on things a-bove.
Thy soul with his own joy to fill, To give thee peace and rest.
So shall he ev - er take thy side, And bear thee safe thro' all.

149

WHILE LIFE PROLONGS.

T. DWIGHT, D. D. (WINDHAM, L. M.)

DANIEL READ.

1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mer - cy is found and peace is giv'n;
2. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave;
3. Now God invites; how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound!

But soon, ah, soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out ev - ry hope of heav'n.
Be - fore His bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

150

ALL THINGS ARE READY.

A. MIDLANE.

(GOLDEN HILL. S. M.)

A. CHAFIN.

1. "All things are read-y," come! Come to the sup-per spread;
2. "All things are read-y," come! The in - vitation's giv'n;
3. "All things are read-y," come! The door is o - pen wide;
4. "All things are read-y," come! To - mor-row may not be;

Come, rich and poor, come, old and young; Come, and be rich - ly fed.
Thro' Him who now in glo - ry sits At God's right hand in heav'n.
O feast up - on the love of God; For Christ, his Son, has died.
O sin - ner, come! the Saviour waits This hour to wel-come thee.

151 ON TRIFLING CARES.

P. DODDRIDGE. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Why do we waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares,
 2. Shall God in-rite us from a-bove? Shall Jesus urge his dy-ing love?
 3. Not so our eyes will always view Those objects which we now pur-sue;
 4. Al-might-y God, thy grace impart; Fix deep conviction on each heart;

While in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got?
 Shall troubled conscience give us pain? And all these pleas unite in vain?
 Not so will hear'n and hell ap-pear, When death's de-ci-sive hour is near.
 Nor let us waste on trifling cares That life which thy compassion spares.

152 CROSS AND CROWN.

T. SHEPHERD. (MAITLAND. C. M.)

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con-se-crat-ed cross I'll bear, Till He shall set me free;
 3. Up-on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,

No, there's a cross for ev-ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And his dear name re-peat.

153 I DO BELIEVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. (C. M.) ARRANGED.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth-er help I know;
 2. On thy dear Son I now be-lieve, O let me feel thy pow'r;
 3. An-thor of faith! to thee I lift My wea-ry, long-ing eyes:

CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now believe That Jesus died for me,

If thou with-draw thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 And all my va-ried wants re-lieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
 O let me now re-ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

And that he shed his precious blood From sin to set me free.

154 CONFORMED TO THEE.

C. WESLEY. (HOLLEY. 7s.) G. HEWS.

1. When, my Saviour, shall I be Per-fect-ly conformed to thee?
 2. On-ly thee content to know, Ig-no-rant of all be-low;
 3. Ful-ly in my life express All the heights of ho-li-ness;

Poor and vile in my own eyes, On-ly in thy wis-dom wise;
 On-ly guid-ed by thy light, On-ly might-y in thy might?
 Sweet-ly let my spir-it prove All the depths of humble love.

Consecration and Praise.

165

GOD SHALL BE FIRST.

(LOWRY. L. M.)

(Dedicated to my Redeemer, with the prayer that it may lead thousands to join His MORNING BAND, consisting of those who cheerfully devote at least the first and the last half hour of every day to the study of his word and to secret prayer, thus being strengthened for continual service; remembering that HIS work can be done only in HIS strength whose words are "spirit and life.")

F. E. BELDEN.

1. God shall be first in ev - 'ry - thing; No oth - er gods be - fore him;
 2. First when with ro - sy morn I wake, — His pow'r mine eyes un - seal - ing;
 3. First when the crowd - ing cares of day Im - pa - tient press up - on me;
 4. First when I leave mor - tal - i - ty, The glad new song up - rais - ing;

Conclude last stanza with the Doxology.

Cre - a - tor and Re - deem - er - King, 'Tis pleas - ure to a - dore him.
 First when his bount - eous gifts I take, — His Fa - ther - love re - veal - ing.
 First when the gen - tle twi - light ray With peace - ful calm falls on me.
 First all E - ter - ni - ty, where we Shall dwell who here are prais - ing.

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BLESSED ASSURANCE.

F. J. CROSBY.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies."—Cant. 2: 16.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion,
 2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight. An - gels de-scend-ing
 3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing,

CHORUS.

purchase of God, Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood.
 bring from above Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my story, this is my song, Praising my
 look - ing above, Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1st stanza; others
arr. from SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Job. 19 : 25; 2 Tim. 1 : 12.

F. E. BELDEN.

All Soprano and Tenor Voices.

1. "I know that my Re-deem-er lives," And ev - er prays for me; A to - ken of his love he gives, A
2. He lives all glorious in the sky, He lives who once was dead; He lives ex - alt - ed there on high, My
3. He lives, triumphant o'er the grave, And while he lives I'll sing; He lives e - ter - nal - ly to save, My
4. He lives, my mansion to pre - pare, My Je - sus, still the same; He lives to bring me safely there, All

CHORUS.

pledge of lib - er - ty.
ev - er - last - ing Head. "For I know whom I have be - liev - ed, and am per - suad - ed
Proph - et, Priest and King.
glo - ry to his name. I know

that he is a - ble To keep what I have com - mitt - ed un - to him a - gainst that day."
To keep

FATHER, WE COME TO THEE.

F E BELDEN.

"Behold we come unto thee: for thou art the Lord our God."—Jer 3: 22.

W. J. BOSTWICK.

1. Fath-er, we come to thee, No oth-er help have we, Thou wilt our ref-uge be, On thee we call;
 2. Save from our man-y foes, Save from our earthly woes, Be thou our soul's repose In time of need;
 3. Give us thy grace div-ine, Seal us for - ev - er thine, Our wayward feet incline From sin to flee.

Earth is but dark and drear With-out thy presence near; Be thou our com-fort here, Father of all.
 Fear - ful are we and weak, To us sweet courage speak; Thy mighty arm we seek For strength indeed.
 O guide us we im-plore, 'Till wea-ry life is o'er, And on a brighter shore We dwell with thee.

CHORUS.

Father, we come to thee, Turn not a - way; Help - less we come to thee, Hear while we pray.

ONLY THEE.

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

CORIE F. DAVIS.

Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark 8:36, 37.

Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Have I need of aught, O Sav-iour! Aught on earth but thee? Have I a - ny in the
 2. Tho' I have of friends so ma - ny, Love, and gold, and health; If I have not thee, my
 3. Is there heart so kind and pa-tient With my fail - ings all? Or a voice so true and
 4. Not for worlds would I ex-change it,—This sweet faith in thee! Earth-ly treas-ures can-not

CHORUS.

heav - ens, A - ny one but thee?
 Sav - iour, Hold I a - - ny wealth? On - ly thee, on - ly thee, O the
 read - y, An - swer - ing my call?
 e - qual All thou art to me. On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

wondrous love shown me! On - ly thee, on - ly thee, None on earth but thee.
 On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

FRESH FROM THE THRONE OF GLORY.

HORATIUS BONAR.
4th stanza added.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life,"—Rev. 22:1.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing Foun - tain,
2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by thee hang si - lent,
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Now not a - far, but near; My soul to thy still wa - ters

REFRAIN.

Swells on the liv - ing Stream.
Nor hap - py voi - ces cease. Ho - ly Riv - er, I would ev - er Draw my life from thee;
Hastes in its thirst - ings here. (from thee.)

Might - y Riv - er, I will nev - er Cease to sing of thee

4. Jesus, the healing Fountain,
Fresh from the throne above,
Thou art the living water,
Thou art the stream of love.

WASHED WHITE AS SNOW.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa. 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crim-son red, To the heal - ing stream my feet were led; In the
 2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him con-fessed my guilt and sin: With his
 3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live: What a
 4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his tri - umph o'er the grave, I will

CHORUS.

pre - cious blood my Sav - iour shed He washed me white as snow.
 own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow. O my joy - ful song hence -
 calm, sweet peace did I re - ceive!—He washed me white as snow,
 sing be - yond death's chill - ing wave, "He washed me white as snow."

forth shall be, "Tis the blood of Je - sus cleanseth me, Cleanseth, cleanseth, O, yes, it cleanseth me."

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storm of life, When the clouds un - fold their wings of strife?
 2. If 'tis safe - ly moor'd, 't will the storm withstand, For 'tis well se - cured by the Saviour's hand;
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of Fear, When the break - ers tell that the reef is near,
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold chill our latest breath,
 5. When our eyes be - hold, in the dawn - ing light, Shin - ing gates of pearl, our har - bor bright,

When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
 And the ca - bles, pass'd from his heart to thine, Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
 Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
 On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
 We shall an - chor fast to the heav'n - ly shore, With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

We have an an - chor that keeps the soul Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll;

WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.— CONCLUDED.

Fastened to the Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sa - viour's love.

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HALLELUJAHS TO JESUS.

F. E. B.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."— Luke 46: 47. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Hal - le - lu - jahs to Je - sus! Hal - le - lu - jahs for - ev - er! His wondrous sal - va - tion our tongues shall declare.
2. Strike the cymbals of gladness, Hush the lone harps of sadness; He lives who redeemed us from death's awful gloom.
3. With the angels u - nit - ing, In his praises de - light - ing, Both here and in heav'n shall our joy - an - them ring.

Sound the life in - vi - ta - tion, Call the glad cor - o - nation; The Lord of cre - a - tion the crown shall wear.
 Tell the wonderful sto - ry, From the manger to glo - ry; All hail to King Je - sus who burst the tomb!
 For his love ev - er ver - nal, For his mer - cy e - ter - nal, Let glo - ry su - per - nal crown Jesus King.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

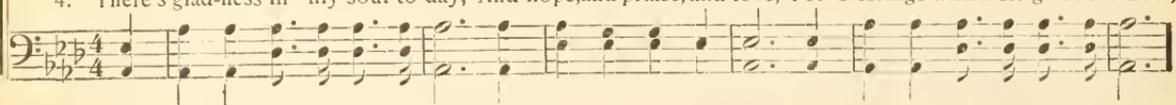
"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."—Rom. 15 : 13.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



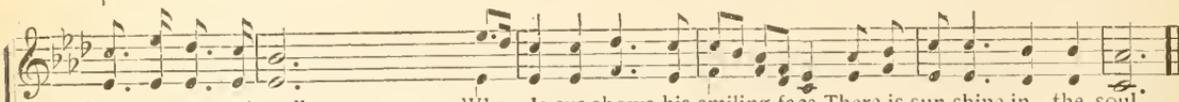
- 1 There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than glows in a - ny earth - ly sky,
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And, Je - sus list - en - ing, can hear
3. There's spring - time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near, The dove of peace sings in my heart,
4. There's glad - ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For blessings which he gives me now,



CHORUS.



For Je - sus is my light.
 The songs I can - not sing. O there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful,
 The flow'rs of grace appear. sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,
 For joys laid up a - bove.



hap - py moments roll; When Je - sus shows his smiling face There is sun - shine in the soul.
 hap - py moments roll,



SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

W. J. K.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7: 25.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's Je - sus, my Sa-viour, sal - va-tion af-fords;
2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near: Keep-ing me safe - ly, he cast - eth out fear;
3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was dark-ness, but now it is day;
4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheerful - ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - ias to Je - sus, my King!



Gives me his Spir - it, a wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav-ing from sin.
 Trust-ing his prom - is - es, now I am blest; Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
 Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright-ness reveal'd un - to me.
 Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by his blood, Cleans'd from un - righteousness; glo - ry to God!



REFRAIN.



{ Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost, Sav'd, sav'd by power di-vine: }
 { Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost: } Je - sus, the Saviour, is mine!



F. E. B.

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 Peter 1:8.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. My heart's a tune-ful harp when Christ a-bides with-in, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-sus;
 2. How cheer-ing is the voice of heav'n-ly mel-o-dy! How dif-f'rent is the world's com-plain-ing!
 3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An un-di-vid-ed heart," says Je-sus;
 4. Don't bind the gi-gant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Nor leave him dead on Si-ni's mountain;
 5. Then Love be-gins her life of work, and song, and prayer, With not a mo-ment lost in sigh-ing;

But Sa-tan al-ways strikes the chords of doubt and sin; I love the gen-tle touch of Je-sus,
 And we may make the choice of what this life shall be, With prom-ise of the life re-main-ing.
 Till then the Prince of Peace can-not a-bide with-in, With Self there is no room for Je-sus.
 There's on-ly one sure way to rid the heart of Self,—A bur-ial deep in Cal-v'ry's fountain.
 To save a dy-ing world, is all her tho't and care, For love is more than self-de-ny-ing.

CHORUS.

O there's mu-sic, sweet-est mu-sic, There's mu-sic in the name of Je-sus;
 O there's mu-sic in my soul, sweet-est mu-sic in my soul,

MUSIC IN MY SOUL.—CONCLUDED.

O there's mu - - - sic, heav'n-ly mu - - - sic, With Je - sus in my soul.
 O there's mu - sic ev - 'ry day, heav'n-ly mu - sic all the way,

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From "Heart Hymns."

SINGING ALL THE TIME.

"Every day will I bless thee."—Ps. 145 : 2.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way; For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll
 2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine; Fast fell the burn-ing tears; but now I'm
 3. When fierce temptations try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine; And tho' the tears at times may start, I'm
 4. The wondrous sto-ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine; Till oth-ers with the glad new song, Go

CHORUS.

serve him ev-'ry day.
 sing - ing all the time. I'm sing-ing, sing-ing, Singing all the time; Singing, sing-ing, sing-ing all the time.
 sing - ing all the time.
 sing - ing all the time.

THERE'S NO OTHER NAME LIKE JESUS.

F. E. B.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4:12.

F. E. BELDEN,

1. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus, 'Tis the dear - est name we know, 'Tis the an - gels' joy in
 2. There's no oth - er name like Je - sus When the heart with grief is sad, There's no oth - er name like
 3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see him, When in glo - ry he ap - pears, 'Tis the hope to hear his
 4. If he wills that I should la - bor In his vine - yard day by day, Then 'tis well if on - ly
 5. If he wills that death's cold fin - ger Touch my fee - ble, mor - tal clay, Then 'tis well if on - ly

REFRAIN.

heav - en, 'Tis the Chris - tian's joy be - low.
 Je - sus When the heart is free and glad. Sweet name, dear name, There's no
 wel - come, That my faint - ing spir - it cheers.
 Je - sus Bless - es all I do or say. Sweet name, dear name,
 Je - sus Is my dy - ing trust and stay.

oth - er name like Je - sus; Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth - er name like Je - sus.
 Sweet name, dear name,

PRECIOUS NAME.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2:7.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe; It will joy and comfort
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare; If temptations 'round you
 3. O the pre - cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy, When his lov - ing arms re -
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at his feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll

REFRAIN.

give you, Take it, then, wher - e'er you go.
 gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
 ceive us, And his songs our tongues employ!
 crown him, When our jour - ney is com - plete. Precious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

NOT MY OWN.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

"Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6:19, 20.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Take my life, - - and let it be Con - se - cra - - ted, Lord, to thee;
 2. Take my feet, - - and let them be Swift and beau - - ti - ful for thee;
 3. Take my lips, - - and let them be Fill'd with mes - - sag - es from thee;
 4. Take my mo - - ments, and my days, Let them flow - - in end - less praise;
 5. Take my love, - - my God, I pour At thy feet, - - its treas - ure store;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - - pulse of thy love,
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - - ly, for my King.
 Take my sil - - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my in - - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - - ly, all for thee.

REFRAIN.

Not my own, no, not my own, I am thine, and thine a - lone;
 Not my own, no, I am not my own, I am thine, yes, I am thine alone;

NOT MY OWN.— CONCLUDED.

Clos - er draw me to thy throne, Thine a - lone, not my own.
 Closer draw me, Saviour, to thy throne, Thine alone, no, not my own.

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MY SONG.

F. E. BELDEN.

"The Lord is my strength and song."—Ps. 118: 14.

D. S. HAKES.

1. O Je - sus my Re-deem - er, Thou art my joy and song, My Sav - iour and my solace When griefs around me throng.
 2. Thou art my hope and com - fort, Thro' all the weary years, When shadows dark surround me, When fall the bit - ter tears.
 3. I trust in thee my Sav - iour, My faithful friend and guide, For thou to me art dear - er Than all on earth be - side.
 4. Thou art my soul's re - joic - ing While in this world of sin, Thou shalt be my re - joic - ing The heav'n - ly gates with - in.

CHORUS.

O Je - sus my Re-deem - er, My song shall be of thee; No oth - er friend so constant, No friend so dear to me.

I WILL SING OF JESUS' LOVE.

F. E. B.

"I will sing of thy power: yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy."— Ps. 59: 16.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I will sing (I will sing) of Je - sus' love, Sing of him (sing of him) who first loved me; For he
 2. Ere a tear - - - had dim'd mine eyes, Je - sus' tears - - - for me did flow; Ere my
 3. O the depths - - - of love di - vine! Earth or heav'n - - - can nev - er know How that
 4. Noth - ing good - - - for him I've done; How could he - - - such love be - stow? Lord, I

REFRAIN.

left (for he left) bright worlds a - bove, And died on Cal - va - ry. I will sing - - of Jesus' love,
 first - - - faint prayer could rise, He had prayed in tones of woe.
 sins - - - as dark as mine Can be made as white as snow.
 own - - - my heart is won; Help me now *my love* to show. I will sing

Endless praise (endless praise) my heart shall give; He has died (He has died) that I might live, —I will sing his love to me

CROWN HIM.

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power to the Lamb for ever and ever."—Rev. 5:13.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, chil-dren, hail the Prince of Peace, O - bey the Sav-iour's call: Come, seek his face and
 2. Ye lambs of Christ, your trib- ute bring, Ye chil - dren great and small; Ho - san - na sing to
 3. This Je - sus will your sins for - give, O, hasten be - fore him fall: For you he died, that

CHORUS.

taste his grace, And crown him Lord of all. In the dew - y time of youth, let us come, Be -
 Christ your King, And crown him Lord of all, you might live To crown him Lord of all. let us come,

fore the brown leaves fall; He will guide us with his truth, let us come, And crown him Lord of all.
 let us come,

MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.

F. E. B.

"None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him."—Eze. 33: 19.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. He will men - tion them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 2. Since I came by faith to Cal - v'ry's mountain, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 3. At the bot - tom of the sea they're ly - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 4. Once the "car - nal mind" was all my pleas - ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
 5. Doubt can nev - er stay where Faith is sing - ing, "My sins are all tak - en a - way;"

For his roy - al prom - ise chang - es nev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 Thro' the cleans - ing pow'r of that blest Foun - tain, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 Now the pow'rs of sin and self de - ny - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 Now the word of God is my chief treas - ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
 "Praise the Lord" with - in my heart is ring - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

CHORUS.

{ They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; He will mention them no
 { They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; I am rest - ing in the
 a-way, a-way;

MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.—CONCLUDED.

more for - ev - er; Praise the Lord! sing it all day. (Hallelujah!)
 great Peace-Giv - er, (Omit.) } My sins are all tak - en a - way.

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I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

GRACE GLENN.

"Follow not that which is evil."—3 John 11.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus, I will fol - low thee, For I hear thee call - ing me; Lov - ing, trust - ing,
 2. Lit - tle eyes might lose the way, Lit - tle feet might go a - stray; I might weak and
 3. Grief and want may be my foes, Fool - ish sins my way op - pose; Full of cour - age

End, CHORUS.

D. S.

glad I come, To let thee lead me home. I will fol - low thee, I will fol - low thee, I will
 wea - ry be, But thou art strong for me.
 I will be, Whene'er I fol - low thee.

D. S.—fol - low thee Where - ev - er thou dost lead.

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AT THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved." Isa. 45: 22.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head
 2. Was it for deeds that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown,
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,

CHORUS.

For such a worm as I?
 And love be-yond de-gree! At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my
 'Tis all that I can do!

heart rolled away (rolled away), it was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corrod'ing care; Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear refuge, Je-sus, has died for me; Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev-er my trust shall be.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jasper sea.
 Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing Break on the golden shore.



REFRAIN.



Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.



HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS!

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."— Gal. 6 : 14.

HORATIUS BONAR, *arr.* *With vigor.*

May be sung in Key of F for Congregational use.

F. E. BELDEN.

mf

1. The cross! it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De - fy - ing ev - 'ry blast,
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Its tri - umph let us tell,
 3. 'T was here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our sin on Je - sus laid,

m *mf*

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown,
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shone Thro' Christ the blessed Son,
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing Of Christ our Of - ter - ing,

f *ff*

Yet 't is not overthrown, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! Yet 't is not overthrown, Hal - le -
 Who did for sin a - tone, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! Who did for sin a - tone, Hal - le -
 Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal - le - lu - jah for the cross! Of Christ our liv - ing King, Hal - le -

HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS!—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

lu - jah for the cross! Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - - - er! It nev - - er shall
Hal - le - lu - jah! stand for - ev - er! Nev - er fail or

suf - fer loss; Hal - le - lu - jah for - ev - er! We glo - ry in the grand old cross.
Hal - le - lu - jah! stand for - ev - er! Glorious em - blem! grand old cross.

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"IN HIM."

F. E. B.

"Ye are complete in him."—Col. 2: 10.

F. E. B.

1. In Him; O life of glo-ry! In him; O life of love! In him; this is my sto-ry, In him a-bove.
2. In Him; how like a riv - er! In him I meet the sea; In him; and here forev-er My rest shall be.
3. In Him, no love of straying; In him, release from care; In him; O glad obey-ing While rest-ing there!
4. In Him, with joy I la - bor, In him, un-til he come; Then, O, e - ter-nal favor! In him at home.

" A NEW SONG. "

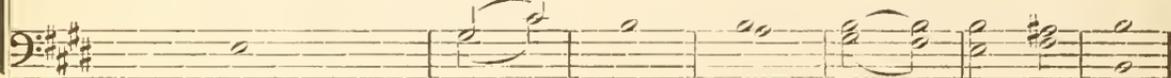
PSALM 98

(Words in italics for emphatic dwelling tones.)

J. BARNEY.



O sing unto the *Lord* a new song, for *he* hath done marv-'lous things;
 The Lord hath made *known* his sal - va - tion: *his righteousness hath he*
 Make a joyful noise unto the *Lord*, all the earth, *openly showed in the* sight of the heathen.
 With *trump-ets* and sound of cornet make a joyful *noise* be - fore the Lord, the King.
 Let the floods clap their *hands*; let the hills be
 joyful to - *geth-er* be - fore the Lord: for *he* cometh to judge the earth:




his right *hand*, and his ho - ly arm hath got - ten him the victory.
 He hath remembered his mercy and his *truth*
 toward the house of Israel. *All the ends of the earth*
 have *seen* the sal - va - tion of our God.
 Sing unto the *Lord* with the harp; with the *harp* and the voice of a psalm.
 Let the sea *roar*, and the fulness there - of; the *world* and they that dwell there - in.
 with right - eons - ness *shall* he judge the world, and the peo - ple with equity.



THE GLORY OF IMMANUEL.

F. E. B.

"And they sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy . . . for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."— Rev. 5:9

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sing, O sing the glo - ry of Im - man - u - el, Sing the beau ty of our heav'nly King;
 2. Deep - er than the deep - est o - cean, fath - om - less, Broad er than the u - ni - verse un - trod;
 3. Once a cap - tive in Sin's gloomy prison house, Sink - ing deep in mire and treach'rous sand;
 4. 'Till the dawn - ing of the glad e - ter - ni - ty, And so long as plan - ets roll and shine,

He has died that we might live for - ev - er more, And his praise for - ev - er we will sing.
 High er than the high est heav - en, meas - ure - less, Is the love and mer - cy of our God.
 Now set free, and washed, and robed in garments pure, On the Ev - er - last - ing Rock I stand.
 I will sing the glo - ry of Im - man - u - el, Sing the beau ty of the One di - vine.

CHORUS.

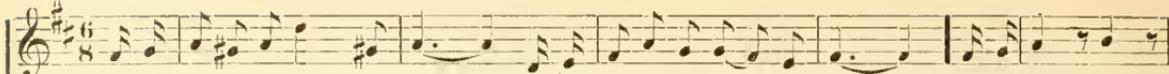
Sing of his love, Glo - ry to the Saviour's name! Sing (O sing) of his wondrous love, For ev - er more the same.
 Sing, O sing of his wondrous love,

OUR GOD IS A GOD OF LOVE.

M. H. H.

"He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."—I John 4:8.

M. H. HOWLSTON.



1. Do you know what the dew-drops say, As they sparkle at break of day? It is "Love, love,
 2. Do you know what the sun-beams bright, Are singing from morning till night? It is "Love, love,
 3. Do you know what the soft rain tells, As it tinkles like fair - y bells? It is "Love, love,
 4. Do you know what the winds pro-claim, As they rustle the gold-en grain? It is "Love, love,



love, Our God is a God of love;" It is "Love, love, love, Our God is a God of love."



THE DOVE OF PEACE.

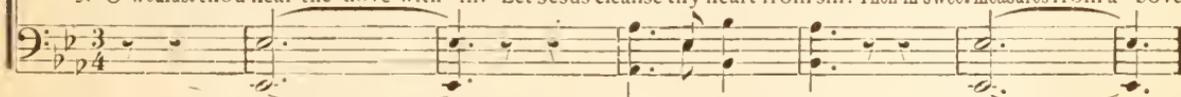
S. H. BOLTON.

"He shall be kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—Isa. 26:

FANNIE E. BOLTON.



1. The dove of peace sings in my heart, "In strife and war thou hast no part; Thy place among the hosts of wrong
2. The dove of peace hath radiant wings, And light and mel-o-dy he brings; He tells of my soon-coming King,
3. O gen-tle voice of Je-sus' love! It links the life to heav'n a-bove, And thro' all sorrow and all wrong
4. The dove of peace shall ne'er de-part, But keep his home within my heart. E'en when I rise to worlds a - bove,
5. O wouldst thou hear the dove with - in? Let Jesus cleanse thy heart from sin: Then in sweet measures from a - bove



REFRAIN.



Is but to ech-o love's sweet song."
Of prais-es that the an-gels sing. The dove of peace sings in my soul, "Thy Saviour's blood
O'erflows the soul with tender song.
I'll hear the sing-ing of the dove.
Thou'lt hear the music of his love.

The dove of peace sings in my soul, "Thy Saviour's blood



doth make thee whole;" The Spirit's voice, like wooing dove, Sings of my Sa-viour's deathless love.
doth make thee whole;"

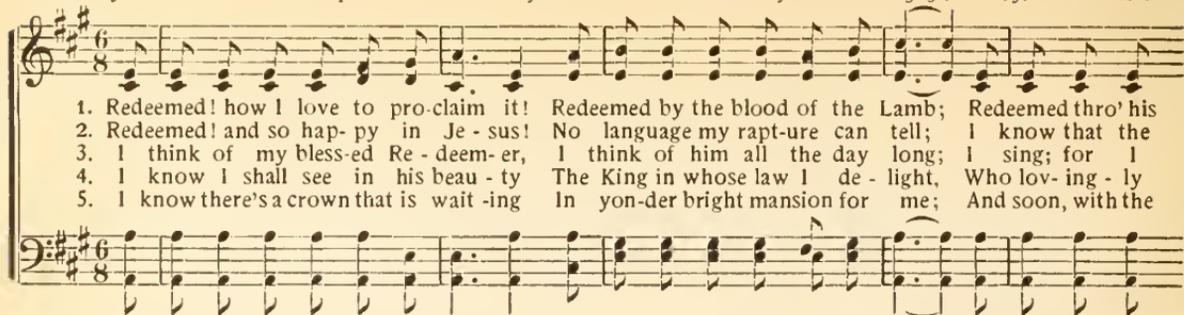


REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

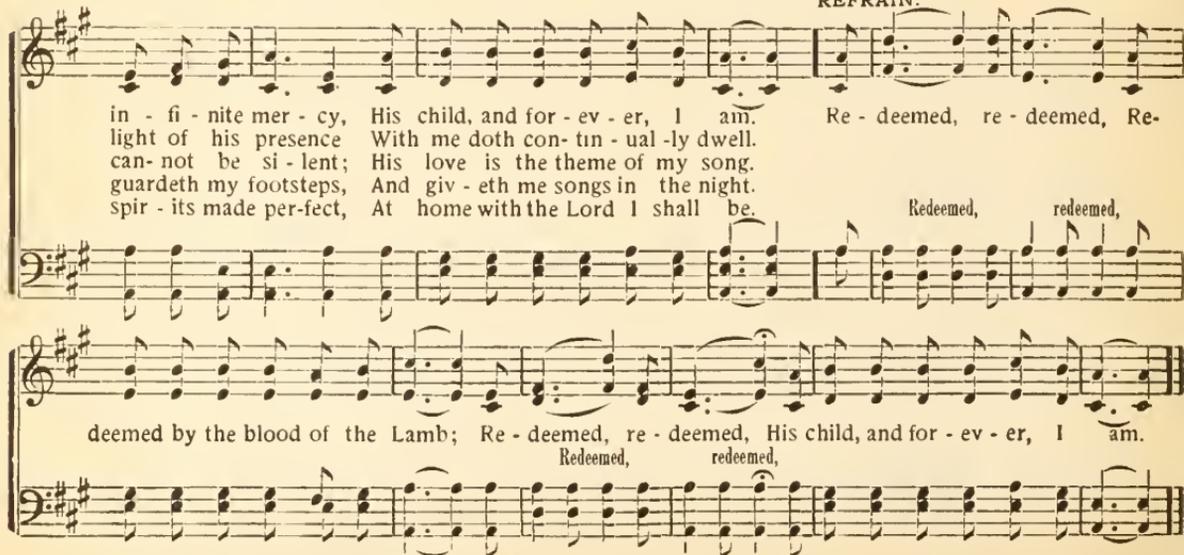
"Thou hast pleaded the cause of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life."— Lam. 3: 58.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Redeemed! how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; Redeemed thro' his
 2. Redeemed! and so hap-py in Je-sus! No language my rapt-ure can tell; I know that the
 3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long; I sing; for I
 4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty The King in whose law I de-light, Who lov-ing-ly
 5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yon-der bright man-sion for me; And soon, with the

REFRAIN.



in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child, and for-ev-er, I am. Re-deemed, re-deemed, Re-
 light of his presence With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell.
 can-not be si-lent; His love is the theme of my song.
 guardeth my footsteps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
 spir-its made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be. Redeemed, redeemed,

deemed by the blood of the Lamb; Re-deemed, re-deemed, His child, and for-ev-er, I am.
 Redeemed, redeemed,

REV. THEO. MONOD.

"But Christ is all in all."—Col. 3:11.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. O the bit - ter pain and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be, When I proud - ly said to
 2. Yet he found me; I be - held him Bleeding on th'ac-curs-ed tree; And my wist - ful heart said
 3. Day by day his ten - der mer - cy, Healing, help - ing, full and free; Bro't me low - er while I
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea, Lord, thy love at last has

Je - sus, "All of self and none of thee!" All of self and none of thee, All of
 faint - ly, "Some of self and some of thee," Some of self and some of thee, Some of
 whis-pered, "Less of self and more of thee," Less of self and more of thee, Less of
 conquered: "None of self and all of thee," None of self and all of thee, None of

self and none of thee, When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of thee!"
 self and some of thee, And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of thee!"
 self and more of thee, Bro't me low - er while I whispered, "Less of self and more of thee!"
 self and all of thee, Lord, thy love at last has conquered: "None of self and all of thee!"

WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND.

"He loved them unto the end."—John 13:1.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In joy - ful high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; But who can sing the
 2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in dark-ness light, In pain a balm, in
 3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall; In life, in death, my

REFRAIN.

worthy praise Of the won - der - ful love of Je - sus?
 weakness might, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus. Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love!
 all in all, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus.

Won - der - ful love of Je - sus! Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

THE HOLIEST NAME.

MARGARET MOODY. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins,"— Matt. 1: 21. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Dear-est name in earth or heav-en, Sweet-est name my heart hath known, By the Fa-ther it was giv-en
 2. To my heart it brings a blessing, And my lips take up the strain, And his wond'rous name confess-ing,
 3. Oh, my soul would swell the chorus, Sing-ing his re-deem-ing love, And ascribe e-ter-nal praises

CHORUS.

To his well be-lov-ed Son. 'Tis the ho-li-est name, 'Tis the lo-li-est name; From the Father's lips
 Tell its sweetness o'er a-gain. Blessed name! blessed name!
 To the name all names a-bove.

to the earth it came. Bro't by angels of light, In the stillness of night, Was the dear, dear name of Je - sus.
 Blessed name! blessed name!

WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt.

"My peace I give unto you."—John 14 : 27.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce-
 2. What a treas-ure I have in this wonderful peace, Buried deep in my in - ner - most soul; So se-
 3. I am rest - ing to-night in this wonderful peace, Resting sweet-ly in Je - sus' con - trol; I am
 4. I be-lieve when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the Author of peace I shall see, That one
 5. Wea-ry soul, without glad-ness or com-fort or rest, Passing down the rough pathway of time! Make the

CHORUS.

les-tial like strains it un - ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
 kept from all dan-ger by night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul. Peace! peace! wonderful peace,
 strain of the song which the ransomed will sing, In that heav-en-ly kingdom will be,—
 Sav-iour your friend ere the shadows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub-lime.

Com-ing down from the Fa-ther a - bove; Sweep o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

THE HAVEN OF REST.

H. L. GILMOUR.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrows."—Isa. 14 : 3.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and dis - tressed,
 2. I yield - ed my-self to his ten - der em-brace, And faith tak-ing hold of his Word,
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STO-RY so blest,
 4. How precious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John the be - lov - ed and blest,
 5. O come to the Sav - iour! he pa - tient - ly waits To save by his pow - er di - - vine;

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 My fet - ters fell off, and I anchored my soul: The Ha - ven of Rest is my Lord.
 Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so - ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 On Je - sus' strong arm, where no tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 Come, an - chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
D. S. — The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

I've anchored my soul in the "Hav - en of Rest," I sail the wide seas no more;

MARY A. LATHBURY.

"Praise our God, all ye his servants."—Rev. 19:5.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night
 2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, thy home, Gath - er us, who seek thy face,
 3. While the deep'n'ing shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold us all; Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

CHORUS.

Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
 To the fold of thy embrace, For thou art nigh. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of
 Of the stars that veil thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
 Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad - ows end.

Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!

THANKSGIVING.

F. E. BELDEN.

"The singers were as one, praising and thanking the Lord."— 2 Chron. 5: 13.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Thanksgiv-ing to the Lord belongs, For all his love and care; With grateful hearts and thankful songs His
 2. He speaks, and waking nature smiles In blooming verd-ure gay, And spring in merry song re - viles Old
 3. O praise the Lord! whose works appear In heav-en, earth and sea; His mighty name let all re - vere, And

goodness we de - clare. Our Father from his bount'ous hand Lets man - y blessings fall; Our life, our friends, and
 win-ter, cold and gray. He robes the earth in ripeness o'er, His goodness to proclaim; He crowns the year with
 ev - er thankful be. He is a ref-uge for the soul Who trusts in him a-lone; When mor-tal years shall

D. S.— Let ev - 'ry heart a

CHORUS.

D. S.

freedom's land, We owe to him our all. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, For all his mercies shown;
 har-vest store; Thanksgiving to his name. Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord,
 cease to roll, We'll praise him round his throne.

tribute bring, And make his goodness known.

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SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

"I will be glad and rejoice in thee."—Ps. 9:1.

Melody by M. T. HAUGHEY. Arr.

1. There is sunlight on the hill-top, There is sun-light on the sea, And the gold-en beams are sleeping,
 2. In the dust I leave my sadness, As the garb of oth-er days, For thou rob-est me with gladness,
 3. Loving Saviour, thou hast bought me, And my life, my all, is thine; Let the lamp thy love hath light-ed

On the soft and ver-dant lea; But a rich-er light is fill-ing All the chambers of my heart;
 And thou fill-est me with praise; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,
 To thy praise and glo-ry shine; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,

REFRAIN.

For thou dwellest there my Saviour, And 'tis sunlight where thou art.
 In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee. O the sunlight! beautiful sunlight!
 In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.

SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.—CONCLUDED.

O the sun-light in the heart! Je - sus' smile can ban-ish sadness; It is sunlight in the heart.

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NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

Arranged by F. E. B.

"Not I; but Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2:20.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

1. Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, ex-alt - ed; Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;
 2. Not I, but Christ, to gent-ly soothe in sor-row, Not I, but Christ, to wipe the fall - ing tear;
 3. Christ, on-ly Christ! no i - dle words e'er fall-ing, Christ, on-ly Christ; no needless bustling sound;
 4. Not I, but Christ, my ev -'ry need sup- ply-ing, Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be:

Not I, but Christ, in ev -'ry look and ac-tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev -'ry tho't and word.
 Not I, but Christ, to lift the wea - ry bur-den, Not I, but Christ, to hush a - way all fear.
 Christ, on-ly Christ; no self-im-por-tant bear-ing; Christ, on-ly Christ; no trace of "I" be found.
 Christ, on-ly Christ, for bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Christ, on-ly Christ, here and e - ter - nal - ly.

PRAISE HIM!

F. E. B.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5: 12.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Praise him! praise him! Mighty Crea-tor and Sav-iour; Praise him! praise him! spreading abroad his fame.
 2. An - gels, an - gels, joy-ful-ly kneel and a-dore him, Sing - ing, sing - ing, "Worthy the Lamb once slain."
 3. Tell-ing, tell - ing, telling the wonderful sto - ry, Liv - ing, liv - ing, liv - ing it ev - 'ry hour;

Love him, love him, crowning our lives with his fa - vor; Friend of sin - ners,— what a name!
 Mor - tals, mor-tals, grate-ful - ly wor-ship be-fore him; Slain for us, he lives a - gain,
 Gath'ring, gath'ring jew - els to add to his glo - ry, When as King he comes in pow'r.

End.

CHORUS.

"Chief - - - est among ten thou - - - sand, One - - - - al-to-geth-er love - ly,"
 "Chiefest among ten thou-sand, One al-togeth-er lovely," Jesus, the friend of sin - ners, Christ my Lord;

PRAISE HIM!—CONCLUDED.

“Lil - - - y of the val - - - ley,” Sweet “Rose of Shar-on,” Sweet Rose of Shar - on. Thou art mine.
Lily in low-ly val - ley, Beautiful “Rose of Sharon,” Thou art mine.

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IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

ANON.

“O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.”—Ps. 96 : 9.

EDWIN BARNES.

- O worship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness, Bow down be-fore him, his glo-ry proclaim;
- Low at his feet lay thy burden of care-ful-ness, High on his heart he will bear it for thee,
- Fear not to en - ter his courts in the slender-ness, Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
- These, tho' we bring them in trembling and fear-ful-ness, He will ac - cept for the Name that is dear;

With gold of o - be-dience, and in-cense of low - li-ness, Kneel and a - dore him, the Lord is his name.
Com-fort thy sor-rows, and answer thy prayerfulness, Guid-ing thy steps as may best for thee be.
Truth in its beau - ty, and love in its ten-der-ness, These are the off-rings to lay on his shrine.
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tear-ful-ness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

JESUS LIVES.

F. E. B. *With feeling.* "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for ever more, and have the keys of hell and death,"—Rev. 1: 18, *cres.* - - - -

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Si - lent in death he lies, Je - sus my Sa - viour; Light up, ye morn - ing skies!
 2. Watch him, ye Ro - man guard, Je - sus my Sa - viour; Strong must his tomb be barred;
 3. Haste ye! the news re - veal; Je - sus my Sa - viour; How an - gel broke the seal;
 4. Ten - der High Priest a - bove; Je - sus my Sa - viour; Grav'n on his hands of love,
 5. "Quick - ly" he comes a - gain; Je - sus my Sa - viour; Hear it, ye sons of men,

mf **CHO** *faster* *f*

Speed on his hour!
 Know ye his pow'r?
 While demons cow'r,
 We are his dow'r.
 Sin to de - vour.

Up from the grave he a - rose, Vic - to - rious o - ver all his foes :
 (4.) Up to the white throne a - bove, He rose a Con - quer - or by love :
 (5.) Up with the Lord we shall rise, Tri - ump - ant thro' the op'ning skies:

deliberately. *f*

(1-3) He lives a - gain! He lives to reign! He lives! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lives a - gain.
 (4) He pleads for me, He pleads for thee; He pleads, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus' blood sets free.
 (5) He comes a - gain! He comes to reign! He comes! hal - le - lu - jah! We with him shall reign.

FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

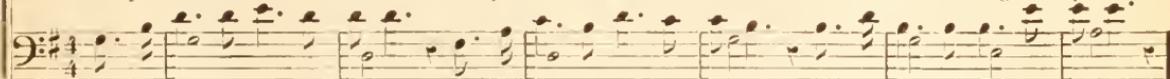
"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Mat. 8 : 19.

Arr. by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

TRIO.



1. I can hear my Saviour call-ing, In the tend'rest ac-cents call-ing; On my ear these words are fall-ing,—
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary. Tho' my feet be worn and weary, Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery
3. Je - sus, ev - er go be - fore me, Shining heaven's sun-light o'er me, And when weak, by grace restore me
4. Thro' the val-ley safe-ly lead me, Heav'nly man-na dai - ly feed me; Ev - 'ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee
5. In thy heart's af-fec-tion hold me, In thy arms of love en-fold me, And with thine own grace uphold me,



CHORUS.



Come and fol-low, dai - ly fol - low me."
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.
 As I fol - low, fol-low all the way.

I will take my cross and fol - low, My dear



Sav-iour I will fol-low; Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.



WAKE THE SONG OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

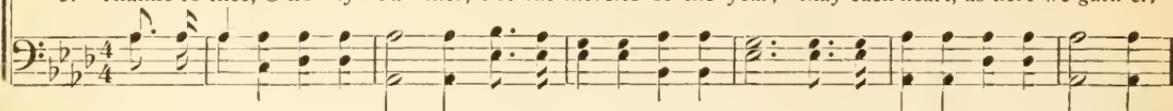
W. F. S.

"I will praise the name of God with a song."—Ps. 69:30.

W. F. SHERWIN.



1. Wake the song of joy and glad-ness, Hither bring your noblest lays; Ban-ish ev - 'ry tho't of sad-ness,
2. Joy - ful-ly with songs and ban-ners, We will greet the fes-tal day; Shout aloud our glad ho - san-nas,
3. Thanks to thee, O ho - ly Fa - ther, For the mercies of the year; May each heart, as here we gath-er,



Pour-ing fourth your highest praise, Sing to him whose care has brought us Once a-gain with friends to meet,
And our grate-ful hom-age pay. We will chant our Saviour's glo-ry While our tho'ts we raise a-bove,
Swell with grat - i - tude sin-cere, Thanks to thee, O lov - ing Sav-iour, For redemption thro' thy blood:



REFRAIN.



And whose loving voice has taught us Of the way to Je - sus' feet. Wake the song, wake the
Tell - ing still "the old, old sto - ry," Precious theme—*Redeeming love!*
Breathe up-on us, Ho - ly Spir - it, Sweet-ly draw us near to God. Wake the song,



WAKE THE SONG—CONCLUDED.

Song, the song of joy and gladness, Wake the song, wake the song. The song of ju-bi-lee.
Wake the song, Wake the song, wake the song,

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HAPPY SONGS.

"And the multitude that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."—Matt. 21:9. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Long a-go the children sang a song Of praise to Je-sus as he rode along:
2. As of old he loves to hear us sing Our songs of praise to him, our heav'nly King: "Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho -"
3. By and by we'll sing a sweeter song With all the saved, a glad and glorious throng:

CHORUS.

san - na in the highest!" { Happy songs, happy songs, Let the children sing their happy, happy songs, }
{ Happy songs, happy songs, Je - sus (*Omit.*) } loves to hear our songs.

JESUS, COME AND BLESS US.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matt. 18:20.

E. R. LATTA.

DR. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Je-sus, thou hast promised That where two or three In thy name have gather'd, Thou wilt present be;
 2. Je-sus, thou hast met us Oft in sea-sons past, But we need thy presence With us till the last;
 3. Je-sus, tune our voic-es To thy songs of praise; Be in each pe-ti-tion That to thee we raise;

And thy word be-liev-ing, Now in pray'r we kneel; Je-sus, come and bless us; Lord, thy self re-veal.
 Come, O blessed Sav-iour, And thy grace dis-play; Hear us and ac-cept us; Bless us while we pray.
 May our faith grow stronger, And our hope more bright; May our love be pur-er, And our path more light.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, come and bless us While we lin-ger here; Je-sus, come and bless us, Be thou ev-er near.

ANGRY WORDS! OH, LET THEM NEVER.

D. K. P.

"Be kindly affectioned, one to another."—Rom. 12: 10.

H. R. PALMER.

1. An - gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un-brid-led slip; May the heart's best impulse
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friendship is too sa - cred far, For a mo - ment's reckless
 3. An - gry words are light-ly spok-en; Bit-t'rest tho'ts are rash-ly stirred—Brightest links of life are

CHORUS.

ev - er Check them e'er they soil the lip. "Love one an-oth - er," Thus saith the Sav - iour, Children, o -
 fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar -
 broken, By a sin - gle an - gry word. "Love each oth - er, love each oth - er,"

bey the Father's blest command: "Love one an-oth-er," Thus saith the Sav-iour, Children, obey his blest command.
 'Tis the Father's blest command: Love each other. love each oth - er," 'Tis his blest command.

STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

"For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. 1:20.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let his prais - es ring;
 2. Standing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as - sail,
 3. Standing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent cleans - ing in the blood for me;
 4. Standing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e - ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord,
 5. Standing on the prom - is - es I can - not fall, List - ning ev - 'ry mo - ment to the Spir - it's call,

Glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing,
 By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 Stand - ing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free, Standing on the prom - is - es of God.
 O - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
 Rest - ing in my Sav - iour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Stand - ing, Stand - ing, Standing on the prom - is - es of God (my Saviour);
 Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

STANDING ON THE PROMISES.—CONCLUDED.

Stand - ing, Stand - ing, I'm stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
Stand - ing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

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MORE OF JESUS.

F. E. B.

"More about Jesus" is not the necessity of to-day. "More of Jesus" is our need:
for "he that hath the Son hath life."

F. E. BELDEN.

1. More of my Saviour, says my soul, More of his grace that makes me whole, More of his cleansing
2. More of his watching, praying pow'r, More of his trust - ing, hour by hour, More of his ho - ly
3. More of his word of truth di - vine, More of his light on me to shine, More of his lov - ing
4. More of his pa - tient work of love, More of his point - ing souls a - bove, More of his self - for -

D. S.—More of his cleansing
D.S.

CHORUS.
would I know, That washes white as snow.
life with - in To keep me free from sin.
to o - bey, Tho' nar - row be the way.
get - ful - ness, That oth - ers he might bless.

More, more of Je - sus, More, more of Je - sus,

would I know, That washes white as snow.

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MY SABBATH HOME.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

"It shall be a sabbath of rest unto you."— Lev. 16: 31.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pal-ace dome, My heart e'er turns with
 2. Here first my wil-ful, wand'-ring heart, The way of life was shown; Here first I sought the
 3. Here Je-sus stood with lov-ing voice, En-treat-ing me to come, And make of him my

CHORUS.

joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home. Sabbath home! blessed home! Sabbath
 bet-ter part, And gained a Sabbath Home. on-ly choice, In this dear Sabbath Home. Sweet home! sweet home!

home! blessed home! My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.
 Sweet home! sweet home!

DON'T FORGET THE SABBATH.

FANNY CROSBY.

"Remember the Sabbath-day."— Ex. 20: 8.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Don't forget the Sab-bath, The Lord our God hath blest, Of all the week the brightest, Of all the week the
 2. Keep the Sabbath ho - ly, And worship him to - day, Who said to his dis - ci - ples "I am the Liv - ing
 3. Day of sacred pleas-ure! Its gold-en hours we'll spend In thankful hymns to Je-sus, The children's dear-est

best; It brings repose from la - bor, It tells of joy di - vine, Its beams of light de-scend-ing, With
 Way; And if we meekly fol - low Our Saviour here be - low, He'll give us of the Fountain Whose
 friend; O gen - tle, lov-ing Sav-iour, How good and kind thou art, How precious is thy prom-ise To

CHORUS.

heav'n-ly beau-ty shine. } Wel-come, wel-come, ev - er wel-come, Blessed Sab - bath-day. }
 streams e - ter-nal flow. } Wel-come, wel-come, ev - er wel-come, (Omit.) } Blessed Sabbath - day.
 dwell in ev - 'ry heart!

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

C. W. FRY.

Cant. 2:1.

Arr. from English Melody.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's ev-'ry thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul; The
 2. He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've
 3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and do his blessed will; A

Lil-y of the Val-ley, in him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole,
 all for him for-sak-en, and all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
 wall of fire a-bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear; With his man-na he my hun-gry soul doth fill.

D. s.—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten-thous-and to my soul!

D. S.
 In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
 Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the
 Then sweeping up to glo-ry, I'll see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ev-er roll. He's the

VALLEY LILIES.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—Matt. 6: 26.

ADAM GEIBEL.

GIRLS. *Unison.*

1. Val - ley - lil - ies, meek and low - ly, Let me hear your mes - sage sweet; Tell of Christ the
 2. Val - ley - lil - ies, gold - en heart - ed, Love's sweet mis - sion you ful - fill, For you tell in
 3. Val - ley - lil - ies, cups in - vert - ed, Still the Mas - ter you pro - claim; Emp - ty of all

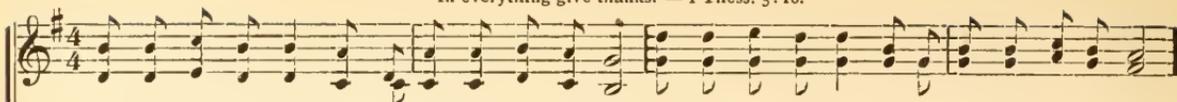
REFRAIN.

pure and ho - ly, Bend - ing as to touch his feet.
 per - fumed language, How he wrought his Fa - ther's will. Snow - y lil - ies of the val - ley,
 pomp and glo - ry, To re - deem the world he came.

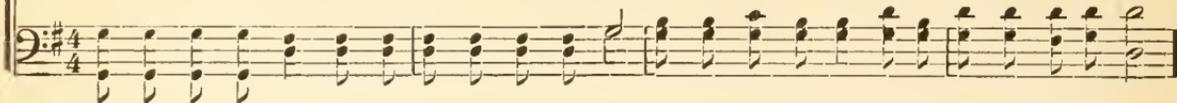
Speak a - gain your message rare; Tes - ti - fy to me of Je - sus, Heaven's Lil - y, won - drous fair!

COUNT YOUR MANY BLESSINGS.

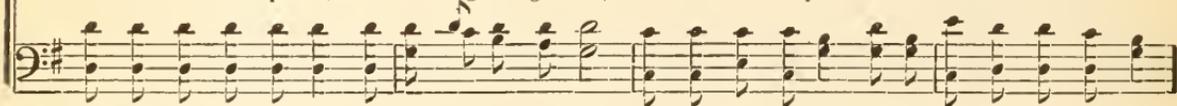
"In everything give thanks."— 1 Thess. 5: 18.



1. Count your man-y bless ings, re-mem-ber ev - 'ry one, Joy-ful - ly proclaiming what God for you hath done;
2. Praise for life and rea - son, for home and peaceful land, Praise for food and raiment sent by the Father's hand;
3. Praise for full sal - va-tion from crimson guilt of sin, Praise for dai- ly keep-ing by Him who dwells within;



An- gels bend to lis - ten, all heav-en doth re-joyce When we sing God's mercies with heart and soul and voice.
Praise for friends and kindred, and freedom to do right, Prais-es for the gos - pel that shines with holy light.
Prais - es for the Spir - it, and for the guiding Word, Prais-es for the promise of Par - a - dise restored.



CHORUS.



Count them o - - ver, and o - ver a - gain, Tell His love - - to the children of men;
Count them o - ver Tell His love



COUNT YOUR MANY BLESSINGS.— CONCLUDED.

Cease com - plain - - ing, farewell to fears, Crown with praise - - the pass - ing years.
Cease complaining, Crown with praise

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'TIS SHINING STILL.

F. E. B.

"There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall rise out of Israel."—Num. 24: 17.

F. E. BELDEN.

Children's Duet if preferred.

1. A beau-ti - ful star a - rose one night, Di - vine-ly it shone with pur - est light; Its won - der - ful rays the wise men led
2. They knew by the word of truth di - vine, 'Twas time that the guiding star should shine; They follow'd its light which shone a - far, —
3. We'll follow its light, like those of old, The "Light of the World," by seers fore - told; We'll fol - low its light till we shall come

CHORUS.

To find the Sav - iour's low - ly bed, } 'Tis shin - ing still, 'tis shin - ing still, That beau - ti - ful star, o'er plain and hill; }
'T was Christ, "the bright and Morning Star." } 'Tis shin - ing still, 'tis shin - ing still, Sal - va - tion's star of God's good will. }

To per - fect rest in heav'n, our home.

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. O. *Moderato.*

"As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."— 1 Sam. 1: 28.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've two lit-tle hands to work for Je- sus, One lit-tle tongue his praise to tell, Two lit-tle ears to hear his coun-sel,
 2. I've two lit-tle feet to tread the pathway Up to the heav'nly courts a-bove; Two lit-tle eyes to read the Bi-ble,
 3. I've one lit-tle heart to give to Je-sus, One lit-tle soul for him to save, One lit-tle life for his dear serv-ice,

CHORUS.

One lit-tle voice a song to swell. Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our childhood's early morning, }
 Tell-ing of Je- sus' wondrous love. Lord, we come, Lord, we come, } Come to learn of thee.
 One lit-tle self that he must have.

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HE LOVES ME, TOO.

MARIA STRAUB.

"Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."— Matt. 10: 31.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. God sees the lit-tle sparrow fall, It meets his tender view; If God so loves the lit-tle birds, I know he loves me, too.
 2. He paints the lil-y of the field, Perfumes each lil-y bell; If he so loves the lit-tle flow'rs, I know he loves me well.
 3. God made the little birds and flow'rs, And all things large and small; He'll not forget his lit-tle ones, I know he loves them all.

HE LOVES ME, TOO.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

He loves me, too, he loves me, too, I know he loves me, too; Be-cause he loves the lit-tle things, I know he loves me, too.

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HOW I WISH I KNEW.

GRACE GLENN.

"We have seen his star in the East."—Matt. 2: 2.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lit-tle stars that twin-ple in the heav-en's blue, I have oft-en wondered if you ev-er knew,
2. Did you see the cost-ly presents they had bro't? Did you see the sta-ble they in won-der sought?
3. Did you hear the mothers pleading thro' their tears For the babes that Her-od slew the com-ing years?
4. Did you watch the Sav-iour all those years of strife? Did you know, for sin-ners, how he gave his life?

How there 'rose one like you, leading wise old men From the East, thro' Judah, down to Beth-le-hem.
 Did you see the wor-ship ten-der-ly they paid To that strang-er ba-by in the man-ger laid?
 Did you see how Joseph, warn'd of God in dreams, Hur-ried in-to E-gypt guid-ed by your beams?
 Lit-tle stars that twin-ple in the heav-en's blue, All you saw of Je-sus how I wish I knew.

By permission of Fillmore Bros.

O COME, LET US SING!

"Sing aloud to God our strength."—Ps. 81: 1.

Dr. BOYCE.

1. O come, let us sing un- to the Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the Strength of our Sal- vation.
 2. For the Lord is a great — God, And a great King a- bove all gods.
 3. The sea is his, and he made it; And his hands pre- par-ed the dry — land.

Let us come before his presence with thanks- giving, And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.
 In his hand are all the corners of the earth, And the strength of the hills is his — also.
 O come, let us worship and fall down, Let us kneel be- fore the Lord, our Mak-er.

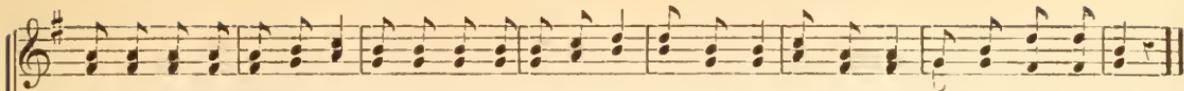
SWEETLY SING.

Miss J. W. SAMPSON.

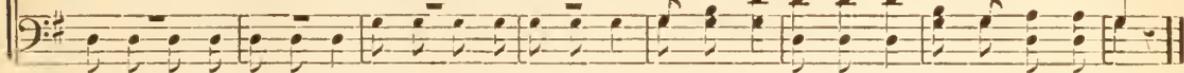
"Sing unto the Lord, praise ye the Lord."—Jer. 20: 13.

1. Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our heav'nly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of praise;
 2. Angels bright, angels bright, Rob'd in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In me - lo - dious lays;
 3. Far a - way, far a - way, We in sin's dark val - ley lay, Jesus came, Je - sus came, Bless-ed be his name:

SWEETLY SING.—CONCLUDED.



Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns above; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thank-ful tongues.
 But from that bright, happy throng, Ne'er can come this sweetest song, "Pard'ning love, pard'ning love, Brought us here a - bove."
 He redeem'd us by his grace, Then prepar'd in heav'n a place To re - ceive, to re - ceive, All who will be - lieve.



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OUR KING.

C. H. G.

"Another king, one Jesus."—Acts 17: 7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



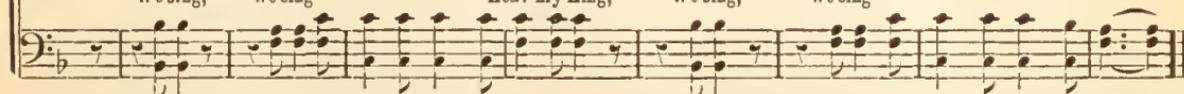
1. Our sweetest songs of gladness, On this *delightful day, We bring to praise the Saviour, Who is the Life, the Way.
2. He lov'd the lit-tle children, When he was here be-low, And tho' he's up in heaven, He loves us yet we know.
3. We love to sing his prais-es And hear the sto-ries told, Of him when he was dwelling In Gal-i-lee of old.
4. O Saviour, blessed Saviour, We kneel before thy throne, And ask that thou wilt help us To live for thee a - lone.



CHORUS.



We sing, we sing The praises of our King, We sing, we sing The glo-ry of our King.
 We sing, we sing Heav'nly King, We sing, we sing



*Or "Thanksgiving Day," or "the Chi'dren's Day."

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226 CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

EDWARD PERRONET (CORONATION, C M) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let an-gels prostrate
 2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and
 3. O that with yon-der sacred throng, We at his feet may

fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And
 small, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And
 fall; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And

crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al
 crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you
 crown him Lord of all; Wo'll join the ev-er-

di-a-dem,
 by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 last-ing song,

227 PRAISE YE JEHOVAH'S NAME.

WM. GOODE. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.) HENRY CAREY.

1. Praise ye Je-ho-vah's name, Praise through his
 2. Now let the trum-p-et raise Sonnds of tri-
 3. While his high praise you sing, Shake ev-'ry

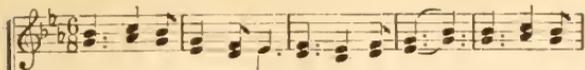
courts pro-claim, Rise and a-dore. High o'er the
 am-phant praise, Wide as his fame. There let the
 sounding string; Sweet the ao-cord! He vi-tal

heav'ns a-bove, Sound his great acts of love,
 harp be found; Or-gans of sol-emn sound,
 breath be-stows; Let ev-'ry breath that flows,

While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his pow'r.
 Roll your deep notes a-round, Fill'd with his name.
 His no-ble fame dis-close; Praise ye the Lord.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. (6s & 4s.)

T. E. PERKINS.



1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev-'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Farewell, mor-tal - i - ty, Je-sus is mine! Welcome e -



ten-der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per-ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O lov'd and blest,



Earth has no resting place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je-sus is mine!
 Left but a dis-mal void, Jesus has sat - is - fied, Je-sus is mine!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome my Saviour's breast, Je-sus is mine!

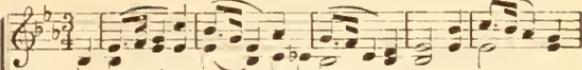


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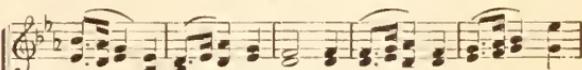
F. E. B.

(BRADBURY. L. M.)

F. E. BELDEN.



1. When soft - ly falls the twi - light hour, O'er moor and
2. In sol - emn mid - night's si - lence deep, When Nature's
3. And when with red - 'ning blush of morn The new - born
4. When mid-day's burn - ing heat we feel, When dai - ly



moun - tain, field and flow'r, How sweet to leave a
 voice is hush'd in sleep, Then heav - y hearts with
 day be - gins to dawn, Then up - ward to the
 cares our hearts would steal, O, then to heav'n we



world of care, And lift to heav'n the voice of pray'r!
 grief op-press'd May find in pray'r the sweet-est rest.
 mer - cy - seat Let pray'r as - cend like in - cense sweet
 look a - way, And find in pray'r our sur - est stay.



k

M. BRIDGES. (DIADEMATA. S. M. D.) G. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark!
 2. Crown him the Lord of love! Be-hold his hands and side, Those
 3. Crown him the Lord of peace! Whose hand a scepter sways From
 4. Crown him the Lord of years, The Po-ten-tate of time, Cre-

how the heav'nly anthem drowns All mu-sic but its own!
 wounds, yet vis-i-ble a-bove, In beau-ty glo-ri-fied:
 pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise:
 a-tor of the roll-ing spheres, In-ef-fa-bly sub-lime!

A-wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee;
 No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end, And round his pierc-ed feet
 All hail! Re-deem-er, hail! For thou hast died for me;

And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
 But downward bends his wond'ring eye At mys-ter-ies so great.
 Fair flow'rs of par-a-dise ex-tend Their fragrance ev-er sweet.
 Thy praise shall never, nev-er fail Throughout e-ter-ni-ty.

S. MEDLEY. (ARIEL. C. P. M.) L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter he bears, And all the forms
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord

the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and
 the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing his
 of love he wears, Ex-alted on his throne; In loft-iest
 will take me home, And I shall see his face; Then, with my

touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
 glo-rious righteousness, In which all-per-fect heav'nly dress
 songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days
 Sav-iour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll spend,

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo-ries known.
 Tri-um-phant in his grace, Tri-um-phant in his grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(7s. D.)

W. H. DOANE.

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell with me,
2. If he hears the rav-en's cry; If his ev - er watch-ful eye
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day;

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gentle as a dove;
Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure-ly he will hear my call,
May I rest me by his side, Where the tranquil waters glide;

More like Je - sus while I go, Pil - grim in this world below;
He will teach me how to live, All my sim - ple tho'ts for - give;
Born of him, thro' grace renev'd, By his love my will sub - dued,

Poor in Spir - it would I be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be — Let my Saviour dwell in me.

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F. E. B.

(HATTIE. 7s & 6s. P.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saviour, keep me pure in heart, By thy pow'r re - new - ing;
2. In thy sin-less life I see Matchless grace and beau - ty;
3. One with thee! thus would I live, Till the morn im - mor - tal;

Seal my life of thine a part, All my tho'ts be - dew - ing.
Per - fect Pat - tern, guide for me, Teaching love for du - ty.
Thus my - self for oth - ers give, — With them pass the por - tal.

Refrain.

Pure in heart, pure in heart, — Je - sus, on - ly giv - er;

Seal my life of thine a part, Here and then for - ev - er.

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234 HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

ANON.

(RESURRECTION. 8s & 7s. D.) S. A. WARD.



1. My life flows on in end-less song; Amid earth's lam-en-ta-tion,
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die, The Lord my Help-er liv-eth!
3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a-bove it;



I hear the sweet, tho' far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a-tion;
What tho' the darkness gather round: Songs in the night he giveth!
And day by day this path-way smooths Since first I learned to love it.



Thro' all the tumult and the strife I hear the mu-sic ring-ing;
No storm can shake my inmost calm While to that refuge cling-ing;
The peace of God makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev-er spring-ing;



It finds an ech-o in my soul, How can I keep from sing-ing?
Since God is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
All things are mine, since I am His — How can I keep from sing-ing?



235 I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

1 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!

He loved me ere I knew him!
He drew me with the cords of love
And thus he bound me to him,
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am his, and he is mine,
For ever and for ever!

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!

All pow'r by him is given,
To guard me all my earthly way,
And end that way in heaven;

Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver —
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!

So loving, true and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From him who loves my soul so well,
What pow'r my soul can sever?
Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?
No! I am his for ever.

236 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. (MARTIN. 7s. D.) SIMEON B. MARSH.



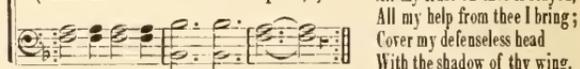
1. { Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, }
 { While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; }
D. C. Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!



D. C.



- { Hide me, O my Saviour, hide! }
 { Till the storm of life is past; }



- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Penteous grace with thee is found —
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

237 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.) JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me;
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind:
 Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the Fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;

Safe in - to the haven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

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238 THE LORD IN ZION REIGNETH.

FANNY CROSBY.

H. P. DANKS.

1. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth! Let all the earth re - joice,
 2. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, And who so great as he?
 3. The Lord in Zi - on reign - eth, These hours to him be - long,

And come before his throne of grace With tuneful heart and voice;
 The depths of earth are in his hands, He rules the might y sea;
 O en - ter now his temple - gates, And fill his courts with song;

The Lord in Zi - on reigneth, And there his praise shall ring,
 O crown his name with honor, And let his standard wave,
 Be - neath his roy - al ban - ner, Let ev - ry crea - ture fall,

To him shall princes bend the knee, And kings their glory bring.
 Till distant isles be - yond the deep Shall own his pow'r to save.
 Exalt the King of heav'n and earth, "And crown him Lord of all!"

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239 THE HAND THAT MADE US.

ADDISON.

(CREATION. L. M. D.)

HAYDN.

1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, e - the - real sky,
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
3. What tho' in solemn si-lence, all Move round the dark ter-res - trial ball?

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O-rig-i - nal pro-claim:
And nightly, to the list'ning earth Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth;
What tho' no real voice nor sound A - mid their radiant orbs be found?

Th' unweari'd sun, from day to day Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play,
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn,
In reason's ear they all rejoice, And ut - ter forth a glo-rious voice,

And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand.
Con - firm the ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For - ev - er sing - ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di-vine."

240 I SING THE POWER OF GOD.

ISAAC WATTS.

(VARINA. C. M. D.) Arr. by F. ROOT.

1. I sing the mighty pow'r of God, That made the mountains rise,
2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;
3. There's not a plant or flow'r below But makes thy glories known;

That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the loft-y skies;
He formed the creatures with his word, And then pronounced them good.
And clouds a-rise, and tempests blow, By or - der from thy throne.

I sing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the day;
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed Where'er I turn my eye!
Creatures that borrow life from thee Are subject to thy care;

The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o - bey.
If I sur-vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up-on the sky!
There's not a place where we can flee But God is pres-ent there.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleans-

2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-

3. O pre-cious Foun-tain that saves from sin! I am so glad

4. Come to this Foun-tain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied,
ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where he took me in,
I have en-tered in, There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean,
at the Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-day and be made complete,

Chorus.

Glo-ry to his name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his

name. There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to his name.

By permission of E. A. Hoffman.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

(C. M.)

R. E. HUDSON,

1. I know I love thee better, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy ;

2. I know that thou art nearer still Than a - ny earth-ly throng ;

3. Thon hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad ;

4. O Saviour, precions Saviour, mine! What will thy presence be,

For thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy.
And sweeter is the thot of thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

Chorus.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free ;
nev-er told.

The half has never yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
never told, cleanseth me.

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J. MONTGOMERY. (AMBOY. 75. D.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang; Hear'n with al-le-lu-ias rang,
2. Hear'n and earth shall pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day;
3. Saints below with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re-joyce;

When Je-ho-vah's work begun, When he spake and it was done.
God will make new hear'n and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a-bove.

Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
And can man a-lone be dumb Till that glorious kingdom come?
Hymns of glory, songs of praise, Fa-ther, un-to thee we raise;

Songs of praise a-rose, when he Cap-tive led cap-tiv-i-ty.
No; the Church delights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
Je-sus, glo-ry un-to thee, With the Spir-it ev-er be.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA. 115 & 125.) JOHN B. DVKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y!
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! an-gels a-dore thee,
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! though dark-ness hide thee,

Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to thee;
Casting down their bright crowns around the glass-y sea;
Though the eye of man thy great glo-ry may not see;

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y!
Thousands and tenthousands wor-ship low bo-fore thee,
On-ly thou art ho-ly! there is none be-side thee,

God o-ver all, who rules e-ter-ni-ty.
Which wert and art and ev-er-more shalt be.
Per-fect in power, in love and pn-ri-ty.

ANON.

(WORTHY. P. M.)

ARRANGED.



1. Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;
2. Sa-vionr, let thy kingdom come! Now the pow'r of sin con-sume;
3. Thus may we each mo-ment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him still.



Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.
Bring thy blest mil-len - ni - um, Ho - ly Lamb.
Till we all on Zi-on's hill See the Lamb.

*Chorus.*

Glo - ry, hal - le - ln - jah! Praise him, hal - le - lu - jah!



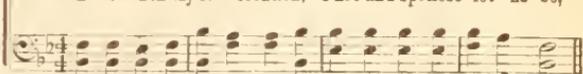
Glo - ry, hal - le - ln - jah To the Lamb!



C. WESLEY. LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL.



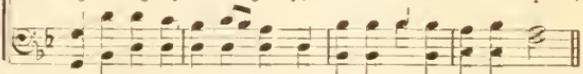
1. Love di-vine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In - to ev-'ry tronbled breast!
3. Fin - ish then thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be;



Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faithful mer-cies crown.
Let us all thy grace in-her-it, Let us find thy promised rest.
Let us see thy great salvation Perfect-ly re-stored in thee.



Je-sus, thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Take away our bent to sinning; Alpha and O - me - ga be;
Changed from glory in - to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

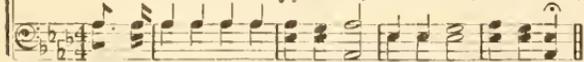


F. E. B.

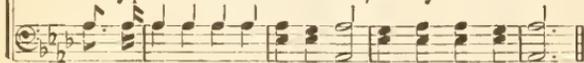
F. E. BELDEN.



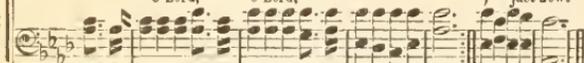
1. I would be, dear Saviour, wholly thine; Teach me how, teach me how;
2. What is worldly pleasure, wealth or fame, Without thee, without thee?
3. As I cast earth's transient joys he-hind, Come thou near, come thou near,



I would do thy will, O Lord, not mine, Help me, help me now.
I will leave them all for thy dear name, This my wealth shall be.
In thy presence all in all I find, 'Tis my com-fort here.



Whol-ly thine, wholly thine, Wholly thine, this is my vow.
Whol-ly thine, wholly thine, Wholly } thine, O Lord,
O Lord, O Lord, } just now.



248 REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. PATON MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, — For Je-sus who
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re-vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re-



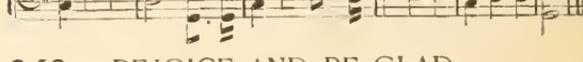
Chorus.



died and is now gone above.
Sar-iour, and scatter'd our night.
sins, and has cleans'd ev-ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bore.



lu - jah! a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo-ry, Re-vive us a-gain.



249 REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

- 1 Rejoice and be glad, the Re-deemer has come;
Go look on his cradle, his cross,
and his tomb.

Cho: Sound his praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

Final: He cometh again.

- 2 Rejoice and be glad, for the

Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and
liveth again.

- 3 Rejoice and be glad, for our King is on high,
Hepleadeth for us on his throne
in the sky.

- 4 Rejoice and be glad, for he cometh again,
He cometh in glory, the Lamb
that was slain.

HORATIUS BONAR.

250 BLESSED BE THE NAME.

CHAS. WESLEY (alt)

R. E. HUDSON.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing; Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
 3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glories of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Chorus

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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251 NEAR THE CROSS

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE

1. Je-sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun-tain
 2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er;

Free to all, a heal-ing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
 There the bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams around me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv-er.

Chorus.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo-ry ev-er;

Till my raptur'd soul shall find Rest beyond the riv-er.

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REV. JOHN KING. (LINNIE, 7s & 6s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Whee, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And, since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still,
3. For, should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Redeemer's praise,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing "Ho - san - na" to his name.
Tho' now as King he reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill,
The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise.

Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But, as he rode a - long,
We'll flock a - round his ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?

He let them still at - tend him And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son."
No; while our hearts are tender, They too shall be the Lord's.

BP. WM. HOW. (ELLACOMBE, 7s & 6s. D.) GERMAN.

1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour, In strains of ho - ly mirth;
2. Let boyhood loud - ly praise thee With songs of ho - ly joy,
3. Let girlhood sweetly praise thee, The low - ly maiden's Son;
4. To thee, with voic - es blend - ed, We sing our songs of praise : .

Give thanks to him, O chil - dren, Who lived a child on earth.
For thou on earth didst so - journ, A pure and spot - less boy.
In thee all gent - lest grac - es Are gath - ered in - to one.
Be thou the light and pat - tern Of all our childhood days;

He loved the lit - tle chil - dren And call'd them to his side,
Make us like thee o - be - dient, Like thee from e - vil free;
O give that best a - dorn - ment Which Christian maid can wear,
And lead us ev - er on - ward, That, while we stay below,

His lov - ing arms embraced them, And for their sake he died.
Like thee in God's own tem - ple; In hap - py home like thee.
The meek and qui - et spir - it, Which shone in thee so fair.
We may like thee, O Je - sus, In grace and wisdom grow.

SAMUEL PARTRIDGE (WEBB 75 & 65. D.) GEO. J. WEBB.

1. How dear-ly God doth love us, And this poor world of ours,
2. He bids the sun to warm us, And light the path we tread;
3. The Bi-ble, too, he gave us, That tells how Je-sus came,

To spread blue skies a-bove us, And deck the earth with flow'rs!
At night, l'estaught should harm us, He guards our low-ly bed,
Whose word can save and cleanse us From guilt and sin and shame.

There's not a blos-som low-ly, Nor bird that cleaves the air,
He gives our need-ful cloth-ing, And sends our dai-ly food;
O may God's mercies move us To serve him with our pow'rs;

But tells, in ac-cents ho-ly, His kindness and his care.
His love de-nies us noth-ing, His wisdom deemeth good.
For O, how he doth love us, And this poor world of ours!

1 O Father, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou forever near me,
My Helper and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O, let me feel thee near me!
The world is ever near:
I see the sights misleading,
The tempting sounds I bear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Father, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O, let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
O, speak to re-assure me!
My ev'ry thot control;
O, speak, and I will listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!
Arr. from REV J. E. BODE.

1 Unto our heav'nly Father
We will not fear to pray
For little needs and longings
That fill our ev'ry day;
And when we dare not whisper
A want that lieth dim,
We say, "Our Father knoweth,"
And leave it all to him;

2 For his great love has compassed
Our nature and our need;
We know not; but he knoweth,
And he will bless indeed.
Therefore, O Heav'nly Father,
Give what is best to me,
And take the wants unanswered
As off'rings made to thee.

ANON.

1 Lord, when through sin I wander,
Forgetting love and thee,
I think in some far country
Thy sinless home must be;
But when, with heartfelt sorrow
I pray thee to forgive,
Thy pardon is so perfect
That in thy heav'n I live.

2 Thy goodness so surrounds me,
That when I do the right
The saddest path of duty
Is lightened by its light.
I know not what thy glories
Before the throne must be,
But here thy smiling presence
Is heav'n on earth to me.

3 To love the right and do it,
Is to my heart so sweet
It makes the path of duty
A shining golden street;
Give me thy strength, O Father,
To choose this path each day.
Then heav'n within, about me,
Shall compass all my way.
Arr. from CHARLES SMITH.

J. MONTGOMERY. (RUSSIA. L. M.)

RUSSIAN.

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs,—The an-gels first be-gan the strain,—
2. Stain to re-deem us by his blood, To cleanse from ev-'ry sin-ful stain,
3. Long as we live, and when we die, And while in heav'n with him we reign,

The homage which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
And make us kings and priests to God: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
This song our song of songs shall be: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

WATTS.

(HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.)

BRADBURY.

1. With rev'ence let the saints appear, And bow be-fore the Lord; His high com-
2. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-'rer sing; Ye pilgrims
3. O Je-sus, Lord of earth and heav'n, Our life and joy, to thee Be hon-or,

mands with rev'ence hear, And tremble at his word, And tremble at his word.
now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.
thanks, and blessing giv'n Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

WATTS.

(BURTON. L. M.)

WOODBURY.

1. How pleasant, how di-vine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
2. Blest are the souls that find a place With-in the tem-ple of thy grace;
3. Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zi-on's gate:

With long desire my spir-it faints To meet th' assemblies of the saints.
There they behold thy gen-tle rays, And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
God is their strength; and thro' the road They lean up-on their helper, God.

JOHN PIERPONT. (WARREN. L. M.)

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. O thou to whom, in ancient time, The psalmist's sa-cred harp was strung,
2. From ev'ry place below the skies, The grate-ful song, the fervent prayer—
3. To thee shall age, with snowy hair, And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,

Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue,
The incense of the heart—may rise To heav'n, and find acceptance there.
And childhood lip with rev'rent air Its praises and its prayers to thee.

262 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

J. BOWRING. (WELLESLEY. 88 & 78.) L. S. TOURJEE.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy,
 3. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-tied;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

263 THE RISING DAY.

C. WESLEY. (LITCHFIELD. C. M.) L. MASON.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Sa-lutes thy waking eye;
 2. Night nn - to night His name repeats, The day renews the sound,
 3. O God, may all my hours be thine, While I en-joy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute, pay To Him who rules on high.
 Wide as the heav'n on which He sits To turn the seasons round.
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a peaceful night.

264 HOW SWEET THE NAME!

NEWTON. (HOWARD. C. M.) MRS. CUTHBERT.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be-liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast.
 3. Dear name! the rock on which I build! My shield and hiding-place!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest.
 My nev-er-fail-ing treas-ry, filled With boundless stores of grace!

265 THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

BERNARD. (ST. AGNES. C. M.) J. B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus, the ver-y thought of thee, With sweetness fills the breast;
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
 3. O hope of ev - ry con-trite heart! O joy of all the meek!

But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.
 A sweeter sound than Je-sus' name, The Saviour of mankind.
 To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!

F. E. BELDEN. (NASHVILLE. L. M. 6L.) Arr. by L. MASON.

1. O ho-ly Book of truth di-vine! E-ter-nal as thy Maker's name,
2. The dust of time is on thy page, Yet dims no pure and hallow'd tho't,
3. Thou art the life, the joy, the light, The hope of trusting thousands here,

E-ter-nal as thy Maker's name; Thro' count-ess a-ges of de-cline
Yet dims no pure and hallow'd tho't; In ev'-ry clime, in ev'-ry age
The hope of trusting thousands here Whose faith shall find e-ter-nal sight

Thy glowing truths have stood the same, Thy glowing truths have stood the same.
Have saints thy ho-ly com-fort sought, Have saints thy ho-ly com-fort sought.
Beyond this dreary mor-tal sphere, Beyond this dreary mortal sphere.

4 No other rule by which to live,
||: No other faith like thine to save; :||
No other hope such peace can give
||: When near the cold and silent grave. :||

5 O wondrous lamp of promise sweet!
||: Thy light illumines the trusting soul; :||
With glory that shall be complete
||: When days and years have ceased
to roll. :||

J. LAWSON.

(8s & 7s.)

JAMES LAWSON.

1. I will fol-low thee, my Sav-iour, Whereso'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea,
3. Tho' I meet with tri-b-n-lations, Sore-ly tempt-ed tho' I be;

Where thou go-est I will fol-low; Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low thee.
Thou hast trod this way be-fore me, And I'll glad-ly fol-low thee.
I re-mem-ber thou wast tempt-ed, And re-joice to fol-low thee.
D.S. And tho' all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll follow thee.

Chorus.
I will fol-low thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;

4 Though thou lead'st me thro' affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be;
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.

5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, thou ledest me,
Thou hast crossed the waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.

M. P. FERGUSON, arr. by F. E. B.

Arr. by J. H. F. and F. E. B.



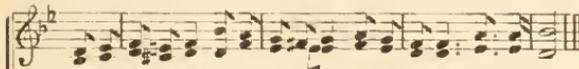
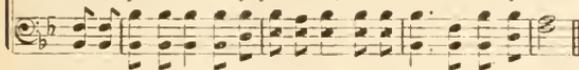
1. Joys are flowing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort - er has come;
2. O what holy peace and gladness! What a com-fort is our Guest.
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky.
4. Lo! a fruit-ful field is growing, Blessed fruits of righteousness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion, Where we always see his face!



He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust-ing heart his home.
No more un-be-lief and sad-ness, As o-be-y-ing now we rest.
So the Ho-ly Ghost is giv - en, Com-ing gen-tly from on high.
And the streams of life are flowing In the lone-ly wil-der-ness.
What a peace-ful hab-i - ta - tion! What a qui-et rest-ing place!

*Chorus.*

Blessed quietness, ho-ly quiet-ness, Sweet as-sur-ance in my soul;



On the storm-y sea, Jesus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.



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SAMUEL MEDLEY.

(L. M.)

WESTERN MELODY.



1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-posed,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,



He justly claims a song from me, His loving kind-ness, O how free!
He sav'd me from my lost es-tate, His loving kind-ness, O how great!
He safely leads my soul along, His loving kind-ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood, His loving kind-ness, O how good!



Loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, etc.



- 1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n has gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

Refrain.

I'll pursue him, I'll pursue him,
Yes, I'll pursue my Lord and King.

- 2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

- 3 Now will I tell to all around,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

271 I'VE FOUND THE PEARL.
REV. JOHN MASON. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) GEO. F. HANDEL

1. I've found the Pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I
2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King: My Prophet full of light, My great High
3. Christ is my peace; he died for me, For me he shed his blood; And as my
4. Christ Je-sus is my all in all, My comfort and my love; My life be-

must, for Christ is mine! He shall my song employ, He shall my song employ.
Priest before the throne, My King of heav'nly might, My King of heav'nly might.
wondrous Sac-ri-fice, Of-fered him-self to God, Of-fered himself to God.
low, and he shall be My joy and crown above, My joy and crown above.

272 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S THRONE.
I. WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) HATTON.

1. Before Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations how with sa-cred joy:
2. We'll crowd thy gates with thank-ful songs, High as the heav'n our voices raise;
3. Wide as the world is thy com-mand, Vast as e-ter-ni-ty thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a-lone: He can cre-ate, and he de-stroy.
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

273 JOY OF LOVING HEARTS.
BERNARD. (MIGDOL. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Je-sus, thou joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou fount of life! thou light of men!
2. We taste thee, O thou Living Bread, And long to feast up - on thee still;
3. Our restless spirits yearn for thee, Where'er our change-ful lot is cast;
4. O Je-sus, ev - er with us stay; Make all our mo-ments calm and bright;

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un - fill'd to thee a - gain.
We drink of thee, the Foun-tain-head, And thirst our souls from thee to fill.
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin a-way, Shed o'er the world thy ho - ly light!

274 PRAISE GOD.
(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) FRANC.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise him a-hove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

275 Be thou, O God, exalted high, And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there obeyed.

276

THOU ART NEAR.

OLIVER W. HOLMES. (YORK. L. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. O Love divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
 2. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 3. On thee we fling our burd'ning woe, O Love di-rine, for-ev-er dear;

On thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while thou art near.
 The mur-mur-ing wind, the quiv-er-ing leaf, Shall soft-ly tell us, "Thou art near!"
 Con-tent to suffer while we know, Liv-ing or dy-ing, thou art near.

277

THY RIGHTEOUSNESS.

F. E. BELDEN. (CADDO. C. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. O blest are they who oft have said, "I thirst for righteousness;
 2. They of My ful-ness shall be fed, For which they hungered sore;
 3. Be-cause I am the Truth, the Life, All ful-ness dwells in me;
 4. How blessed, then, to share a part With those that hun-ger here;

I hun-ger for the heav'nly Bread With anguish and distress."
 And by the Liv-ing Wa-ters led, Their souls shall thirst no more.
 They know no want, no sin, no strife, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
 To have the panting, thirst-y heart, And shed the bit-ter tear!

278

BY THEE WE RISE.

C. WESLEY. (VIENNA. 7s.) GERMAN CHORALE.

1. Christ is ris'n, our Lord and King, Let the whole cre-a-tion sing
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ the mighty, to con-ceal;
 3. Lead us, Lord, where thou hast led,—Thou, our high, exalt-ed Head;

Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'n's, let earth re-ply.
 Death in vain for-bids him rise, He hath opened par-a-dise.
 Made like thee, by thee we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

279

STILL WITH THEE.

J. BURNS. (GREENWOOD. S. M.) J. E. SWEETSER.

1. Still with thee, O my God! I would de-sire to be;
 2. With thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care,
 3. With thee when day is done, And evening calms the mind;
 4. With thee, in thee, by faith A-bid-ing I would be;

By day, by night, at home, a-broad, I would be still with thee.
 Each day re-turn-ing to be-gin With thee, my God, in pray'r.
 The set-ting, as the ris-ing sun, With thee my heart would find.
 By day, by night, in life, in death, I would be still with thee.

280 THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

CHARLES WESLEY. (HERALD. 7S. D.) MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and

mer-cy mild, God and sinners reconciled!" } Joyful, all ye nations, rise, }
 } Join the triumph of the skies; }

{ With the an-gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" }
 { With the an-gel host proclaim, "Christ is born in (Omit.) } Bethlehem!"

2 Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 In the manger born a king,
 While adoring angels sing,
 "Peace on earth, to men good-will;"
 Bid the trembling soul be still,
 ||:Christ on earth has come to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!:

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
 Life and light to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 ||:Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.:||

281 THAT SONG OF OLD.

E. H. SEARS. (CAROL. C. M. D.) R. S. WILLIS.

1. It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,

End.
 From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
D.S.—The world in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing.

D. S.
 "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious King."

2 Still thro' the open skies they come,
 With peaceful wing unfurled;
 And still their heav'nly music floats
 O'er all the weary world:
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hor'ring wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long;
 Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The love-song which they bring:
 O cease, ye mortals, cease your strife,
 And hear the angels sing!

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(GENEVA. C. M.)

JOHN COLE.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
1. When all thy mercies, O my God!
When all thy mercies, O my God!

My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Trans-port - ed with the
Transported with the

view, I'm lost in won - der, love, and praise.
view, I'm lost

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart discerned
From whom those blessings flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raptured heart?—
But thou canst read it there.

5 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

CHARLES WESLEY.

(CONVERT. P. M.)

ARRANGED.

1. O, how hap-py are they Who their Saviour o-bey, And have
2. That sweet comfort is mine, Since the fa - vor divine I re-

laid up their treasure above! Tongue can ner-er ex-press The sweet
ceiv'd thro' the blood of the Lamb; Since my heart first believ'd, What a

com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
joy I've re-ceiv'd, What a heav-en in Je - sus' dear name!

3 T is a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song;
O that all to this Refuge might fly!

He hath loved me, indeed,
He did suffer and bleed,
To redeem such a rebel as I.

5 On the wings of his love,
I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
O, that all would believe,
And by sin never grieve,
And thus cause him to suffer again.

284 HOW ENDLESS IS THY LOVE!

(GRATITUDE. L. M.)

BOST.

1. My God! how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev-'ry evening new;
 2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
 3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command; To thee I con-se-crate my days;

And morning mer-cies from a-bove, Gen-tly dis-till, like ear-ly dew.
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.
 Per-pet-ual bless-ings, from thy hand, Demand per-pet-ual songs of praise.

285 THE BEST OF DAYS.

REV. J. ELLERTON. (SCHUMANN. S. M.) SCHUMANN.

1. This is the day of rest: Our failing strength re-new;
 2. This is the day of peace: Thy peace our spir-its fill;
 3. This is the day of pray'r: Let earth to heav'n draw near;
 4. This is the best of days: Send forth thy quick'ning breath,

On weary brain and troubled breast Shed thou thy fresh'ning dew.
 Bid thou the blasts of discord cease, The waves of strife be still.
 Lift up our hearts to seek thee there; Come down to meet us here.
 And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Vanquisher of death!

286 A THOUSAND TONGUES.

ISAAC WATTS. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise! The
 2. Je-sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease,— 'Tis
 3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, He sets the pris'-ner free; His
 4. He speaks, and list'n'ing to his voice, New life the dead re-ceive; The

glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.
 music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 blood can make the foulest clean, His blood avails for me, His blood avails for me.
 mournful, broken hearts rejoice, The humble poor believe, The humble poor believe.

287 BENEDICTION.

REV. J. ELLERTON. (COATHAM. C. M.) WALCH.

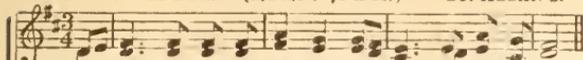
1. The Lord be with us as we bend His blessing to re-ceive;
 2. The Lord be with us as we walk Along our homeward road;
 3. The Lord be with us till the night Enfold us all to rest;

His gift of peace up-on us send, Before his courts we leave.
 In si-lent thought or friendly talk Our hearts be still with God.
 Be he of ev-'ry heart the light, Of ev-'ry home the guest.

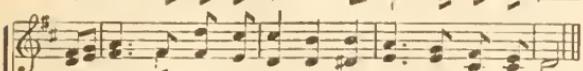
288

GOD MADE THEM.

CECIL ALEXANDER. (EDEN. 7s & 6s.) ST. ALBAN'S.



1. Each lit - tle flow'r that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings;
2. The pur - ple-head-ed monntain, The riv - er run-ning by,
3. The cold wind in the win-ter, The pleas-ant summer sun,
4. He gave ns eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell



God made their glowing col-ors, He made their ti - ny wings;
The sun - set and the morning, That brighten up the sky;
The ripe fruits in the gar-den, God made them ev - ry one.
How great is God Al-might-y, Who has made all things well.



289

PRAISE HIM.

SIR HENRY BAKER. (MONKLAND. 7s.) ARRANGED.



1. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad-o-ra - tion sing;
2. Praise him that he made the sun, Day by day his course to run,
3. Praise him for our harvest-store; He hath fill'd the garner floor;



For his mer-cies still en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er snre.
And the sil-ver moon by night, Shining with her gen-tle light.
And for rich-er Food than this, Pledge of ev - er - last-ing bliss.



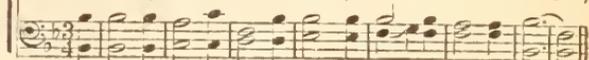
290

THE SPRING-TIDE.

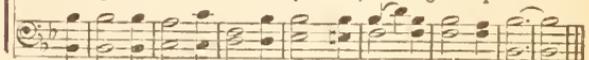
REV. J. MONSELL. (RAPHAEL. C. M.) DONIZETTI.



1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love,
2. Dews fall apace, - the dews of grace, - On souls made sad by sin;
3. As year by year the flow'rs appear, And birds their praises sing,
4. Lord, let thy love, fresh from above, Soft as the south wind blow,



And many a lay to cheer the day In many a leaf-y grove.
And love di-vine delights to shine Up-on the waste with-in.
Why not, my heart, bear well thy part, In nature's joyous spring?
Till my heart bloom in sweet perfume, And fragrant spices flow.



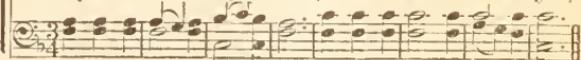
291

WE THANK THEE.

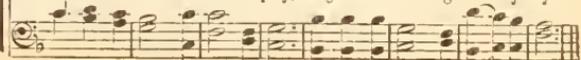
(HURSLEY. L. M.) PETER RITTER.



1. Fa-ther, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light;
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to oth-ers kind and good;



For rest, and food, and lov-ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.
In all we do, at work or play, To grow more lov-ing ev - 'ry day.



292 I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY F. LYTE. (ELLESIDE. 8s & 7s. D.) W. A. MOZART.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too ;
3. Hast'ning on from grace to glory, Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r;



All things else I have forsak-en, Thon henceforth my all shalt he :
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art faith-ful, thou art true ;
Heav'n's e-ternal day's before me, God's own hand is guiding there.



Per - ish ev-ry fond am - bition, All've sought or hoped or known ;
And, while thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,
Soon shall close my earthly mission, Swift shall pass those pilgrim days,



Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.
Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



293 HAPPY IN HIM.

JOHN NEWTON. (CONTRAST. 8s. D.) LEWIS EDSON.



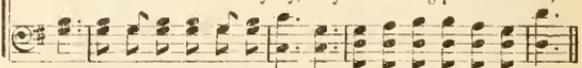
1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice;
3. My Lord, if indeed I am thine, If thou art my Sun and my Song,



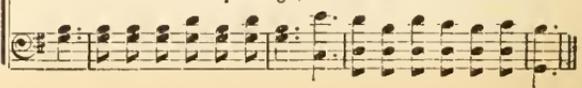
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me ;
His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice :
Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long?



The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;



But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.
No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.
Or take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.



F. BOTTOME. Arr.

(MALE VOICES.)

KOSCHAT. Arr.

1. O bliss of the pure ones! O bliss of the free! I've plung'd in the
2. O bliss of the sav'd ones! Christ Jesus is mine! No more condem-
3. O bliss of the glad ones! O bliss of the pure! No wound hath the
4. O Cru-ci-fied Je-sus! of thee will I sing, My bless-ed Re-

Solo.

fontain once o-pen for me! O'er sin and uncleanness ex-na-tion; no long-er I pine. In conscious sal-va-tion I spur-it that he can not cure; No head bow'd with sorrow but deem-er, my God and my King; My soul fill'd with rapture, shall

ult-ing I stand, And point to the nail-prints in his ho-ly sing of his grace Who lift-ed up-on me the smiles of his sweet-ly may rest, No tears but may van-ish on his lov-ing shout o'er the grave; In him will I tri-umph, the "Might-y to

hands, And point to the nail-prints in his ho-ly hands. face, Who lift-ed up-on me the smiles of his face. breast, No tears but may van-ish on his lov-ing breast. Save!" In him will I tri-umph, the "Might-y to Save!"

ANON.

No. 294 may be
sung to this.

(11s.)

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je-sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee, be-cause thou hast first lov-ed me,
3. I'll love thee in life, and I'll love thee in death;
4. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light,

For thee all the fol-lies of sin I re-sign;
And purchased my par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree;
I'll praise thee as long as thou lend-est me breath,
I'll ev-er a-dore thee in heav-en so bright,

My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my Sav-ionr art thou;
I love thee for wear-ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
And sing with the glit-ter-ing crown on my brow,

If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

296 PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

ANON. (FLEMMING. 8s & 6s.) F. FLEMMING.

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for his lov - ing kind - ness,
 2. Praise ye the Sav - iour, great is his com - pas - sion,
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com - fort - er of Is - rael,

Ten - der - ly cares he for his erring children; Praise him, ye
 Graciously cares he for his cho - sen peo - ple; Young men and
 Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us; Praise ye the

angels, praise him in the heavens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
 maidens, ye old men and children, Praise ye the Sav - ior!
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise the E - ter - nal Three!

297 PRAISE THE LORD.

ROUS' VERSION, 1649. (C. M.) C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good Praise to our God to sing:
 2. Those that are broken in their heart, And troubled in their minds,
 3. He counts the number of the stars; He names them ev'ry one:

Used by permission.

For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a come - ly thing.
 He healeth, and their painful wounds He tenderly up - binds.
 Our Lord is great, and of great pow'r, His wisdom search can nee.
D. S. - For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a come - ly thing.

Chorus. D. S.

Praise the Lord, it is good Praise to our God to sing:
 Praise ye the Lord, for it is good,

298 SALVATION FREE.

ISAAC WATTS. (NO SORROW. S. M.) E. W. DUNBAR.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
 3. Then let our songs a bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
Cho. - I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
 But servants of the heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad.
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON. (ELLERS. 108.) E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Fa-ther, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us thy peace up-on our homeward way; With thee be-
3. Grant us thy peace thro'- out our earthly life, Our balm in

cord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our
gan, with thee shall end, the day; Guard thou the lips from sin, the
sor- row, and our stay in strife; Then when thy voice shall bid our

wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
heart from shame, That in this house have called up-on thy name.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e-ter-nal peace!

300 I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live,
3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.-I'll live for him who died for me; How happy then my life shall be!

O, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

301 ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

(8s & 7s)

ARRANGED.

1. { All for Jesus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs:
1. { All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my hours.
2. { Let my hands perform his hiding, Let my feet run in his ways -
2. { Let my eyes see Je - sus on-ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise.
3. { Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all be-side;
3. { So enchained my spirit's vi-sion, Looking at the Cru-ci - fied.
4. { Oh, what wonder! how a-maz-ing! Je - sus, glorious King of kings,
4. { Deigns to call me his be-lov - ed, Lets me rest beneath his wings.

All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Looking at the Cru - ci - fied; fied.
All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Resting now beneath his wings; wings

302 THE THOUGHT OF GOD

F. L. HOSMER. (ST. JOHN'S. C. M.) JAMES TURLE.

1. One tho't I have, my am-ple creed, So deep it is and broad,
 2. Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise, I feast at life's full board;
 3. At night my gladness is my pray'r; I drop my dai-ly load,
 4. I ask not far be-fore to see, But take in trust my road;

And e-qual to my ev-'ry need,—It is the tho't of God.
 And ris-ing in my in-ner skies, Shines forth the tho't of God.
 And ev-'ry care is pillowed there Up - on the tho't of God.
 Life, death, and immortal - i - ty Are in my tho't of God.

303 CALM MY MIND.

STEWART. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God;
 2. Hast thou im-part-ed to my soul A liv-ing spark of ho-ly fire?
 3. A bright-er faith and hope im-part, And let me now my Saviour see;

Remove each vain, each world-ly tho't, And lead me to thy blest a-bode.
 O, kin-dle now the sa-cred flame; Make me to burn with pure de-sire.
 O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart, And bid my spir-it rest in thee.

304 REPOSE.

BARING-GOULD. (GUIDANCE. 6s & 5s) J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is drawing nigh,
 2. Fa-ther, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose,
 3. Thro' the long night-watches, May thine angels spread

Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
 With thy tend'rest blessing May our eye-lids close.
 Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed. Amen.

305 PRAYER.

J. MONTGOMERY. (NAOMI. C. M.) HANS G. NAEGLI.

1. Pray'r is the soul's sincere de-sire, Ut-tered or un-expressed;
 2. Pray'r is the bur-den of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear,
 3. Pray'r is the simplest form of speech That in-fant lips can try;

The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trembles in the breast.
 The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
 Pray'r the sublim-est strains that reach The Ma-jes-ty on high.

C. WESLEY.

(UXBRIDGE. L. M.)

L. MASON.

1. God of my life, whose gracious pow'r Thro' varied scenes my soul hath led,
2. I have no skill the snare to shun, But thou, O God, my wis-dom art:
3. I rest beneath thy kind-ly shade; My griefs expire, my trouhles cease;

Or turned aside the fa-tal hour, Or lifted up my sink-ing head,
I ev-er in-to dan-ger run, But thou art great-er than my heart.
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed, Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

F. E. BELDEN.

(RATHBUN. 8s & 7s)

I. CONKEY.

1. God of light and matchless splendor, Fee-ble tho' the praise we bring.
2. Hear'n a-hove can-not con-tain thee; At thy pres-ence earth would flee;
3. Grateful praise my tongue shall of-fer, 'Neath thy smile or 'neath thy rod;

Let thy Spir-it touch and tender Ev-'ry heart as now we sing.
And tho' ev-'ry sin doth pain thee; Still thy mer-cy spareth me!
Take the hum-ble gift I proffer,—Heart, and mind, and strength, O God!

ISAAC WATTS.

(AMES. L. M.)

S. NEUKOMN.

1. High in the heav'ns, e-ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo-ry shines;
2. For - ev - er firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep:
3. O God, how excellent thy grace, Whence all our hope and comfort spring!

Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry clond That veils thy just and wise de-signs.
Wise as the won-ders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a might - y deep.
The sons of Ad-am, in dis-tress, Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

ISAAC WATTS.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

L. O. EMERSON.

1. He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Sing to his name in loft-y strains,
2. Deep are his coun-sels, and un-known, But grace and truth support his throne;
3. In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;

Let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in his praise ex-alt their voice.
Tho' gloomy clonds his way surround, Jus-tice is their e-ter-nal ground.
Be-fore him hnrns de-vour-ing fire, The mountains melt, the seas re-tire.

310 O WORSHIP THE KING !

ROBERT GRANT. (LYONS. 108 & 115.) F. J. HAYDN.

1. O worship the King, all glorious above, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of his might and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite? It breathes in the
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing his won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fen-der, the
light; whose can-o-py, space; His char-i-ots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten-der! how

Ancient of Days, Pa-vil-ion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.
thunder clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma-ker, De-fend-er, Redeemer, and Friend.

311 MY SALVATION, MY ALL.

JOSEPH SWAIN. (BELOVED. 115 & 85.) F. LEWIS.

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On
2. His voice, as the sound of the dul-ci-mer sweet, is
3. His lips, as a fount-ain of right-eous-ness flow, To
4. He looks, and ten thou-sands of an-gels re-joice, And

whom in af-flict-ion I call, My comfort by day and my
heard thro' the shadows of death; The ce-dars of Leb-a-non
wa-ter the gardens of grace; From which their salvation the
myr-i-ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e-ter-ni-ty,

song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!
bow at his feet, The air is per-fum'd with his breath.
Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.
fill'd with his voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.

312 THY GLORY FILLS THE HEAVENS.

R. MANT.

(FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.)

J. H. WILCOX.

1. Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven; Earth is with its fulness stored;
2. Ev-er thus in God's high praises, Brethren, let our tongues u-nite;
3. Lord, thy glo-ry fills the hea-ven, Earth is with its fulness stored;

Un-to thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!
While our tho't his greatness raises, And our love his gifts ex-cite:
Un-to thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!

Heav'n is still with anthems ring-ing; Earth takes up the angel's cry,
With his seraph train before him, With his ho-ly church be-low,
Thus thy glorious name con-fess-ing, We a-dopt the angel's cry,

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
Thus u-nite we to a-dore him, Bid we thus our anthem flow.
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, bless-ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

313 TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

THOMAS KELLY.

(HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a-bove:
2. King of glo-ry, reign forever, Thine an ev-er-last-ing crown:
3. Sa-viour, hasten thine appearing; Bring, O bring, the glorious day

Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es; Je-sus reigns, the God of love;
Noth-ing from thy love shall sev-er Those whom thou dost seal thine own:
When the aw-ful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a-way!

See, he sits . . . on yonder throne; Je-sus rules . . . the world a-
Happy ob- . . . jects of thy grace, Destined to . . . behold thy
Then, with gold- . . . en harps, we'll sing, "Glory, glo- . . . ry to our

lone.
face. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! a-men.
King.

ARRANGED.

(SANKEY. 115 & 105.)

JOHN STAINER.

1. A - gain the day awakes in wondrous beauty, And all the
2. Look from the height of heav'n, and send to cheer us Thy light and
3. So, when that morn of endless light is waking, And shades of

shadows of the midnight flee. A - gain we gird ourselves for
truth, and guide us onward still; O let thy mer - cy, as of
e - vil from its splendors flee, Safe may we rise, this earth's dark

lov - ing du - ty, And lift our thankful hearts, O God, to thee.
old, be near us, And lead us safe - ly to thy ho - ly hill.
vale for - sak - ing, Thro' all the long, bright day to dwell with thee.

315

OUR SONG OF PRAISE.

F. S. PIERPONT.

(DIX. 75. 6L.)

CONRAD KOCHER.

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the joy of hu - man love, Brother, sis - ter, parent, child,
3. For the gift of thy dear Son, For the hope of heav'n at last,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and around us lies,
Friends on earth and Friend a - bore, Pleasures pure and un - de - filed,
For the Spir - it's vic - t'ry won, For the crown when life is past,

Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.
Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.
Lord of all, to thee we raise Songs of grat - i - tude and praise.

316

POWER TO OBEY.

ARR. by F. E. B. (SPANISH HYMN, 75. 6L.)

SPANISH.

1. Grant thy blessing, now, O Lord, While we look into thy word:
2. Sanc - ti - fy us, Lord, we pray, By the lessons of this day:

D. C. 1. As we learn thy righteous way, Give us pow - er to o - bey.
D. C. 2. In a world of care and sin, Keep us ev - er pure with - in.
D. C.

To our hearts thy truth reveal; Fill us with a ho - ly zeal;
May our souls by thee be fed, And to living fountains led;

317 FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

R. ROBINSON. (NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.) NETTLETON.

End.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of londest praise. }

D. C.—While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.

D. C.

Teach me ev-er to a-dore thee, May I still thy goodness prove,

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I've come,
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness like a fetter
 Bind me closer still to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
 Prone to leave the God I love,—
 Here's my heart, O, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

End. *D. S.*

day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! } He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing ev-'ry day;

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine; Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 He drew me, and I followed on, Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 Rejoiced to own the call divine. With him of ev-'ry good possessed.

319 THE SWEETEST NAME.

W. BETHUNE.

(8s & 7s. P.)

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
 The name before his wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour (*Omit.*) given. }

D. C.—For there's no word ear-ev-er heard So dear, so sweet, as (*Omit.*) Je-sus.

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Refrain. *D. C.*

We love to sing a-round our King, And hail him bless-ed Je-sus;

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love him.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

318 HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

(L. M. P.)

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O, happy day! that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God; }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy

S. STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) T. HASTINGS.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweet-ness sits enthron'd Up-on the
 2. No mor-tal can with him com-pare, A-mong the
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep dis-tress, He flew to
 4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the

Sav-iour's brow; His head with ra-diant light is crown'd,
 sons of men; Fair-er is he than all the fair
 my re-lief; For me he bore the shameful cross,
 joys I have; He makes me tri-umph o-ver death,

His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

- 1 A glory in the word we find
 When grace restores our sight:
 But sin has darkened all the mind,
 ||: And veil'd the heav'nly light.:||
- 2 When God's own Spirit clears our view,
 How bright the doctrines shine!
 Their holy fruits and sweetness show
 ||: The author is divine.:||
- 3 How blest are we, with open face
 To view thy glory, Lord,
 And all thy image here to trace,
 ||: Reflected in thy word!:||
- 4 O teach us, as we look, to grow
 In holiness and love,
 That we may long to see and know
 ||: Thy glorious face above.:||

CAMPBELL'S COLLECTION.

322 GLORIOUS.

- 1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age,
 ||: It gives, but borrows none.:||
- 2 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
 And brings the truth to sight;
 Precepts and promises afford
 ||: A sanctifying light.:||
- 3 The band that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise,
 ||: They rise, but never set.:||
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display;
 It makes a world of darkness shine
 ||: With beams of heav'nly day.:||

WM. COWPER.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
 ||: To keep the conscience clean.:||
- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
 That guides me all the day;
 And thro' the dangers of the night,
 ||: A lamp to lead my way.:||
- 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise:
 I hate the sinner's road;
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
 ||: But love thy law, my God.:||
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide my youth,
 ||: And well support my age.:||

ISAAC WATTS.

324 PERFECT.

- 1 Let all the heathen writers join
 To form one perfect book;
 Great God, if once compared with thine,
 ||: How mean their writings look!:||
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could show one sin forgiv'n,
 Nor lead one step beyond the grave;
 ||: But thine conducts to heaven.:||
- 3 Yet men would fain be just with God
 By works their hands have wrought;
 But thy commands, exceeding broad,
 ||: Extend to every thought.:||
- 4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
 Fall far below thy word;
 But perfect truth and righteousness
 ||: Dwell only in the Lord.:||

ANON.

325 THE ONLY LORD.

ST. AMBROSE, arr. (ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.) HENRY HILES.

1. O God, we praise thee, and confess That thou the on-ly Lord
 2. "O ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord, Whom heav'nly hosts o-bey,
 3. The ho-ly Church thro'out the world, O Lord, con-fess-es thee,

And Ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther art; By all be thou a-dored.
 The un-i-verse is glo-ry-fill'd With thy maj-es-tic sway!"
 That thou th'E-ter-nal Fa-ther art, Of boundless maj-es-ty!

To thee all an-gels cry a-loud; To thee the pow'rs on high,
 The glad im-mor-tal com-pan-y, Arrayed in robes of light,
 Thee day by day we mag-ni-fy, Thy mer-cy we im-plore,

Both cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim, Con-tin-u-al-ly do cry,—
 With all the saints in sinless worlds, Thy constant praise re-cite.
 To keep us this day with-out sin, And guard us evermore.

326 EASIER MUSIC, No. 329.

1 O Love divine, of all that is,
 The sweetest and the best,
 Pain would I come and rest to-night
 Upon thy tender breast:
 I pray thee turn me not away:
 For, sinful though I be,
 Thou knowest ev'rything I need,
 And all my need of thee.

2 And yet the spirit in my heart
 Says, Wherefore should I pray
 That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
 Since thou dost seek always?
 And dost not even wait until
 I urge my steps to thee;
 But in the darkness of my life
 Art coming still to me.

3 Thou hearest ev'ry tho't I mean,
 And not the words I say,—
 The hidden thanks among the words
 That only seem to pray.
 Still, still thy love will hearken me,
 And still thy strength will come
 In many ways to hear me up
 And bring me to my home.
 REV. J. W. CHADWICK.

327

1 O Thou who art of all that is
 Beginning and the end,
 We follow thee thro' unknown paths,
 Since all to thee must tend:
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
 Beyond all fathom line;
 Our wisdom is the child-like heart;
 Our strength, to trust in thine.

2 We bless thee for the skies above,
 And for the earth beneath;
 For hopes that blossom here below,
 And wither not with death;
 But most we bless thee for thyself,
 O heavenly Light within,
 Whose dayspring in our hearts, dispels
 The darkness of our sin.
 REV. F. L. HOSMER.

328

1 I heard a voice, the sweetest voice
 That ever mortal heard;
 O how it made my heart rejoice,
 And every feeling stirred!
 'T was Jesus spoke to me so mild;
 He called me to his side,
 And said, although with heart defiled,
 I might in him confide.

2 I saw his face, the fairest face
 That ever mortal saw;
 I longed the Saviour to embrace,
 From him new life to draw.
 "Come unto me," he kindly said,
 "And I will give thee rest;
 The ransom-price I fully paid;
 Repent! believe! be blest!"

3 I felt his love, the strongest love
 That mortal ever felt;
 O, how it drew my soul above,
 And made my hard heart melt!
 My burden at his feet I laid,
 And knew the joy of heaven,
 As in my willing ear he said
 The blessed word, "Forgiven!"
 PETER STRYKER.

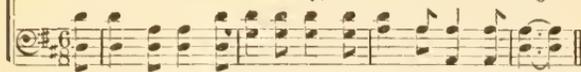
HORATIUS BONAR.

(8s & 6s. D.)

LOUIS SPOHR.



1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "I am this dark world's light.



Lay down; thou weary one, lay down Thy head up-on my breast."
The liv-ing wa-ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
Look un-to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy days be bright."



I came to Je-sus as I was—Weary, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life giving stream;
I look'd to Je-sus, and I found In him my star, my sun;



I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.



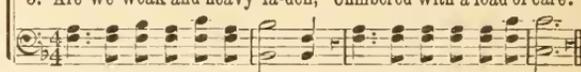
HORATIUS BONAR.

(8s & 7s. D.)

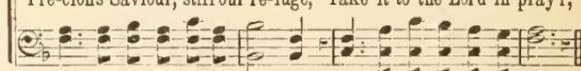
C. C. CONVERSE.



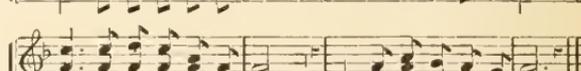
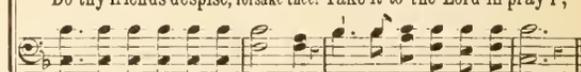
1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri-als and temptations? Is there trou-ble an-y-where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la-den, Cumbered with a load of care?



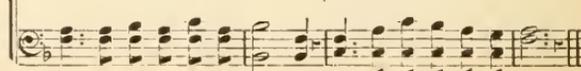
What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Saviour, still our re-fuge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;



All because we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
Je-sus knows our ev'ry weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Then wilt find a solace there.



GEO. RAWSON.

(MALE VOICES.)

W. H. PONTIUS, by per.

1. Walking with thee, my God, Sav - iour benign,
2. Walking with thee, my God, Like as a child
3. Walking with thee, my God, Humbly with thee;

Dai - ly con - fer on me Con - verse di - vine;
Leans on his fa - ther's strength, Crossing the wild,
Yet from all care and fear Lov - ing - ly free,

Je - sus, in thee restored, Brother, and blessed Lord,
And by the way is taught Lessons of ho - ly tho't,
E'en as a friend with friend, Chee'rd to the journey's end,

Let it be mine, Let it be mine.
Faith un - de - filed; Faith un - de - filed.
Walk - ing with thee, Walk - ing with thee.

MRS. E. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee;
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief or pain;
4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per thy praise;

Hear thou the pray'r I make On bend - ed knee.
Now thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best.
Sweet are thy mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain,
This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise,

This is my ear - nest plea,
This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to thee,
When they can sing with me,
This still its pray'r shall be:

More love to thee! More love to thee!

333 STAND UP, AND BLESS THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY. (WAUGH. S. M.) R. HARRISON.

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of his choice;
2. Tho' high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless-ing high,
3. O for the liv - ing flame From his own al - tar brought,
4. God is our strength and song, And his sal - va - tion ours;

Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
 Who would not fear his ho - ly name, And laud and mag - ni - fy?
 To touch our lips, our souls inspire, And wing to heav'n our thought!
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransom'd pow'rs.

334 CONSECRATED CHILDHOOD.

R. HEBER. (SILOAM, C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. De - pend - ent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace alone,

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose!
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

335 HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS!

P. DODDRIDGE. (DOVE, S. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath his watchful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind?
4. His goodness stands approved Thro' each suc - ceed - ing day:

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.
 That hand which bears all nature up Shall guard his children well.
 Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne, And sweet refreshment find.
 I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

336 ATTEMPT HIS PRAISE.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. (LUTON, L. M.) GEORGE BURDER.

1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise;
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears;
3. Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;

But O what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse de - clare his name!
 To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.
 And let his praise employ thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

337

CAN WE FORGET?

WM. MITCHELL. (CHINA. C. M.) TIMOTHY SWAN.

1. Je-sus, thy love can we for-get, And nev-er bring to mind
2. Shall we thy life of grief for-get, Thy fast-ing and thy pray'r,
3. Geth-sem-a-ne can we for-get Thy struggling ag-o-ny
4. Our sorrows and our sins were laid On thee, a-lone on thee;

The grace that paid our hopeless debt, And bade us pardon find?
Thy locks with mountain va-pors wet, To save us from de-spair?
When night lay dark on Ol-i-vet, And none to watch with thee?
Thy pre-cious blood our ransom paid—Thine all the glo-ry be!

338 MY NEED, AND THY LOVE.

JANE CREWDSON. (FLEMMING. 8s & 6s.) FLEMMING.

1. O Father, I have naught to plead In earth be-neath or heav'n a-
2. The need will soon be past and gone, Exceeding great, but quickly

bose, But just my own ex-ceed-ing need, And thy exceeding love.
o'er; Thy love unbought is all thine own, And lasts for-ev-er-more.

339

AT THY FEET.

F. W. HOWE. (INVITATION. C. M.) W. V. WALLACE.

1. O Lord, who hidest all our shame Beneath thy crimsoned hand,
2. We had no cour-age in the strife, No shelter in re-treat;
3. Be thou our King—our hearts are thine Do with us as thou wilt,
4. We ask no ease nor joy-ous hours To use for self a-lone;

We feel thy touch, we trust thy name, We yield to thy command.
But thou hast glo-ri-fied our life,—We lay it at thy feet.
So nev-er-more thy love di-vine Be wounded for our guilt.
Take thou our thoughts, our ransomed pow'rs, And make them all thine own.

340

FAITH VIEWS HIM.

B. BEDDOME. (DENFIELD. C. M.) C. G. GLASER.

1. Bur-ied beneath the yielding wave The great Re-deem-er lies;
2. Thus do these willing souls to-day Their ardent zeal ex-press,
3. With joy we in his footsteps tread, And would his cause maintain;

Faith views him in the watery grave, And thence beholds him rise.
And in the Lord's appointed way Ful-fill all righteousness.
Like him be numbered with the dead, And with him rise and reign.

341 WITH WILLING HEARTS.

ANON.

(BADEA. S. M.)

GERMAN.

1. With willing hearts we tread The path our Sav-iour trod;
 2. On thee, on thee a-lone, Our hope and faith re-ly,
 3. We trust thy sac-ri-fice, To thy dear cross we flee;

We love th' example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God.
 O thou who wilt for sin a-tone, Who didst for sin-ners die!
 O may we die to sin, and rise To life and bliss in thee.

342 WE LIVE ANEW.

ANON.

(NEWELL. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. Baptized into our Saviour's death, Our souls to sin must die; With Christ our
 2. There by his Father's side he sits, Enthroned divinely fair; Yet owns him-
 3. Rise from these earthly trifles, rise On wings of faith and love; A-bove, our

Lord we live anew, With Christ ascend on high. With Christ ascend on high.
 self our Brother still, And our fore-runner there, And our fore-runner there.
 choicest treasure lies, - And be our hearts above, And be our hearts a-bove.

343 BLEST BE THE TIE.

J. FAWCETT.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

J. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love!
 2. Be-fore our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers;
 3. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, - Our comforts, and our cares.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

344 FORBID THEM NOT.

T. HASTINGS.

(PEORIA. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. "Forbid them not," the Saviour cried, "But suf-fer them to come;"
 2. Lord, we be-lieve, and we o-bey; We bring them at thy word;
 3. Let not earth's pleasures draw them down; Lord, give them strength to rise,

Ah, then ma-ter-nal tears were dried, And un-be-lief was dumb.
 Be thou our children's strength and stay, Their portion and re-ward.
 And thro' thy strong, at-trac-tive pow'r, At last to gain the prize.

345 ALL THINGS ARE THINE.

ANON. (WARE. L. M.) GEO. KINGSLEY

1. All things are thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts! to - fer thee;
 2. Thy will was in the builders' tho't; Thy hand un - seen amidst us wrought;
 3. No lack thy per - fect fulness knew; For man needs and long - ings grew
 4. O Fa - ther! deign these walls to bless, Make this th' abode of righteonsness,

And hence, with grateful hearts to - day, Thine own, before thy feet we lay.
 Thro' mortal motive, scheme, and plan, Thy wise, e - ter - nal pur - pose ran.
 This house of prayer - this home of rest Here may thy saints be often blest
 And let these doors a gateway be To lead us from our - selves to thee.

346 THY PRESENCE HERE.

ANON. (MARLOW. C. M.) JOHN CHETHAM.

1. God of the u - ni - verse, to thee These sacred walls we rear;
 2. When sad with care, by sin oppressed, Here may the burdened soul
 3. And when the last long Sabbath morn Up - on the just shall rise,

And now, with songs and bended knee, Invoke thy pres - ence here.
 Beneath thy shell'ring wing find rest; Here make the wounded whole.
 May all who own thee here, be borne To mansions in the skies.

347 WE DEDICATE TO THEE.

D. C. EDDY. (ANGELS. L. M.) O. GIBBONS.

1. Mak - er of land and roll - ing sea, We ded - i - cate this house to thee;
 2. Come, fill this house with heav'nly grace, While sinners throng the sacred place,
 3. Here, let the mourning soul find rest Up - on the lov - ing Saviour's breast;

And what our willing hands have done, We give to God and to the Son.
 And saints, with an - gel hosts a - bove, U - nite to sing re - deem - ing love.
 And with the sense of sins forgiv'n, Each heart aspire to God and heav'n.

348 COMING SAVIOUR.

ANON. (HOLLEY. 7s.) GEORGE HEWS.

1. Coming Saviour, now in faith We remember still thy death;
 2. While in faith we drink the wine, Of thy blood we see the sign;
 3. Lord, we thus re - mem - ber thee, But we long thy face to see -

Thou wast broken - thou hast died; For us thou wast cru - ci - fied.
 Wash us pure from ev'ry stain, Thou that comest soon to reign.
 Long to reach our heav'nly home; Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

REV. EDWARD MOTE.

(L. M. 6L.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and
 2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his un-
 3. His oath, his cov-e-nant, and blood, Sup- port me in the
 4. When he shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in

right-ousness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But
 changing grace; In ev-ry high and storm-y gale, My
 whelming flood; When all a-round my soul gives way, He
 him be found; Glad in his right-ous-ness a-lone, Fault-

Refrain.

wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
 anch-er holds within the veil. On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All
 then is all my hope and stay. less to stand before the throne.

oth-er ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sink-ing sand.

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MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE.

(MORTON. L. M. 6L.)

EDWIN BARNES.

1. O let me walk with thee, my God, As En-och walked in
 2. I can not, dare not walk a-lone; The tem-pest rag-es
 3. If I may rest my hand in thine, I'll count the joys of

days of old; Place thou my trembling hand in thine, And
 in the sky; A thou-sand snares be-set my feet, A
 earth but loss, And firm-ly, brave-ly jour-ney on; I'll

sweet com-mun-ion with me hold; E'en tho' the path I
 thou-sand foes are lurk-ing nigh; Still thou the rag-ing
 bear the ban-ner of the cross Till Zion's glo-ri-ous

may not see, Yet, Je-sus, let me walk with thee.
 of the sea; O Mas-ter, let me walk with thee.
 gates I see: Yet, Sav-iour, let me walk with thee.

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351 ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE!

CHARLES WESLEY. (LENOX. H. M.) LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter -
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds he bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va -
 4. The Fa - ther hears him pray, His dear, a - noint - ed

fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears;
 cede; His all - re - deem - ing love, His precious blood to plead;
 ry; They pour effect - ual pray'rs, They strongly speak for me:
 One; He would not turn a - way The presence of his Son;

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, Be - fore the throne my
 His blood was shed for all our race, His blood was shed for
 "For - give him, O, forgive!" they cry, "Forgive him, O, for -
 His Spir - it answers to the blood, His Spir - it an - swers

Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on his hands.
 all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 give!" they cry, "Nor let the con - trite sin - ner die!"
 to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.

352 THE JUBILEE.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound,
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 ¶: The year of Jubilee is come, :¶
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mourning souls, be glad,
 ¶: The year of Jubilee is come, :¶
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin - at - oning Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Thro' all the world proclaim;
 ¶: The year of Jubilee is come, :¶
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

353 GOD'S REST.

1 The God that made the earth,
 And all the worlds on high,
 Who gave all creatures birth,
 In earth, and sea, and sky,
 ¶: After six days in work employed, :¶
 Upon the seventh a rest enjoyed.

2 The Sabbath - day was blessed,
 Hallowed, and sanctified;
 It was Jehovab's rest,
 And so it must abide;
 ¶: 'T was set apart before the fall, :¶
 'T was made for man, 't was made for all.

3 And when from Sinai's mount,
 Amidst the fire and smoke,
 Jehovab did recount,
 And all his precepts spoke.
 ¶: He claimed the rest - day as his own, :¶
 And wrote it with his law on stone.

4 The Son of God appeared,
 With tidings of great joy;
 God's precepts he revered,
 He came not to destroy;
 ¶: None of the law was set aside, :¶
 But every tittle ratified.

5 Our Saviour did not die
 To render null and void
 The law of the Most High,
 Which can not be destroyed;
 ¶: But, bruised for us, our stripes be bore, :¶
 We'll go in peace and sin no more.

R. F. COTTRELL

354 LORD, DISMISS US.

FAWCETT & KELLY. (SICILY. 8s & 7s.)

SICILIAN.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
 3. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to thee;

Let us each thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace.
 May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened, Till we rest in heav'n with thee.

355 JOIN OUR SONGS.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ROSE. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand
 2. Worthy the Lamb who died, they cry, To be ex-alt-ed thus; Wor-thy the
 3. Je-sus is worthy to re-ceive hon-or and pow'r di-vine; And blessings

thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one; But all their joys are one.
 Lamb, our hearts reply, For he was slain for us; For he was slain for us.
 more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine; Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine.

356 PRAISE FOR TRUTH.

ANON.

(HOPE. 8s & 7s.)

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Praise to Him by whose kind fa-vor Heav'nly truth has reached our ears;
 2. Truth! how sacred is the treasure! Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
 3. What of truth we have been hearing, Fix, O Lord, in ev-'ry heart;

May its sweet re-iv-ing sa-vor Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
 Vain the hope, and short the pleasure Which from oth-er sourc-es flow.
 In the day of thy ap-pear-ing May we share thy peo-ple's part.

357 PRAISE THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY.

(ROOT. 7s.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord! All ye saints, your voi-ces raise;
 2. For his truth and mer-cy stand, Past and pres-ent and to be,
 3. Praise him, ye who know his love; Praise him from the depths be-neath;

Heav'n and earth, with loud ac-cord, Praise the Lord, for-ev-er praise;
 Like the years of his right hand, Like his own e-ter-ni-ty.
 Praise him in the heights a-bove; Praise your Ma-ker, all that breathe.

358 ANOTHER SIX DAYS' WORK.

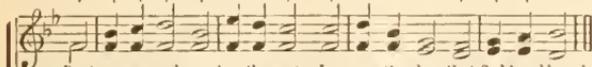
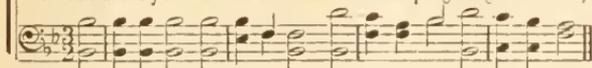
S. STENNETT.

(HEBRON, L. M.)

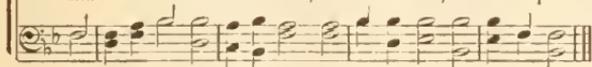
L. MASON.



1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun;
2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to wea - ry minds:
3. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise As grateful intense to the skies,
4. This heav'nly calm within the breast Is the best pledge of glorious rest,



Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day that God has blessed.
A bless - ed an - te - past is giv'n, On this day more than all the sev'n.
And draw from Christ that sweet repose Which none but he who feels it knows.
Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.

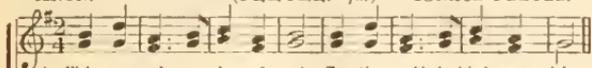


359 WELCOME, WELCOME.

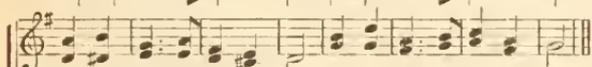
ANON.

(PLEYEL, 75.)

IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Wel - come, wel come, day of rest, To the world in kind - ness giv'n;
2. Day of calm and sweet re - pose, Gen - tly now thy mo - ments run;
3. Ho - ly day that most we prize, Day of sol - emn praise and prayer,



Wel - come to this hum - ble breast, As the beam - ing light from heaven.
Balm to soothe our cares and woes, Till our la - bor here is done.
Day to make the sim - ple wise, O, how great thy blessings are!



360 HOW SWEET!

MRS. FOLLEN. (ELIZABETHTOWN, C. M.) KINGSLEY.



1. How sweet up - on this sa - cred day, The best of all the sev'n,
2. How sweet the words of peace to hear From him to whom 'tis giv'n
3. And if to make our sins de - part, In vain the will has striv'n,



To cast our earth ly thoughts a - way, And think of God and heav'n!
To wake the pen - i - ten - tial tear, And lead the way to heav'n!
He who re - gards the in - most heart Will send his grace from heav'n.



361 COME, FEED THY SHEEP.

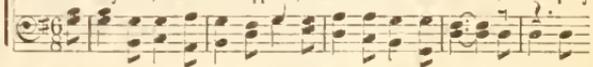
WM. MASON.

(HERBERT, C. M.)

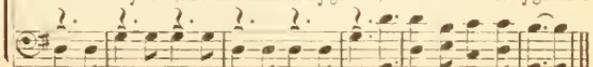
L. MASON.



1. Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep, On this sweet day of rest; O bless this
2. Welcome and precious to my soul Are these sweet days of love, But what a
3. O, if my soul, when Christ appears, In this sweet frame be found, I'll clasp my



hock, and make this fold Enjoy a heav'nly rest, En - joy a heav'nly rest.
Sab - bath shall I keep When I shall rest a - bove, When I shall rest a - bove!
Sav - iour in my arms, And leave this earthly ground, And leave this earthly ground!



362 COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY.

(ITALY. 6s & 4s.)

GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might-y King, Help us thy name to sing,
2. Come, bo - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
3. Thou art the might-y One, On earth thy will be done,

Help us to praise. Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Rule now in
From shore to shore. Thy sov - reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

363

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign:
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

THOMAS KELLY.

364 WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN!

HAYWARD.

(LISCHER. H. M.)

F. SCHNEIDER.

1. { Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; }
I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest. }

From the low train of mor - tal toys I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,

I soar . . . to reach im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath-days be passed in vain.

365 AGAIN THE DAY RETURNS

WM. MASON.

(FREEPORT. 105.)

UNKNOWN.

1. Again the day re - turns of ho - ly rest, Which, when he
2. Let us de - vote this con - se - cra - ted day To learn his
3. Lord of all worlds, incline thy gra - cious ear; Thy children's

made the world, Jehovah blest; When, like his own, he bade our
will, and all we learn obey; So shall he hear, when fer - vent -
voice in ten - der mercy hear; Bear thy blest promise, fix'd as

labor's cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.
ly we raise Our sup - pli - ca - tions, and our songs of praise.
hills, in mind, And shed re - new - ing grace on lost mankind.

4. Father in heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide,
Thro' life our surest guardian, and friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

366 MEMORIAL OF CREATION'S KING.

R. F. COTTRELL. (PARK STREET L. M.) F. M. A. VENNA.

1. De - light - ful day, best gift of heav'n, By man in E - den
2. Me - mo - rial of cre - a - tion's King, We welcome now thy
3. We bless thy name, al - might - y Lord, We love the keepsake

first pos - sess'd; Je - ho - vah's rest - day kindly giv'n That all his
glad re - turn; And while his praise we join to sing, Our hearts with
thou hast giv'n; Our voices join with one ac - cord In hon - or

creatures might be bless'd, That all his creatures might be bless'd.
love and rapture burn, Our hearts with love and rapture burn.
of the King of heav'n, In hon - or of the King of heav'n.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 All praise to Jesus, by whose blood
We are redeem'd from sin and death;
Give glory to the Son of God;
Praise him all creatures that have
breath.</p> | <p>5 His law shall still be our delight;
The holy Sabbath is a part;
And when we gain that world so
bright,
All flesh shall keep it with one heart.</p> |
|---|---|

367 SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK.

J. NEWTON.

(SABBATH. 7s. 6L.)

L. MASON.

1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we seek supplies of grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 3. Here we come thy name to praise, May we feel thy presence near,
 4. May the gos-pel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints;

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day,
 Show thy rec - on - cil-ing face, Take a-way our sin and shame;
 May thy glo - ry meet our eyes While we in thy courts ap - pear;
 Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all complaints;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest,
 From our worldly cares set free May we rest this day in thee,
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last-ing feast,
 Thus may all our Sabbaths be Till we rise to reign with thee,

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter-nal rest.
 From our worldly cares set free May we rest this day in thee.
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last-ing feast.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths be Till we rise to reign with thee.

368 DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS!

WORDSWORTH. (MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.) GERMAN.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
 2. Thou art a port pro-rect - ed From storms that round us rise,
 3. A day of sweet re - flec-tion Thou art, a day of love;

O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
 A gar - den in - ter-sect - ed With streams of par-a - dise;
 A day to raise af-fec - tion From earth to things a-bove.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Who bend be-fore the throne,
 Thou art a cool-ing fountain In life's dry, drear-y sand;
 New grac - es ev - er gain-ing From this our day of rest,

Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the E - ter-nal One,
 From thee, like Pis-gah's mountain, We view our promised land.
 We seek the rest re-main-ing In man sions of the blest.

PART III.

Work and Trust.

379

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

REV. S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me do?"—Acts 9:6.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sa-viour! thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee;
 2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to thee;
 3. Give me a faith-ful heart,—Like-ness to thee,— That each de-part-ing day Henceforth may see
 4. All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for thee!

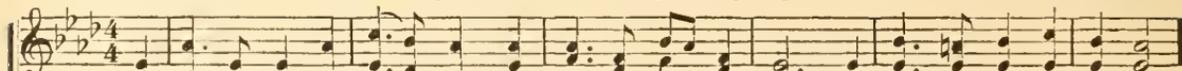
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some off'ring bring thee now, Something for thee.
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for thee.
 Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for thee.
 And when thy face I see, My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for thee.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

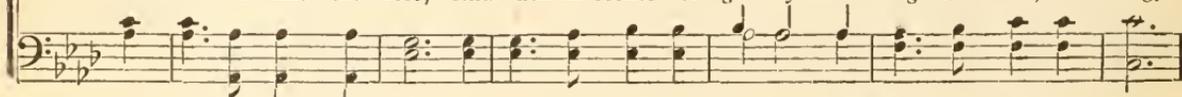
W. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove; Of Je - sus and his glo - ry,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hung - er - ing and thirst - ing




Of Je - sus and his love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true,
 Of all our gold - en dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet; I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
 To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,



CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ing As noth - ing else can do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry;
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 'T will be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.



I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.—CONCLUDED.

'T will be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

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WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

"We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."—2 Cor. 6:1.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Work - ing, O Christ, with thee, Working with thee, Un - wor - thy, sin - ful, weak, Tho' we may be;
2. A - long the cit - y's waste, Working with thee, Our ea - ger foot - steps haste, Like thee to be;
3. Sav - iour, we wea - ry not, Working with thee, As hard as thine our lot Can nev - er be;
4. So let us la - bor on, Working with thee, Till earth to thee is won, From sin set free;

Our all to thee we give, For thee a - lone we live, And by thy grace achieve, Working with thee.
 The poor we gath - er in, The outcasts raise from sin, And la - bor souls to win, Working with thee.
 Our joy and comfort this, "Thy grace suf - fi - cient is;" This changes toil to bliss, Working with thee.
 Till men, from shore to shore, Receive thee, and a - dore, And join us ev - er - more, Working with thee.

From "Gathered Jewels," by permission.

GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

PRISCILLA J OWENS,

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105.

E. S. LOFENZ.

1. Give me the Bi - ble, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand'rer lone and tem-pest tossed;
 2. Give me the Bi - ble when my heart is bro - ken, When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear;
 3. Give me the Bi - ble, all my steps en-light - en, Teach me the dan-ger of these realms be - low;
 4. Give me the Bi - ble, lamp of life im - mor - tal, Hold up that splendor by the o - pen grave;

No storm can hide that peace - ful radiance beaming, Since Je - sus came to seek and save the lost.
 Give me the precious words by Je - sus spok-en, Hold up faith's lamp to show my Sav-iour near.
 That lamp of safe - ty, o'er the gloom shall brighten, That light a - lone the path of peace can show.
 Show me the light from hea-ven's shin - ing por - tal, Show me the glo - ry gild-ing Jordan's wave.

Pre - cept and promise, law and love com-bin-ing, Till night shall van-ish in e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS

Give me the Bi - ble,—Ho - ly mes-sage shin-ing, Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row way.

STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.

"It is high time to awake * * let us therefore * * put on the armor of light."—Rom. 13:11, 12.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. B. BRADBURY AND PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O Chris-tian, a - wake! 'tis the Master's command; With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
 2. What - ev - er thy dan-ger, take heed and be - ware, And turn not thy back, for no ar - mor is there;
 3. The cause of thy Mas - ter with vig - or de - fend; Be watch - ful, be zeal - ous, and fight to the end;
 4. Press on, nev - er doubt - ing, thy Captain is near, With grace to sup - ply, and with comfort to cheer;

To meet the bold tempter, go, fear - less - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'er - throw, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 Wher - ev - er he leads thee, go, val - iant - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
 His love, like a stream in the des - ert will flow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

CHORUS. *m* *f* *ff*

Stand like the brave, stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

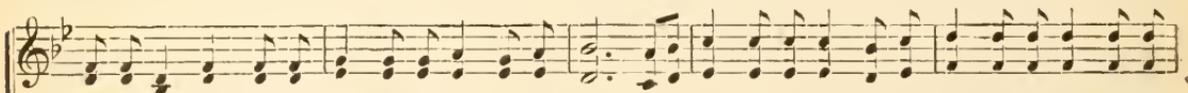
JOHN P. ELLIS.

"Be not weary in well doing."—2d Thess. 3:13.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. If your hand's on the plow, hold on, hold on; Tho' the soil may be sterile and hard, The plowshare will make The
2. If your heart's in the work, hold on, hold on; Tho' the way should be gloomy and sad, A light will ap-pear, The



fallow ground break, And the plowman will have his re-ward; Earth's bosom will sparkle with emerald green, And its path - way be clear, And the heart of the worker be glad; Heav'n's portals will open, and mu-sic resound, And the



grain will be gold-en king; The reapers will come, with loud "Harvest Home," And the gleaners will joyfully sing. mansions of bliss will ring With praise for the brave, who labor to save, And the angels will joy-ful - ly sing.



Used by permission of ROBERT LOWRY.

HOLD ON.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Hold on, hold on, my brother, hold on, Hold on till the prize is won; Hold on to the plow, And weary not now, For the work is almost done.
Hold on. Hold on, hold on

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MASTER, HAST THOU WORK FOR ME.

A good effect with this song may be obtained by having a member of the infant class sing it as a solo, all joining in the refrain.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

Or, three soloists may be selected, one for each stanza.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Mas-ter, hast thou work for me? I would glad-ly toil for thee; I have nei-ther strength nor skill,
2. Let me learn in ear-ly youth, Lessons from thy Book of truth; Let me seek to walk thy ways,
3. Let me dai-ly sow some seed, Dai-ly do some kind-ly deed; Grant thy lov-ing help to me,

D. S.—Mas-ter, hast thou work for me?

End. REFRAIN.

Yet some place I long to fill; Tho' my hands are small and weak, Yet some lit-tle task I seek.
Know thy will and sing thy praise; Heart and hands to thee I bring, Let me serve thee, ho-ly King!
Give me per-fect trust in thee; Trust-ing thee to teach me how, Let me serve thee, here and now.

I would glad-ly toil for thee. By permission.

IT. IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55:18.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll;
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol;
 3. My sin— O the bliss of the glo - ri - ous tho't!—My sin, not in part, but the whole,
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
 Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall descend; "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul.

REFRAIN.

It is well - - - with my soul, - - -
 It is well with my soul, with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

P. P. BLISS.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy, From His light-house ev-er-more, But to us
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar; Ea-ger eyes
 3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or temp-est-tost, Try-ing now

CHORUS.

He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore. Let the low-er lights be burn-ing!
 to make the har-bor, In the darkness *may be lost*

Send a gleam a-cross the wave! Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Spirited.

"Doth not he see my ways, and count all my steps?"—Job 31:4.

W. H. DOANE.

1. In the strug-gle of life there's a conquest to win; Would you break from the fet-ters that bind you to sin? Would you vanquish the
2. Would you cast in your lot with the people of God, Would you fol-low the path which the righteous have trod? You must ev - er be
3. Would you strive for the prize at the end of the race? You must go to the Lord for his wis-dom and grace; Un-to him that o'er-

foe to the cause of the Right? You must gird on your armor bright. Per-se-vere in all you do; Looking up, your
fer-vent and watch unto pray'r, And the cross dai-ly learn to bear. Live for Christ, yourselves de-ny, Seek your treasures
cometh, the promise is giv'n Of a home and a crown in heav'n. Would you dwell for-ev-er there? On the Saviour

REFRAIN.

way pursue; Toiling on till life is o - ver, With the faithful gone before.
in the sky; Marching on till life is o - ver, With the faithful gone before. Keep step! step! ev - er, Keep
cast your care; Pressing on till life is o - ver, With the faithful gone before.

KEEP STEP.— CONCLUDED.

step, keep step for - ev - er, And the blessing of God will be yours to the end, He will leave his children nev - er.

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HEAR THE PENNIES DROPPING.

FIDELIA H. DE WITT.

"He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity."— Rom. 12: 8.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the pen-nies dropping! Lis-ten while they fall; Ev-'ry one for Je-sus, — He will get them all.
2. Dropping, dropping ev - er, From each little hand; 'Tis our gift to Je-sus, From his lit - tle band.
3. Now, while we are lit - tle, Pennies are our store; But, when we are old-er, Lord, we'll give thee more.
4. Tho' we've lit-tle mon-ey, We can give him love; He will own our off'ring, Smi-ling from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping; Hear the pen-nies fall! Ev-'ry one for Je-sus, — He will get them all.

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN.

Andante.

"Whithersoever thou sendest us we will go."—Josh. 1:16.

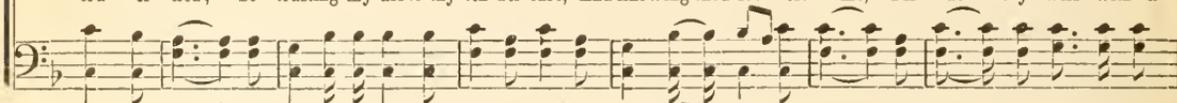
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Nor o - ver the storm-y sea; It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have
 2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak, There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'rer whom
 3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the



need of me; But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my
 I should seek; O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' rug-ged and dark the way, My voice shall ech - o thy
 cru - ci - fied; So trusting my all to thy ten-der care, And knowing thou lov - est me, I'll do thy will with a



REFRAIN.



hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say. I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver
 heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.



I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.—CONCLUDED.

mountain, or plain, or sea; I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

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'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES US HAPPY.

F. E. B.

"My little children, let us not love in word; . . . but in deed and in truth."—1 John 3:18.

F. E. BELDEN.

- 'Tis love that makes us hap-py, 'Tis love that smooths the way; It helps us "mind," it makes us kind
- This world is full of sor-row, Of sick-ness, death, and sin; With loving heart we'll do our part,
- And when this life is o-ver, And we are called a-bove, Our song shall be, e-ter-nal-ly,

D. C.—*'Tis love that makes us hap-py, 'Tis love that smooths the way; It helps us "mind," it makes us kind*

REFRAIN.

D. C.

To oth-ers ev-ry day.
And try some soul to win. God is love; we're his little children. God is love; we would be like him.
Of Je-sus and his love.

To oth-ers ev-ry day.

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'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

"He shall save them, because they trust in him."—Ps. 37:40.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word; Just to rest up -
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood; Just in sim - ple
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease; Just from Je - sus
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Sav - iour, Friend; And I know that

REFRAIN.

on his prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans - ing flood. Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him;
 sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
 thou art with me, Wilt be with me till the end.

How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er! Je - sus, Je - sus, precious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more!

DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

"Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10 : 22.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Clos - er to thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for thine em - brace; Clos - er within thine arms en -
 2. Clos - er to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more; Fain would I feel thine arms a -
 3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spir - it draw me, Till I am all like thee; Quicken, re - fine, and wash and

CHORUS.

fold me, I seek a rest - ing place. Clos - - er with the cords of love, Draw me
 round me, And count my wand' rings o'er.
 cleanse me, Till I am pure and free. Clos - er, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thy

to thy - self a - bove; Clos - - er draw me, To thy - self a - bove.
 self a - bove; Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above, Draw me to thyself a - bove.

By permission of J. H. TENNEY.

ONE MORE NEW DAY.

F. E. B.

"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."—John 9: 4.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. One more new day for Jesus, This day with pray'r be-gun; Well spent if we are singing His praise at set of sun: Some
 2. One more new day for Jesus! Too man-y days have passed In on - ly self-ish pleasure, With bitterness at last,—Like
 3. One more new day for Jesus! 'Tis joy his love to tell When half his won-drous mer-cy The soul doth know full well. Our

heav-y heart made lighter, Some gloomy pathway brighter, Some crimson garment whiter, Thro' Christ the cleansing One.
 autumn emp-ty handed, Like boat on cor-al stranded, Like vol-unteers dis-band-ed, Unused to battle's blast.
 will to him re-sign-ing, Our care on him re-clin-ing, Trust sings where once Re-pin-ning Toll'd her sad sounding bell.

REFRAIN.

One more new day, God's will, God's way; One more, and all for Je - sus; He gives one more new day.
 One more new day, God's will and way;

ANNA WARNER.

"To every man his work."—Mark 13:34.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me; But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is dear-er,
 2. One more day's work for Je-sus; How glo-rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not du-ty, To speak his beau-ty;
 3. One more day's work for Je-sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto-ry, To show the glo-ry
 4. One more day's work for Je-sus,— O yes, a wea-ry day; But heav'n shines clearer, And rest comes nearer,
 5. O bless-ed work for Je-sus! O rest at Je-sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure,

CHORUS.

Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
 My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho't How Christ my life has bought.
 Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus,
 At each step of the way; And Christ in all—Be-fore his face I fall.
 And pain for him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an-oth-er day.

One more day's work for Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me.

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

I. B.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. On the shore (on the shore) be-yond the sea, Where the fields (where the fields) are bright and fair, There's a
 2. Hark! I hear (hark! I hear) the Mas-ter say, "Up, ye reap- (up, ye reap-) ers! why so slow?" To the
 3. Just be-yond (just be-yond) the roll-ing tide, The up - lift - (the up-lift-) ed hand I see; Lo! the
 4. Fa-ther, moth- (father, moth-) er, dar-ling child, I must bid (I must bid) you all a - dieu; Far a -

CHORUS.

call (there's a call), a plain-tive plea, I must hast- (I must hast-) en to be there. Let me go,
 vine- (to the vine-) yard, far a - way, Earth-ly kin- (earth-ly kin-) dred, let me go.
 gates (lo! the gates) are o - pen wide, And the lost (and the lost) are call-ing me.
 cross (far a-cross) the wa-ters wild, There's a work (there's a work) for me to do. I cannot stay,

I can - not stay, 'Tis the Mas - - - - - ter call-ing me; Let me go,
 Mas-ter, 'Tis the Mas - - - - - ter I must o-bey,

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.—CONCLUDED.

1 must o - bey; Na - tive land, fare-well to thee (fare-well to thee)
fare-well to thee,

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THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. O. THOMPSON.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9 : 37.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the sheaves of ripened grain; Far and near their gold is gleaming
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noontide's glare; When the sun's last rays are streaming
3. O thou whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold, Heav'nward then at evening wending

D. S.— Send them now the sheaves to gather.

End. CHORUS. *D. S.*

O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry-where. Lord of harvest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

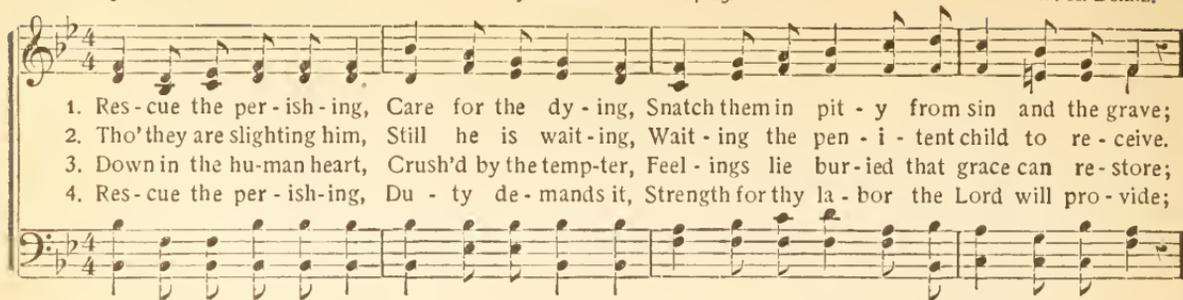
Ere the har - vest time pass by.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

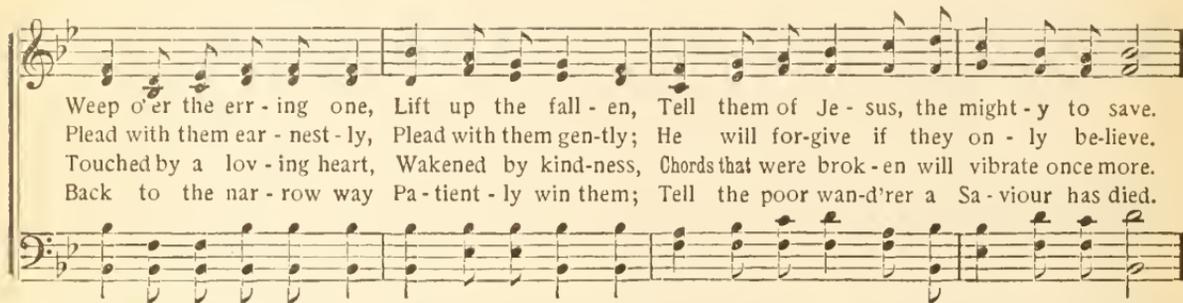
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house
may be filled."— Luke 14: 23.

W. H. DOANE.

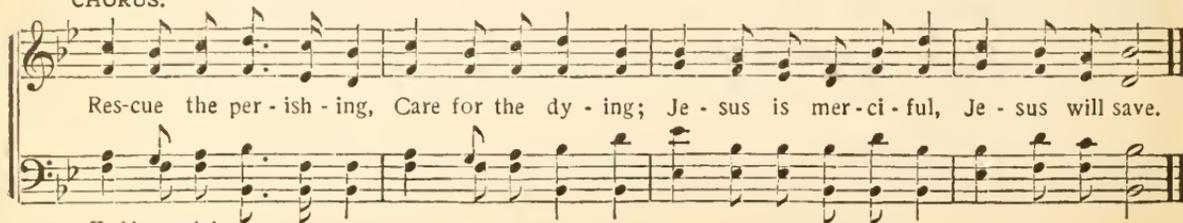


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from sin and the grave;
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent child to re-ceive.
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the temp-ter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that grace can re-store;
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it, Strength for thy la-bor the Lord will pro-vide;



Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus, the might-y to save.
Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly; He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness, Chords that were brok-en will vibrate once more.
Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them; Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sa-viour has died.

CHORUS.



Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

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THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE!

F. E. B. "I will draw all men unto me."—John 12 : 32. "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction."—Ps. 103 : 4. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Out up - on an an - gry o - cean, Without helm or oar, Mill - ions in the wild com - motion,
 2. On a flow'ry gos - pel mead - ow, Thousands dwell at ease, Car - ing not that Death's dark shad - ow
 3. How can we who once were res - cued At so great a cost, Cast a - drift the on - ly Life - Line,
 4. Brothers, hear your brothers call - ing, "Throw the line this way;" Sis - ters, see your sis - ters sink - ing,

f CHORUS.

Sink to rise no more.
 Haunts the stormy seas. Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Night is swiftly com - ing; Be -
 Laugh - ing at the lost!
 With no arm to stay.

Small notes, final ending.
rit.

p hold the set - ting sun! *f* Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Je - sus is the life-line; You may save one (save one).
cres. *ff*

"The Son of man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life,"—
MAY E. WARREN. John 3 : 14, 15. D. S. HAKES.

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dy - ing look and live; To all wea - ry, thirsting sin - ners,
2. Lift him up, this precious Saviour, Let the mul - ti - tude be-hold; They with willing hearts shall seek him,
3. Lift him up in all his glo - ry, 'Tis the Son of God on high; Lift him up, his love shall draw them,
4. O then lift him up in sing-ing, Lift the Sav-iour up in prayer; He, the glo - ri - ous Re-deem-er,

Liv - ing wa - ters will he give; And tho' once so meek and low-ly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he;
He will draw them to his fold. They shall gath-er from the way-side, Hast'ning on with joy-ous feet,
E'en the careless shall draw nigh. Let them hear a - gain the sto - ry Of the cross, the death of shame,
All the sins of men did bear. Yes, the young shall bow be-fore him, And the old their voic - es raise;

CHORUS.

And the blind, who grope in darkness, Thro' the blood of Christ shall see.
They shall bear the cross of Je - sus, And shall find sal - va - tion sweet.
And from tongue to tongue repeat it: Mighty throngs shall bless his name.
All the deaf shall hear Hosanna! And the dumb shall shout his praise.

Lift him up, the risen Saviour, High a -

LIFT HIM UP.—CONCLUDED.

mid the wait-ing throug; Lift him up, 'tis he that speak - eth, Now he bids you flee from wrong.

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THE FAITHFUL THREE.

F. E. B.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Dan. 13: 8.

F. E. BELDEN.

Moderato.

1. Look up - on the gold - en im - age, Hear the king's de - cree, See the burn - ing fi - ery furnace, And the faithful three.
2. 'Twas a heathen king's commandment Governed conscience then, Yet how brave - ly for Je - ho - vah Stood those no - hle men!
3. So when earthly creeds of er - ror Bid you bend the knee, Turn and read the sim - ple sto - ry Of the faith - ful three.
4. God is a - ble to de - liv - er As in days of old, All who walk the path of du - ty, Fearless, firm, and hold.

D. C.—We will fol - low their ex - am - ple, Brave and faith - ful three, Bow - ing not be - fore the image At the world's decree.

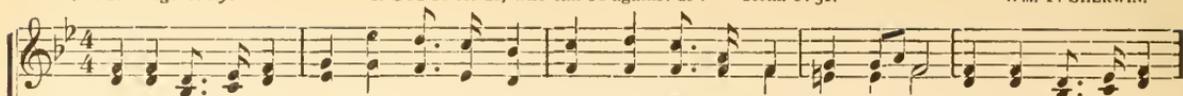
CHORUS.

Stand for the right Wher - ev - er you may be, Trust in the Lord, Like the faith - ful three.

W. F. S. *Vigorously.*

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. 8: 31.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Sound the bat-tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on,
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright,
3. O thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all, By thy grace; When the battle's done,



CHORUS.



Stand firm, ev-'ry one, Rest your cause up-on His ho - ly word.
 Gleaming in the light, Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol-diers! ral - ly round the banner!
 And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown Be- fore thy face.



Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; Onward, forward, shout a loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Captain of the faith-ful throng.



NEVER TURN BACK.

F. E. B.

"Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him."—Heb. 10: 38.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Flee-ing from De-struc-tion's fair pal - a - ces of strife, Seeking, heav - y la - den, the narrow Gate of
 2. Dropping the guilt-bur-den just where we find the Cross, Wearing the white garment when sin's vile robe is
 3. Tak-ing the whole ar - mor, for bat - tle to pre-pare, Pass-ing down the Vale of Hu - mil - i - ty and
 4. Hast'ning by the Cas - tle of Doubting and De - spair, Treading Ground Enchanted, but nev-er sleeping
 5. Thus we trav-el on - ward as strangers here be - low, Stud - y - ing the Guide-book un-fail-ing, as we

Life, Wad - ing thro' Despond's deep pit - fall of dis - tress, Shunning the town of Le - gal Righteousness:
 lost, Climbing, worn and wea - ry, Dif - fi - cul - ty Hill, Find - ing sweet rest in Pal - ace Beau - ti - ful:
 pray'r, Fight-ing fierce A - poll - yon, trust-ing God to win, Clos - ing our eyes to Van - i - ty and sin:
 there, Stand-ing on the Mount De - lec - ta - ble and grand, Catch-ing a view from Beau-lah's hap - py land:
 go, Look-ing for the blood-stain'd footprints on the way, Walk-ing by faith in Je - sus ev - 'ry day:

CHORUS.

Never turn back, never turn back, Press ever on, press ever on; Never turn back, never turn back, On! ev - er on!

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:16.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS,

I. BALTZELL,

1. Are you Christ's light-bear-er? Of his joy a shar-er? Is this dark world fair-er For your
 2. Is your heart warm, glowing, With his love o'er-flow-ing, And his good-ness show-ing More and
 3. Keep your al-tars burn-ing, Wait your Lord's re-turn-ing, While your heart's deep yearn-ing Draws him

cheer-ing ray? Is your bea-con light-ed, Guiding souls be-night-ed To the land of per-fect day?
 more each day? Are you press-ing on-ward With his faith-ful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way?
 ev-er near; With his ra-diance splen-did Shall your light be blended When his glo-ry shall ap-pear.

D. S.—Are you wait-ing, yearn-ing For your Lord's re-turn-ing? Are you watch-ing day by day?

CHORUS. *D. S.*

O brother! is your lamp trimm'd and burning? Is the world made bright-er by its cheer-ing ray?

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NOT A WASTED MOMENT.

F. E. B.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Rom. 12:11.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Not a wast - ed moment in the morn - ing fair, Not an i - dle in - stant in the noon - day glare,
 2. Where the soul is sin - sick with its weight of woe, Where the tears of pen - i - tence in si - lence flow,
 3. Where the home is cheerless and the board is bare, Where the children nev - er hear the voice of pray'r,
 4. Where the toil - ers hur - ry neath the lash of Gain, Where the i - dlers gath - er in the street and lane,

Not a mis - spent eve - ning let the rec - ord bear, Not a Christ - less mis - sion an - y - where.
 Where the hand of sick - ness lays the loved one low, His co - work - er, glad - ly I will go.
 Where the drunk - ard ra - ges o'er the wife's de - spair, With my Sav - iour I must has - ten there.
 Where the war - riors languish on the field of pain, Let me go and whis - per His dear name.

D. S.—*May my an - gel's rec - ord, ev - 'ry clos - ing day, Shine with love's bright moments all the way.*

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Gold - en grains, how fast they flow! - - - Soon the last - - - of life must go;
 Gold - en grains, how fast they flow! Soon the last life must go;

W. A. O.

"I will seek that which was lost."—Eze. 34:16.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountains a - stray, "Come unto me," his
 2. Seeking the lost, and pointing to Je-sus Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore, Leading them forth in
 3. Thus would I go, for Je-sus hath call'd me, Him would I fol-low day un-to day; Care for the dy - ing,

CHORUS. *With Bass Solo obligato.*

message re - peat-ing, Words of the Master speaking to-day.
 ways of sal - va-tion, Showing the path to life ev - er - more. Go-ing a - far, a -
 raise up the fall - en, Pointing the lost to Je-sus the way.

Go-ing a - far upon the

far up-on the mountain, Bringing the wan - d'ers, the wand'ers back a-gain,
 moun - tain, Bring-ing the wan - - d'ers back a - gain, In - to the

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SEEKING THE LOST.—CONCLUDED.

In-to the fold, the fold of my Redeemer Jesus the Lamb, the Lamb for sinners slain.

fold of my Re-deem - er, Jesus the Lamb for sinners slain.

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FREELY GIVE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you."—Luke 6: 38.

THEO. E. PERKINS.

1. Would you win a Saviour's blessing? Freely, freely give; Would you see his work progressing? Freely, freely give;
2. With a cheerful heart and willing, Freely, freely give; Like the dew its balm dis-till-ing, Freely, freely give;
3. Give to spread the grand Old Story, Freely, freely give; Give to speed the light of glory, Freely, freely give;

Let your souls with love expand, Open wide a liberal hand; Would you follow God's command? Freely, freely give.
 Have you lit-tle? Give your mite; O how precious in his sight! He your off'ring will re-quite; Freely, freely give.
 Would you gain a rich re-ward In the harvest of the Lord? Then o - be-dient to his word, Freely, freely give.

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations;
HENRY M. KING, D. D. and then shall the end come."—Matt. 24:14.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious motto be! On ev-'ry breeze the truth unfurled
2. Where'er it goes its gold-en light, Streaming as from un-veil-ed sun, Shall dis - si-pate the clouds of night,
3. It shows to men the Father's face, All radiant with for-giving love; And to the lost of Adam's race,
4. It tells of Je-sus and his death, Of life procured for dy-ing men; And to each soul of humble faith,
5. It of - fers rest to weary hearts; It comforts those who sit in tears; To all who faint it strength imparts;

CHORUS.

Shall scat - ter blessings rich and free.
Un - do the work that sin has done. Blest word of God! . . . send forth thy light . . . O'er ev - 'ry
Proclaims sweet mer-cy from a - bove.
Gives son-ship with the Lord a - gain. Blest word of God! send forth thy light
And gilds with hope th' e - ter-nal years.

land and ev - 'ry sea, Till all who wander in the night Are led to God and heav'n by thee.
and ev - 'ry sea,

SILENT MESSENGERS.

THOMAS HASTINGS. "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but . . . it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."— Isa. 55: 11.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Go forth on wings of faith and prayer, Ye pag - es bright with love; Tho' mute, the joy - ful
 2. Go, tell the sin - ful, care-less soul The warn - ing God has giv'n; Go, make the wound-ed
 3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor, That live es - tranged from God; Bid them the pearl of
 4. O Je - sus, friend of dy - ing men, Thy pres - ence we im - plore; With - out thy bless - ing

REFRAIN.

tid - ings bear, — Sal - va - tion from a - bove.
 spir - it whole, With heal - ing balm from heav'n. Si - lent mes - sen - gers. go ye forth,
 price se - cure, Bot' with a Sav - iour's blood.
 all is vain; Be with us ev - er - more.

From o - cean to o - cean, from South to North; Seed of the Word, it shall not return in vain.

WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."—Heb. 11 : 13, 14.

H. G. S.

H. G. S.

1. God bids his peo-ple on the earth, Be-fore he comes and calls them hence To live un-knit to home and
 2. It is his will that we should pass Like strangers, sep'rate and a - side From all the vain and worldly
 3. He'd have us rear no stately towers, Sink no foun-da-tion walls of stone, But camp each night a few short
 4. O brother, what-so - ev - er chain Binds us to flesh - ly lust and strife, Here let us rend it in God's

CHORUS.

hearth, Like far-bound trav-el - ers—in tents. We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall reach the
 mass That crowd the Bab-y - lons of pride.
 hours, And ere the morrow's dawn move on.
 name, And live, henceforth, the pil-grim life. We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall

land by sin un - trod, The gate of pearl, the gold-en street, Whose Builder and whose Maker, God.
 reach the land

O WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

EBEN E. REXFORD. *Moderato.*

"Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe."—Joel 3: 13.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. O where are the reap-ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth
 2. Go out in the high-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-
 3. The fields all are rip - 'ning, and far and wide The world now is wait - ing the har - vest tide: But reap-ers are few,
 4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth - er the gold - engrain; Toil on till the Lord

CHORUS.

must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "har - vest home."
 way, and pass none by; But gath - er from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers? O who will come And
 and the work is great, And much will be lost should the har - vest wait.
 of the har-vest come, Then share ye his joy in the "har - vest home."

share in the glo - ry of the "harvesthome?" O, who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

HOW MUCH I NEED THEE.

F. E. B.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Bless - ed Lord, how much I need thee! Weak and sin - ful, poor and blind; Take my trembling hand and
 2. Clothe me with thy robe of meekness, Stained with sin this robe of mine; Teach me first to feel my
 3. Safe am I if thou dost guide me,—Trust - ing self, how soon I fall! Walk life's rug-ged way be-
 4. Then what e'er the fu - ture bring-eth, Smiles of joy or tears of grief, Still to thee my spir - it

REFRAIN.

lead me, Strength and sight in thee I find.
 weakness, Then to plead for strength di - vine. Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour, Bless-ed
 side me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.
 cling - eth, Thou art still my soul's re - lief.

Lord, how much I need thee: Ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry hour, Sav - iour, keep me ev - 'ry hour.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15:5.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like thine Can peace af - ford.
 2. I need thee ev-ery hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their power When thou art nigh.
 3. I need thee ev-ery hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
 4. I need thee ev-ery hour; Teach me thy will, And thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fil.
 5. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need thee, O I need thee! Ev-ery hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.

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ON TIME.

"Let all things be done decently and in order."—1 Cor. 13:40.

1. The earth rolls round on time, The mornings ne'er delay; The sun is up, the noon comes on; Then twilight's gen - tle ray.
 2. The planets in their course, One moment tarry not; All things that move by pow'r di - vine Are into order brought.
 3. Shall man a - lone of all The vast creation round, Seem less to heed his Maker's call, Than dumb and senseless ground?

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

F. E. B.

"I will water it every moment . . . I will keep it night and day."— Isa. 27:3.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Moment by moment, hour by hour, Constantly trusting His keeping pow'r; Day by day and week by
 2. Why for the bod - y anxious thot? Knowing He car - eth, sweet is my lot; Mine is the ask - ing, His the
 3. Why should the spirit doubting weep? What I've commit - ted, sure - ly He'll keep; Mine is the trusting, His the
 4. Why for the rest - ing sing or sigh, Self - ish - ly seek - ing mansions on high? Earth needeth more of ho - ly

REFRAIN, *Softly.*

week, On - ly His praise my tongue shall speak.
 store, Moment by moment, o'er and o'er. Moment by moment, Helper is He, Moment by moment
 pow'r, Moment by moment, hour by hour.
 love, Than all the u - ni - verse a - bove.

dwelling in me; Gently sub - du - ing powers of sin, Wonderful Sav - iour is Christ with - in.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isa. 12 : 2.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. An - y-where with Je-sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where he leads me in this world be - low;
 2. An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may fail me, he is still my own;
 3. An - y-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the gloom-y shadows round a - bout me creep,

An - y-where without him, dear-est joys would fade, An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
 Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver drear-y ways, An - y-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
 Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er-more to roam; An - y-where with Je-sus will be home sweet home.

CHORUS.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can - not know; An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

STAND ON THE ROCK.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. *With spirit.*

"Stand fast."—Gal. 5:1.

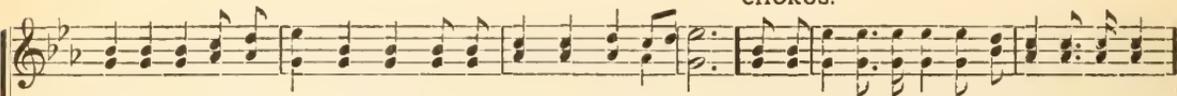
W. H. DOANE.



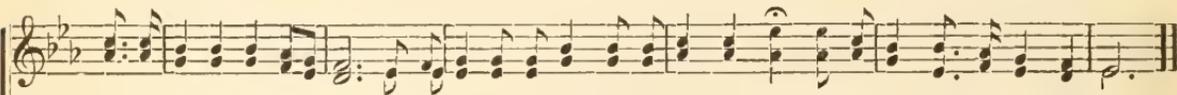
1. Firm-ly stand for God, in the world's mad strife, Tho' the bleak winds roar, and the waves beat high; 'Tis the
2. Firm-ly stand for Right, with a mot-ive pure, With a true heart bold, and a faith e'er strong; 'Tis the
3. Firm-ly stand for Truth, it will serve you best; Tho' it wait-eth long, it is sure at last; 'Tis the



CHORUS.



Rock a-lone giveth strength and life, When the hosts of sin are nigh.
 Rock a-lone giveth triumph sure, O'er the world's array of wrong. Let us stand on the Rock, Firmly stand on the Rock,
 Rock a-lone giveth peace and rest, When the storms of life are past.



On the Rock of Christ a - lone; If the strife we en-dure, We shall stand se-cure, 'Mid the throng who surround the throne.



ALL MY CLASS.

F. E. B.

"They watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief."—Heb. 13: 17.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. All my class! not one for - got - ten When be - fore the Throne I kneel; I would share the lov - ing
 2. All my class! If one be miss - ing In the glo - rious gath'ring day, How shall I account to
 3. Dai - ly would I walk be - fore them Sin - less in God's ho - ly sight, Pleading till his Spir - it

REFRAIN.

bur - den That my Saviour's heart doth feel.
 Je - sus? What shall I with weep - ing say? Ev - 'ry one, — O bless ed thought! Not a
 draw them, Ev - 'ry one, to life and light.

sin - gle name for - got; One left out His joy would dim; Ev - 'ry one is dear to Him.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J E RANKIN, D. D

"And they went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14:12.

E. S. LORENZ

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
 3. Do you fear the gath - 'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;
 4. Are you troub - led at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus;

Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Have you sins that to the world are hid - den? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
 Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?

D. S.—You've no oth - er such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known;

By permission.

F. E. B. *Dolce.*

"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them. . . .

When I awake I am still with thee."—Ps. 119: 17, 18.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. My first tho't shall be of Je - sus, To greet the ris - ing day; My last tho't shall be of Je - sus,
 2. I think of his love with wonder, That he should die for me; I think of his life with long - ing,
 3. There's pow'r in his death of anguish, To cleanse from ev-'ry sin; There's pow'r in his life im - mor - tal,
 4. I feast on his precious promise, His word is food di - vine; The Spir - it in prayer bears witness,

REFRAIN

When twilight fades a - way.
 That I like him may be.
 To keep me pure with - in.
 And whispers, Thou art mine.

I'm thinking of him at dawn - ing, For he is my soul's delight;

I'm think - ing of him at even - ing, I'm think - ing of him at night.

TELL IT AGAIN.

"The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole."—John 5:15.
 Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone at the close of the day,
 2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good tid - ings of joy?
 3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the val - ley of death,
 4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for me he was sent!"

News of Sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
 Need I not per - ish? my hand will he hold? No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
 "God sent his Son!" "who - so - ev - er," said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west, "Lord, I be - lieve;" "tell it now to the rest!"

D. S.—*Till none can say of the chil - dren of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

ASK NOT TO BE EXCUSED.

"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many, and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden: Come, for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse."—Luke 14 : 16.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

Slaccato movement.

1. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's earnest work to do; Stand read - y to be used Where God may
 2. Ask not to be ex-cused, The Mas-ter calls to-day; Too long hast thou re-fused, Now hast-en
 3. Ask not to be ex-cused, There's danger in de-lay; That wondrous love a-bused, For - ev - er

sta - tion you. His in - vi - ta - tion kind To thee has oft been giv'n; Ac-cept, and thou shalt find
 to o - bey. The har-vest fields are white, The la - bor - ers are few; Let this be thy de - light,
 turns a - way. While Mercy gent - ly pleads And points the way to heav'n, While Je - sus in - ter - cedes,

D. S.—Ask not to be ex-cused, This answer may be giv'n: Thou hast my love a-bused,
 CHORUS. D. S.

'Tis sweet to work for Heav'n.
 The Master's work to do. Come, O come! Ask not to be excused; Come, O come! Stand ready to be used.
 O come and be for-giv'n! to-day, to-day!

Thou art excused from heav'n.

J. H. M. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13:35. J. H. McNAUGHTON.



1. There is beau-ty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-'ry sound, When there's love at
 2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love at
 3. Kind-ly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home; All the earth is fill'd with love, When there's love at
 4. Jesus, make me wholly thine, Then there's love at home; May thy sac - ri - fice be mine, Then there's love at



home. Peace and plenty here a - bide, Smiling fair on ev-'ry side; Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide,
 home. Ro - ses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss com-plete,
 home. Sweet - er sings the brook-let by, Brighter beams the az - ure sky; O, there's One who smiles on high
 home. Safe - ly from all harm I'll rest, With no sin-ful care distress'd, Thro' thy tender mercy blessed,



CHORUS.



When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.



SCATTER SMILES.

"Rejoice evermore."—1 Thess. 5:16.

A. A. G.

Musical score for 'Scatter Smiles' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line has four verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and melodic fragments. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the staff.

1. Scatter smiles, loving smiles, all a - long by the way, Where so of - ten the dark shadows fall;
 Like the sunbeams they en - ter with heav - en - ly ray, Giv - ing com - fort and gladness to - - all.

2. Scatter smiles, loving smiles; not a mite do they cost; Yet their val - ue we nev - er can know.
 O what joy they impart to the tempt - ed and lost, Who are sink - ing in sor - row and - - woe!

3. Scatter smiles, loving smiles, for the ones who have stray'd From the pathway of life once they trod;
 You may lead them again to the Good Shepherd's fold, He will gath - er them safe home to - - God.

4. Scatter smiles, loving smiles, ere the grave covers o'er E'en the friends we too lightly es - teem;
 Ere they en - ter its gloom, ere we bend o'er their tomb, Let us has - ten the time to re - - deem.

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{ Scatter smiles, loving smiles, Others to cheer; Why should they sigh for our love?
 Scatter smiles, loving smiles, Dry ev'ry tear; (*Omit.*) Smiles are the pass - word above. }

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LET US WORK FOR THE SCHOOL.

1. Let us work for the school with our hearts and our
 Let it never, no never, decline; [hands;
 For its praises are sung by the good in all lands
 That are blest with the gospel divine.

Chorus:

Rally then, rally then, stand by the school;
 Why should it languish and die?
 Rally then, rally then, stand by the school;
 Why should it languish and die?

2. 'Tis perfumed by the prayers, 'tis bedew'd by the tears
 Of the holy, the active, the true;
 They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears,
 When its friends were but feeble and few.—*Cbo.*

3. Now the sunshine of favor illumines it path,
 And the church spreads above it her wing;
 'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth,
 And a gem in the crown of her King.—*Cbo.*

A. A. G. By permission.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation."— Ps. 27: 1.

DR. J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear? By day and by night his pres-ence is near;
 2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may a- rise, Faith stronger than sight, looks up to the skies -
 3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength, I know in his might I'll conquer at length.
 4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in his sight no darkness at all;

He is my sal - va - tion from sorrow and sin; This bles - sed per - sua - sion the Spir - it brings in.
 Where Jesus for - ev - er in glo - ry doth reign: Then how can I ev - er in darkness re - main?
 My weak - ness in mer - cy he cov - ers with pow'r, And, walk - ing by faith, he upholds me each hour.
 He is my Re - deem - er, my Saviour and King; With saints and with an - gels his prais - es I sing.

D. S.— The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long.

CHORUS.

The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long.

PILLAR OF FIRE.

F. E. B. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34:7. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The an - gel of the Lord encamp - eth Round a - bout us, round a - bout us; Round a - bout the
 2. When dan - ger hov - ers o'er our pathway, He will hide us, he will hide us, Safe with - in the
 3. We'll trust thee as we on - ward jour - ney, God of Is - rael, God of Is - rael, Till we reach the

CHORUS

souls that fear him, Night and day. O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me,
 might - y shad - ow Of his wing.
 land of prom - ise, Just be - fore. O fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar,

lead me ev'ry day! O pil - lar of fire, pil - lar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'nly way.
 O fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar, fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar,

WALKING IN THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF GOD.—CONCLUDED.

Stepping out by faith and not by sight; Walk-ing in the beautiful light of God.
depending on mortal sight;

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LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. 4: 8.

F. E. B.

F. E. B.

1. Look for the beau-ti-ful, look for the true; Sunshine and shad-ow are all a-round you; Look-ing at e-vil we
2. Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the true; Thoughts like an avalanche sweep o-ver you; Keep not the mul-ti-tude,
3. Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of the true; Tongues full of poi-son are whisp'ring to you; An-swer them not with a
4. Live for the beau-ti-ful, live for the true, Lift-ing the fall-en as Christ lift-ed you; Search for the jew-els im-

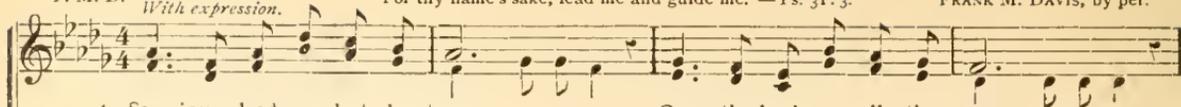
grope in the night, Look-ing at Je-sus we walk in the light. Look for the beau-ti-ful, hon-or the right.
sort them with care, Test-ing by pu-ri-ty, purg-ing by pray'r; Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the fair.
tale-hear-ing word, On-ly in bless-ing the voice should be heard; Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of thy Lord.
hed-ded in sin, Bring them to Je-sus, his blood wash-es clean; Live for the beau-ti-ful, keep love with-in.

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D.

"For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

With expression.

1. Sav- iour, lead me lest I stray,
 2. Thou the ref- uge of my soul,
 3. Sav- iour, lead me till at last,

Gen- tly lead me all the way;
 When life's stormy bil- lows roll;
 When the storm of life is past,



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;



I am safe when by thy side,
 I am safe when thou art nigh,
 I shall reach the land of day,

I would in thy love a-bide (love a-bide). Lead me, Lead me,
 All my hopes on thee re- ly (I re- ly).
 Where all tears are wiped away (wiped a-way).



I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.



Sav- iour, lead me, lest I stray; Gen- tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
 lest I stray; Changing stream of time, all the way.



SAVED TO SERVE.

F. E. B.

"With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."—Eph. 6:7.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saved to serve in an - y sta - tion, Saved to make his goodness known; Saved to sing His
 2. Saved to show by lov - ing kind - ness That His love is full and free; Saved to lead from
 3. Saved to lift my low - est broth - ers, As the High - est lift - ed me; Cru - ci - fied with

CHORUS.

great sal - va - tion, Saved to live for Him a - lone.
 er - ror's blind - ness With a ten - der sym - pa - thy. Saved to serve; no re - serve; Saved to
 Him, that oth - ers May have im - mor - tal - i - ty.

wear His yoke a - lone: Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glorious throne.

W. A. OGDEN.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth,"—Prov. 11 : 24.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

Spirited.

1. Glad-ly, glad-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with willing hands to do What - so-e'er to
 2. Joy-ful, joy-ful, we will tell the sto-ry Of his love to mortals here be-low; Christ, the brightness
 3. Meek-ly, meek-ly, fol-low-ing the Mas-ter, Walking faith-ful-ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wan-d'ers

REFRAIN.

us he hath ap-point-ed, Faith-ful-ly our mis-sion we'll pur-sue. Toil - ing for Je - sus,
 of the Father's glo - ry, Free - ly here his bless-ing will be-stow.
 to the dear Re-deem-er, Point-ing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toil-ing, toil - ing for the Mas - ter,

Joy-ful-ly we go, joy-ful-ly we go; Toil - ing for Je - sus, In his vineyard here below.
 yes, Toiling, toil-ing for the Master,

F. E. B.

"Not because I desire a gift; but I desire fruit that may abound to your account."—Eph. 4:17.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Give! said the golden sun: ¹Up rose the mist, Safe in the sil-ver clouds ²Cradled and kissed. Give! said the thirst-y earth:
 2. Give! said the little stream: ⁵Up gushed the spring, In shady for-est nook, Where robins sing. Give! said the riv-er wide:
 3. Give! said the midnight moon: ⁸Swift came the light Borrowed from ⁹far-off sun, Cheering the night. Help! said the ¹⁰"Milky Way."
 4. Give! cried a sinful world: ¹⁴Down came the Lord, He who made everything Just by his word. Give! cries the ¹⁵heathen child,

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

³Down came the show'r; Give! said the rain-drops bright, ⁴Up sprang the flow'r.
⁶Brooks hurried down. Give! said the o-cean tide: ⁷Rivers flowed on.
 Stars heard the call, ¹¹O-ri-on, ¹²Ple-ia-des, ¹³Dip-per and all.
 Hun-gry for love: ¹⁶Yes! say our pennies bright, Lent from above.

* Living is giving, giving is living; All things would

Faster.

die if on-ly receiving. Give! this is the rule of love by which we live.

MOTION SONG IF DESIRED. 1.—Hands lifted from left knee to right shoulder. 2.—Arms folded and rocked. 3.—Hands moved downward from head to knees. 4.—Hands lifted. 5.—Hands move upward. 6.—Hands move downward from left to right, fingers working. 7.—Flowing motion. 8.—Hands move downward. 9.—Point to sun. 10.—Hands indicating "Milky Way." 11, 12, 13.—Point to location of each in sky. 14.—Hands move downward. 15.—Pointing over the sea. 16.—Arms extended, hands open, showing offerings.

*In chorus, all imitate receiving and passing on—both hands first to left, receiving; then to right, giving; in time with music.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away,
and be at rest."—Ps. 55: 6.

MRS. C. PENNEFATHER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow, and with expression.

1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough tossing, A lit - tle long - er on the bil-low's foam;
2. Not now; for I have wand'ers in the distance, And thou must call them in with pa - tient love;
3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and wear - y; Wilt thou not cheer them with a kind - ly smile?
4. Not now; for wound-ed hearts are sore - ly bleed-ing, And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:

A few more journ'yings in the des-ert darkness, And then, the sun-shine of thy Fa-ther's home!
Not now; for I have sheep up-on the mountains, And thou must fol-low them where'er they rove.
Sick ones, who need thee in their lone-ly sor-row; Wilt thou not tend them yet a lit - tle while?
Not now; for or-phans' tears are quick-ly fall-ing, They must be gathered 'neath some shelt'ring wing.

5. Go, with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with me one little hour?
6. One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

MORE DILIGENCE.

F. E. B.

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—2 Pet. 1: 10. "Redeeming the time,
because the days are evil."—Eph. 5: 16.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. More dil-i-gence give me; Swift fli-eth the day, Each moment some lost one Is passing a - way;
2. More tenderness give me For wan-der-ing sheep, Like Je-sus the Shepherd, To search and to weep
3. More grat-i-tude give me, More love for my Lord, More gifts for the Giv - er Who spreadeth my board;
4. More pur - i - ty give me, More hatred of sin, More hung'ring and thirsting. For goodness within;



How can I be i - dle, Christ knowing so well? More dil - i - gence give me, Love's sto - ry to tell.
In by - ways and hedg - es, O'er des - ert and sea; More ten - der - ness give me For sin - ners like me.
More mem'ries of mer - cies, More prais - es in pray'r, More gladness in la - bor, More trust with my care.
More watching and praying, From self to be free; More fruits of the Spir - it, More, Je - sus, of thee.



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CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Chide mildly the erring,
Kind language endears,
Grief follows the sinful,
Add not to their tears;
Avoid with reproaches
Fresh pain to bestow,
The heart which is stricken
Needs never a blow. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2. Chide mildly the erring,
Jeer not at their fall;
If strength be but human,
How feeble were all!
What marvel that footsteps
Should wander away,
When tempests so darken
Life's wearisome way? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. Chide mildly the erring,
Entreat them with care;
Their natures are mortal,
They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
We all are unwise;
The grace which redeems us
Must come from the skies. |
|--|---|--|

ANON

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.—CONCLUDED.

Then scat-ter seeds of kindness; Yes, scat-ter seeds of kindness For our reap-ing by and by.

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LITTLE FEET, BE CAREFUL.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN.

"Make me to go in the path of thy commandments."—Ps. 119: 35.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I wash'd my hands this morn-ing, O ver - y clean and white, And lent them both to Je - sus, To work for him till night.
 2. I told my ears to lis - ten Quite close-ly all day thro', For a - ny act of kindness, Such lit - tle hands can do.
 3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play, To keep them out of mis-chief, For Je - sus's sake all day.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle feet, be care-ful, Where you take me to, Any - thing for Je - sus, On - ly let me do.

F. E. BELDEN. *Legato.* "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid, and thy sleep shall be sweet."—Prov. 3:24. D. S. HAKES.

1. When soft-ly fades the dy - ing day, - - And mor-tal cares we fold a - way, Then with the last faint
 2. And when the deep - er shadows fall, - - And na - ture veil as with a pall, Then pray'rs of eve - ning
 3. O Fa - ther, give us sweet re - pose - - From all our earth-ly cares and woes, And grant that heav'n may

REFRAIN.

ray of light All na-ture seems to say Good night. Good night, - - good night, May an - - gels
 take their flight From lips that soft-ly say Good night. Good night, good night, Good night, good night, May an - gels er - er
 greet our sight When we have said our last Good night.

bright, (pure and bright), Their vig - ils keep till morn-ing light, - - Good night, good night, Good night, good night,
 bright, (pure and bright), Their vig - ils keep till morning light, Good night, good night, Good night, good night (good night).

C. F. O.

"Lo! I am with you alway."—Matt. 28: 20.

J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.

May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.

1. Lonely? no, not lonely While Je-sus stand-eth by; His pres-ence always cheers me; I know that he is nigh.
 2. Wea-ry? no, not weary While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full enjoyment, In His e - ter - nal rest.
 3. Waiting? yes, I'm waiting; He bids me watch and wait; I on - ly wonder oft - en, What makes my Lord so late.

Friend-less? no, not friendless, For Je-sus is my Friend; I change, but he re-main-eth, The same un - to the end.
 Helpless? yes, so helpless; But I am leaning hard - On the mighty arm of Je - sus, And he is keeping guard.
 Joy-ful? yes, so joyful, With joy too deep for words; A precious, sure foundation, The joy that is my Lord's.

CHORUS.

No, never a-lone, - - no, never a-lone; He has promised never to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone. }
 No, no, never alone, No, no, never alone; Omit - - } leave me a-lone.

"God is the Rock of our refuge."—Ps. 94:22. "Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."—Ps. 81:3.
J. V. C., chorus added.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Se-cure what - ev - er
2. A shade by day, defence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm; No fears a - larm, no
3. The rag-ing floods may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm; We find in God a
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm; Be thou our help-er,

CHORUS.

may be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm. Mighty Rock in a wea-ry land, Cooling
foes affright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

Mighty Rock

Shade on the burning sand, Faithful Guide for the pil-grim band,—A shelter in the time of storm.
Cooling Shade Faithful Guide

GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain; By his counsels guide, up-hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you;
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain; 'Neath his wings pro-TECT-ing hide you, Dai-ly man-na still provide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's per-ils thick confound you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you;
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;

REFRAIN.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, - till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus'
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

feet, Till we meet, - - till we meet,
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Ps. 25: 14.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he sheds on our way!
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quick - ly drives it a - way;
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth rich - ly re - pay;
 4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of his love, Un - til all on the al - tar we lay,
 5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his side in the way;

While we do his good will, He a - bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
 Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
 For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be - stows, Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
 What he says we will do, Where he sends we will go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

CHORUS.

Trust and o - bey, for there's no o - ther way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

GEORGE COOPER.

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."— Eph. 5: 16.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cherish, While the days are going by; There are weary souls who perish, While the
 2. There's no time for i- dle scorning, While the days are going by; Let your face be like the morning, While the
 3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are going by; One by one we leave behind us, While the

days are go-ing by; If a smile we can re- new, As our jour - - ney we pur
 days are go-ing by; For the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping
 days are go-ing by; But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will

sue; (we per-sue); O the good we all may do, While the days are going by.
 eyes; (weeping eyes); Let us help the fall-en rise, (while the days) (go - ing by.)
 grow, (surely grow), And will keep our hearts aglow

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5: 17.

F. E. B.

(As Alto and Tenor duet, Alto take Soprano notes to refrain, then Tenor take Soprano part.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. I cease to sing of sweet to-morrow, With self-ish thought to be a-way; There is a
 2. I am so hap-py when I'm telling How great his pow'r, how great his love; Were there no
 3. If but to gain a home in glo-ry The Sa-viour trod this earth a-lone, There ne'er had
 4. His love is life, his love is heav-en, E-ter-nal life, e-ter-nal bliss; Ac-cept it

REFRAIN.

ho-lier balm for sorrow, I find in Christ a sweet to-day.
 praise where God is dwell-ing, It would be pain to live a-bove. A ris-en Christ, a liv-ing Saviour,
 been a gos-pel sto-ry, He ne'er had left his roy-al throne.
 free-ly, be for-giv-en, And taste the future world in this.

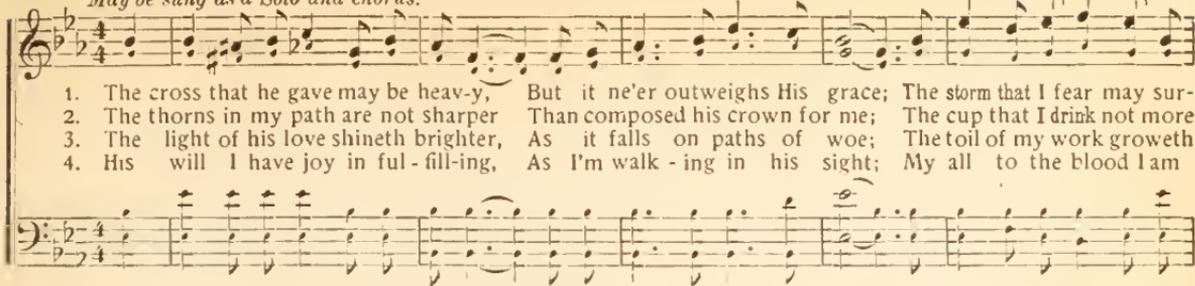
rit.

Not in the tomb where once he lay. Whene'er I tell his lov-ing fa-vor, Sweet by and by is ev-'ry day.

THE CROSS THAT HE GAVE.

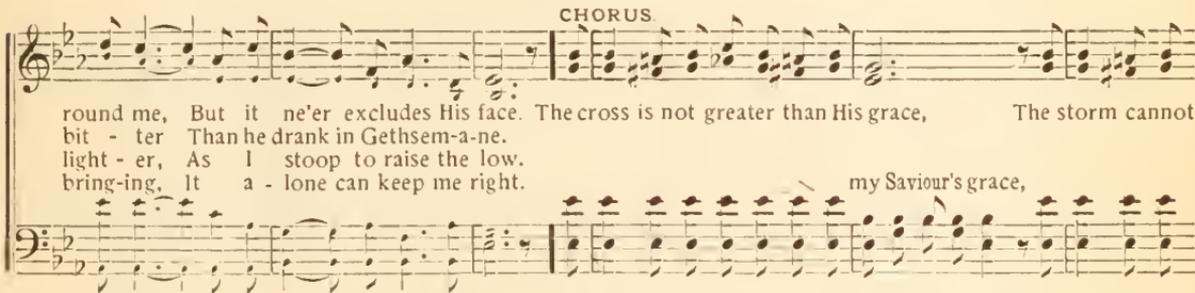
"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6:14. BALLINGTON BOOTH. Arr. by F. E. B.

May be sung as a Solo and chorus.

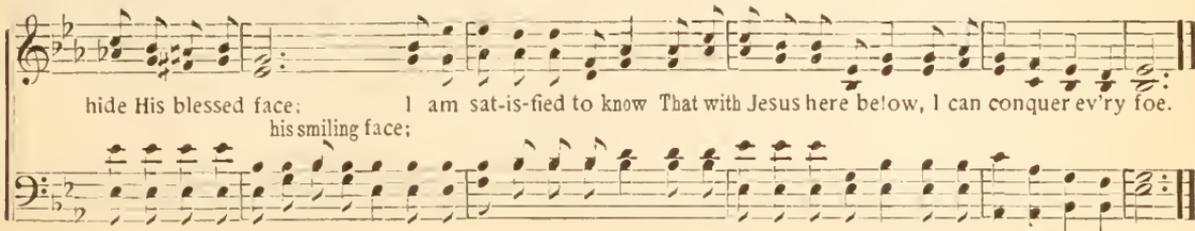


1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace; The storm that I fear may sur-
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me; The cup that I drink not more
 3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe; The toil of my work groweth
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in his sight; My all to the blood I am

CHORUS



round me, But it ne'er excludes His face. The cross is not greater than His grace, The storm cannot
 bit - ter Than he drank in Gethsem-a-ne.
 light - er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right. my Saviour's grace,



hide His blessed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with Jesus here be-low, I can conquer ev'ry foe.
 his smiling face;

HARVEST TIME.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126:6. C. S. CABLE.

1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bear - ing precious seed in love, Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er
 2. Soft de - scend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine; Precious fruits will thus be
 3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry, Let no fears thy soul an - noy; Be the prospect ne'er so

CHORUS.

sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove. Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright'ning! See the ris - ing
 giv - en Thro' an influence all di - vine.
 drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy. Lo, the scene of verdure bright'ning! See the

grain ap - pear; Look! the waving fields are whit'ning, For the harvest time is near.
 ris - ing grain ap - pear; Look! the wav - ing fields are whit'ning.

HASTEN ON, GLAD DAY.

F. E. B. "In the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, . . . Gather the wheat into my barn."—Matt. 13:30. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The world's glorious harvest is fast draw-ing on, The Mas-ter is call-ing his reap-ers to the year;
 2. That morn ev-er-last-ing, that day free from tears Is swift-ly ap-proach-ing as on roll the come;
 3. O sweet is the la-bor that floweth from love!—A stream nev-er fail-ing, whose Fount is a-bove;

The grain bright and gold-en, in fields far and near, Is ripe for the gar-ner when he shall ap-pear.
 The wheat, rudely scattered by sin's cru-el blast, Then hast-en to gath-er e'er aut-umn be past.
 'Tis love that in-vites us, 'tis love points the field, 'Tis love wields the sick-le,—and wondrous the yield.

CHORUS.

Has-ten on, - - - glad day, Bear the sheaves - - - a-way; } Bear us home.
 Has-ten on, angel reapers, come, glad day, Bear the sheaves to the garner, far a-way; } Bring the "har-vest home."

TOILING ON.

FANNY CROSBY.

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4: 11.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the path that our
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the Fountain of Life let the
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the king-dom of dark-ness and
 4. To the work! to the work! press-ing on to the end, For the har-vest will come, and the

Mas-ter has trod; With the word of his coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our
 wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the
 er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the loud swelling
 reap-ers de-scend; And the home of the ran-som'd our dwelling will be, And our cho-rus for-

CHORUS.

might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on, toil - ing on, Toil-ing on,
 ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
 cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
 ev - er, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

Toiling on, toiling on, Toiling on,

TOILING ON.—CONCLUDED.

toil-ing on, Let us hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Master comes.
 toil-ing on, and trust, and pray,

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BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HANDS.

T. CORBEN.

"I will show thee my faith by my works."—James 2: 18.

BISHOP W. JOHNS.

1. Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle hands That fulfill the Lord's commands; Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.
2. All the lit-tle hands were made Je-sus precious cause to aid; All the little hearts to beat Warm in his service so sweet.
3. All the lit-tle lips should pray To the Saviour ev'ry day; All the little feet should go Swift on his errands be-low.
4. What your little hands can do, That the Lord intends for you; Make that thing your first delight, Do it for him with your might.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, are the hands That ful- fill the Lord's commands; }
 { Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, are the eyes, (Omit) } Kindled with light from the skies.

LEARNING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. What a fel - low - ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness,
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms; O how bright the path
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace

REFRAIN.

what a peace is mine, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing,
 grows from day to day, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 with my Lord so near, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,

Safe and se - cure from all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Lean - ing on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.

From CÆSAR MALAN, arr by F. E. B.

"Rest in the Lord."—Ps. 37: 7.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. How sweet, my Fa-ther, to re-cline On nev - er fail - ing pow'r, To feel thine arm up-hold - ing me In
 2. It is thy will that I should bring My ev - 'ry care to thee, To thee re - fer each ris - ing grief, Each
 3. Why should my heart be e'er distressed By dread of fu - ture ill? Or why should un-be-liev - ing fear My
 4. Each hour I trust thy love di-vine, And look to thee a - lone, To calm each troubled thot' to rest In

REFRAIN.

ev - 'ry try - ing hour! "Cast - ing all - - - your care upon Him, - - - Cast - ing all - - - your care upon
 new perplex - i - ty.
 trembling spirit fill? All your care upon Him, all your care upon Him, All your care upon Him,
 pray'r before thy throne.
 Him, - - - Cast - ing all - - - your care up - on Him, - - - For He car - eth for you."
 All your care upon Him, all your care upon Him, All your care upon Him, (He careth for you.)

Anon.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men, be strong."—I Cor. 16:13.

R. LOWRY.



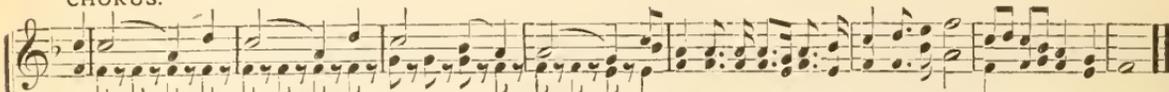
1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch while 'tis called to-day; Watch lest the world pre-vail; Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
2. Chase slumber from thine eyes, Chase doubting from thy breast; Thine is the promis'd prize Of heaven's e-ter-nal rest;
3. Take Je-sus for thy trust; Watch while the foe is near; Gird well the ar-mor on; Watch till thy Lord appear.



Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch lest the Bride-groom come; Watch, tho' he tar-ry long.
 Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Thy Saviour watched for thee Till from his brow there poured Great drops of ag-o - ny.
 Now when thy sun is up, Make thou no more delay, In this ac-cept-ed time Watch, Christian, watch and pray.



CHORUS.



O watch and pray, O watch and pray; O watch in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.
 O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray, O watch and pray;



STRIKE FOR VICTORY

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15:57.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Sol-diers of the Lord, Hop-ing in his mer-cy, Trust-ing in his word;
 2. What tho' rag-ing li- ons Meet us on the way! Zionward we're marching, Tow'rd the gates of day;
 3. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, He- roes of the cross, Sac- ri- fic- ing pleasure, Glo- ry- ing in loss;
 4. Hand to hand u- nit- ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,

Lift the gos- pel ban-ner High a-bove the world; Let its folds of beau-ty Ev-er be un-furled.
 Ev-er press-ing on-ward, Onward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.
 Bind the hel-met strong-er, Tighter grasp the sword; Con-quer-ing and to con-quer, Bat-tle for the Lord.
 Till we see the an-gels Come in glo-ry down, With the shing garments And the victor's crown.

CHORUS.

{ Strike! strike for vict'ry, He-ros bold; Strike! till the vict'ry You be- hold; }
 { Faith is the vict'ry; Ne'er give o'er; (Omit.) - - - - - } Rest then in glory Ev-er- more.

I'LL BE A SUNBEAM.

F. E. B. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13:35. F. E. B.

1. If I were a sun-beam, This is what I'd do,— I'd find the dark pla-ces, Searching the for-est through;
 2. So ma-n-y dark pla-ces In this world of sin, Why not be a sun-beam, Letting the love-light in,—
 3. If we are like Je-sus — Sun of Righteousness — Who left the bright mansions, Lone-ly lives to bless,

I would kiss the pale flowers, Bend-ing low at my feet, Till each lone-ly blos-som O-pen'd fair and sweet.
 God's beauti-ful love-light,—Smiles and words of cheer: Kindness is the sun-shine We should scat-ter here.
 'Twill be sweet-est pleas-ure Of his love to tell, Shin-ing out his glad-ness Where the sad ones dwell.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful sun-beam! God sent you here; I'll be a sunbeam, *Lone-ly hearts to cheer.

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*Mother's heart; Baby's heart; Brother's heart, etc.

F. E. B.

"Thy children shall be like olive plants round about thy table."—Ps. 128: 3.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. We should be like gar-dens, Bright and sweet with flow'rs, Bless'd with heaven's sun-shine, Cheer'd by gentle show'rs:
 2. Not a frown of an-ger, Not a shade of care, Not one look of sadness Do the blossoms wear;
 3. Sel-tish tho'ts and wish-es, Unkind words and deeds, Are like cru-el brambles, Thistles, thorns, and weeds;
 4. Je-sus has a gar-den, Fill'd with children sweet; We would be among them, Bow-ing at his feet,

Vio-lets are the kind words, Ros-es, deeds of love, Fragrant pinks and pan-sies, Tho'ts of God above.
 They are al-ways trusting, This is how they grow Beau-ti-ful and fra-grant, In a world of woe.
 Kind tho'ts are the sweet-est, Loving words the best, Yielding hope and com-fort, Joy, and peace, and rest.
 Drink-ing in life's wa-ters, Growing by his grace, Like the flow-ers, look-ing Up in-to his face.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful flow'rs, beau-ti-ful flow'rs, Bright with morning dew; Beau-ti-ful flow'rs, beautiful flow'rs, We would be like you.

A CHILD OF THE KING.

"Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."—Rom. 8:17.

Arr. from a Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

HATTIE E. BUEL.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the world in his hands!
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wandered on earth as the poor - est of them;
 3. I once was an outcast, a stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al - ien by birth!
 4. A tent or a cottage, O why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for me o - ver there!

Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full,— he has rich - es un - told.
 But now he is pleading for sinners on high, And will give me a home when he comes by and by.
 But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
 Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: "All glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King."

CHORUS. *ad lib.*

I'm a child of the King, a child of the King! With Je - sus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!

PRAY FOR THE ERRING.

F. E. B.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John 15:7.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Pray for the er - ring ones, faith shall reclaim them; Doubt not the prom - is - es, plead them in prayer.
 2. Plead with them ten - der - ly, point them to Je - sus; Tho' just - ly sor - row - ing, do not de - spair.
 3. Let thine ex - am - ple be worth - y thy call - ing, Thy life is wit - ness - ing each day and hour.
 4. Walk with the Per - fect One, choos - ing none oth - er; His robe of righteous - ness joy - ful - ly wear;

Lov - ing and mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save them; Up to the mer - cy seat thy loved ones bear.
 Kneel in the dark - est hour, firm - ly be - liev - ing; On Christ the cru - ci - fied cast all your care.
 Thousands now per - ish - ing long for a Sav - iour; Show forth his wondrous love, tell of his power.
 So shall the er - ring see beau - ty in Je - sus, So shall the Fa - ther hear and grant thy prayer.

REFRAIN.

Always pray, pray for the er - ring; Pray in faith, Je - sus will hear; Always pray, pray for the er - ring; Prayer brings the wand'ers near.

WAIT ON THE LORD.

W. H. BELLAMY. Chorus added. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."—Isa. 40: 31.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. The home where changes nev-er come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes! 't is a bright and blessed home;
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By Heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Thou yearnst to reach that blest a-bode,
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The day of rest will dawn for thee!

REFRAIN.

Who would not fain be resting there? (resting there)? Wait - - upon the Lord (upon the Lord), He - - shall re-
 Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not (murmur not).
 It reach'd a ho-li-er than thou (Jesus' brow).
 Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not (murmur not). Wait upon the Lord, wait upon the Lord, He shall renew thy strength,

new thy strength; Lean - - up-on his word; He will an-swer thee at length.
 He shall renew thy strength; Lean upon his word, lean up-on his word; (wait on the Lord).

ANNA L. WARING.

"Abide in my love."—John 15: 10.

MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con-fid-ing, For nothing changes
 2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be - side me, And nothing can I
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have

The storm may roar

here. The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a -
 lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way he
 been. My hope I can not meas - ure, My path to life is free, My Sav - iour has my

The storm may roar

bout me, And can I be dismayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?
 tak - eth, And I will walk with him, He knows the way he taketh, And I will walk with him.
 treas - ure, And he will walk with me, My Saviour has my treasure, And he will walk with me.

bout me, and can I be dismayed?

ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

"Abide in me, and I in you."—John 15:4.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a-bid-ing in the Lord; I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-
 2. I am cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, And he lives and dwells in me, I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no
 3. All my cares I cast up-on him, And he bears them all a-way; All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my
 4. For my words I take his wisdom, For my works his Spir-it's pow'r, For my ways his gra-cious Presence Guards and

fid-ing in his word; I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am trusting in his blood, I have lost my-self in Je-sus,
 long-er I, but he; All my will is yielded to him, And his Spir-it reigns within, And his precious blood each moment
 needs from day to day. All my strength I draw from Jesus, By his breath I live and move; E'en his ver-y mind he gives me,
 guides me ev'ry hour. Of my heart he is the Por-tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring; Savi-our, Sanc-ti-fi-er, Keep-er,

CHORUS.

I am sink-ing in - to God.
 Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin. I'm a-bid - - ing in the Lord, And con-fid - - ing
 And his faith, and life, and love.
 Glo-rious Lord and com-ing King. I'm a-bid-iug in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And confiding in his word,

ABIDING AND CONFIDING—CONCLUDED.

in his word, And I'm hid - - ing, safe-ly hid - - ing, In the ho - som of his love.
 And con-fid-ing in his word, And I'm hid-ing, safely hid-ing, I am hid-ing, safely hid-ing

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JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

3d & 4th stanzas by F. E. B.

"Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel."—Matt. 5:15.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a lit - tle can - dle burn-ing in the night;
 2. Je - sus bids us shine thro' the gloom a - round, Ma - ny kinds of dark-ness in this world are found,—
 3. Je - sus is the bright Light of love di - vine, When on him we're look-ing, then it is we shine,
 4. Kind words, gentle deeds, cheering smiles of love, Are the lights he sends us from his home a - bove;

In this world of dark - ness he helps us shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine,
 Sin, and want, and sor - row; so we should shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.
 Like the sil - ver moon, with a bor - rowed light, Each in his cor - ner do - ing right.
 Let them fill the heart, then we all shall shine, You in your cor - ner, I in mine.

KNOWLES SHAW.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13 : 39.

GEORGE A. MINOR.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eve;
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shad-ows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our spir-it off-en grieves;



Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 By and by the har-vest, and the la-lor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



CHORUS.



{ Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, Bringing in the sheaves; }
 { Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic (Omit,) - - - }-ing, Bringing in the sheaves.



By permission.

"EVEN UNTO THE END."

F. E. B.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."—Matt. 28:20.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. "Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel to ev - 'ry creature," Let my ban - ner be unfurled,
 2. Millions bless'd with gos - pel light, Yet need the glad - ness of sins for - giv - en; Millions, cursed with heathen night,
 3. Stand not i - dle all the day, Because no man hath de - clared thy wages; Work on, love demands no pay,
 4. All things on the al - tar lay, Let Calvry's cross be thy on - ly glo - ry; Cast all self - ish fear a - way,

CHORUS

With pen, and song, and the liv - ing teach - er. "E - - ven un - to the end, - - - E - - ven
 Yet long to know of the Way to heav - en. un - to the end,
 'Tis all set down in the heav'n ly pag - es.
 Be - gin just now tell - ing love's sweet sto - ry. Go ye, go ye over land and sea, Pow'r, "all pow'r

un - to the end;" - - - "Lo, - - - I am with you al - way, E - - ven un - to' the end."
 is giv - en un - to me," I will guide you, I defend, I will keep you un - to the end.

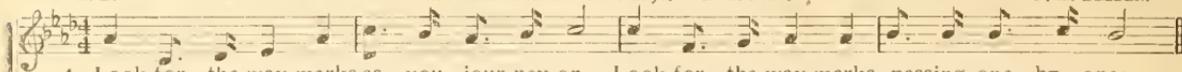
LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."—Amos 3:7. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—2 Pet. 1:21.

"There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."—Dan. 2:28.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Look for the way-marks as you jour-ney on, Look for the way-marks, passing one by one;
2. First, the, As - syr - ian king-dom ruled the world, Then Me - do - Per - sia's banners were un-furled;
3. Down in the feet of i - ron and of clay, Weak and di - vid - ed, soon to pass a - way;



Down thro' the a - ges, past the kingdoms four,— Where are we stand-ing? Look the way-marks o'er.
And af - ter Greece held u - ni - ver - sal sway, Rome seized the scepter,— Where are we to - day?
What will the next great, glo-rious dra - ma be?— Christ and his com-ing, And e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Look for the way-marks, the great pro - phet - ic way-marks, Down thro' the a - ges,



LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.—CONCLUDED.

past the kingdoms four. Look for the waymarks, the great prophetic waymarks; The journey's almost o'er.

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THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

ANON.

"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—1 Cor. 9: 25.

FRANZ ABT.

1. Hear the temp'rance call, Free-men one and all, Hear your country's earnest cry; See your na - tive land
2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm; Work and pray the lost to save; Let your lead - ers be
3. Hail! our Fath - er - land, Here thy chil - dren stand, All resolv'd, u - nit - ed, true; In the temp'rance cause

CHORUS.

Lift her beck'ning hand;—Sons of freedom, come ye nigh.
True and no - ble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good, and brave. Starve the monster from our shore, Let his
Ne'er to faint or pause! This our purpose is, and vow.

Starve the monster from our

cru - el reign be o'er; Starve the monster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be o'er.
shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er, be o'er.

PEACE, BE STILL!

"Jésus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4:39.

MISS M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are toss - ing high! The sky is o'er-shadow'd with black-ness;
 2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
 3. Master, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e - ments sweet - ly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored,

No shel - ter or help is nigh; "Carest thou not that we perish?—How canst thou lie a - sleep, When each moment so
 O waken and save, I pray! Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul; And I per - ish, I
 And heav - en's with - in my breast; Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more; And with joy I shall

CHORUS.

mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
 per - ish! dear Master; O hasten and take con - trol. "The winds and the waves shall o - bey my will, Peace, . . . be
 make the blest har - bor, And rest on the blissful shore. be still!

pp
 still! . . . Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what - ev - er it be, No
 peace be still! *cres.*

PEACE, BE STILL.—CONCLUDED.

wa-ter can swallow the ship where lies The Master of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o -
 bey my will; Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey my will; Peace, peace, be still!

ff *p* *p* *pp*

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AWAY THE BOWL!

Written and arranged by F. E. B.

"Look not on the wine when it is red."—Prov. 23:31.

Arranged.

1. Cold wa-ter is the cup that cheers; A-way, a-way the bowl! Old Al-co-hol is king of tears;
 2. See how the stag'ring drunkard reels; A-way, a-way the bowl! Whatshame and mis-ry he re-veals!
 3. No al-co-hol we'll buy or sell; A-way, a-way the bowl! We hate it now and ev-er shall;

D. C.—Cold wa-ter hath far sweeter charms; *Away, a-way the bowl!*

D. C.—They watch for his return with dread; *Away, a-way the bowl!*

D. C.—To drive the de-mon from our land; *Away, a-way the bowl!*

D. C.

A-way, a-way the bowl! Good-bye to rum and all its harms, Farewell the winecup's dread alarms,
 A-way, a-way the bowl! His hun-gry chil-dren cry for bread, And from their cold, damp cellar bed,
 A-way, a-way the bowl! U-nit-ed in a temp'rance band, We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,

EDGAR PAGE.

(L. M.)

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es - ful - ly mine;
 2. My Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com - mun - ion here have we;
 3. A sweet perfumè upon the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees
 4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,

Here shines undim'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
 He gently leads me by the hand, For this is heaven's bor - der land.
 And flow'rs that never-fading grow Where streams of life forever flow,
 As angels with the white-rob'd throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

Chorus.

0, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mount I stand,

I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepar'd for me,

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And view the shining glory shore, My heav'n, my home forevermore.

470 ON THE MOUNTAIN.

ARRANGED.

(DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { I am dwelling on the moun-tain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams }
 { O'er a land whose won-drous beau-ty Far exceeds my fondest dreams, }
D. C. They are blooming by th' fountain, Neath the amarinthin' bow'rs.

D. C.
 Where the air is pure e-the-real, Laden with the breath of flow'rs.

2 I can see far down the pathway,
 Where I wandered weary years,
 Often hindered in my journey
 By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
 Broken vows and disappointments
 Thickly lie along the way;
 But the Spirit gently led me
 To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
 Where I ever would abide;
 For I've tasted life's pure river,
 And my soul is satisfied;

There's no thirst for worldly pleasures,
 Nor adorning rich and gay,
 For I've found a greater treasure,
 One that fadeth not away.

4 Is not this the land of Beulah,
 Blessed land of love and light,
 Where the flowers bloom forever,
 And the sun is always bright?
 Yes, I've reached the land of Beulah,
 Blessed land of love and light,
 Here the flowers bloom forever,
 And the sun is always bright.

(For Male Voices.)

F. E. BELDEN.

I. B. WOODBURY, ARR.

1. Speed a-way! speed away, o-ver mountain and sea, To the hearts that are
2. Speed away! speed away from thy home fair and bright, To the homes that are
3. Speed a-way! speed away, with the love of thy Lord, With the glo-ri-ous

waiting with welcome for thee; There are eyes that will gleam with the glad gospel
• darken'd by sin's starless night, Tho' the world with its pleasures invite thee to
tidings revealed in his word: Bear the Bethlehem sto-ry with gladness to

light. There are feet that will walk in the pathway of right, There are voices to
stay. Tho' the lov'd ones entreat thee "good-bye" to delay, Look away thro' the
men, Bid the world to prepare for His coming a-gain; Free salvation pro-

sing Praise to Jesus the King:
tears, To e-ter-ni-ty's years: } Speed away! speed away! Speed a-way!
claim Thro' Immanuel's name: }

(For Ladies' Voices.)

F. E. BELDEN.

I. B. WOODBURY, ARR.

1. Could you wait, could you wait if a brother were lost In the dark, stormy
2. Could you wait, could you wait if a sister should cry, "I am wall'd in by
3. In the flood, in the flood and the tempest-torn night, There are brothers now

night, and a flood to be cross'd? If you knew how to guide him from danger and
fire! I'm not read-y to die!"? Were your cottage or palace en-cir-cled with
wand'ring who long for the right; There are sisters as gentle as er-er were

death, Would you sit id-ly singing sweet carols of faith?—O, the faith born a-
flame. And you heard her voice calling you, calling by name, Would you linger to
know, Whom the fires of perdition surround as their own: They are yielding their

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bove is the faith full of love!—Could you wait? Could you wait? Could you wait?
read Of some beautiful deed?—Could you wait? Could you wait? Could you wait?
blood To the flame and the flood,—Can you wait? Can you wait? Can you wait?

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

(7s. 6L.)

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful -
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring Sim - ply
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine

hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
 fill thy law's demands; Could my zeal no res - pite know,
 to thy cross I cling; Nak - ed, come to thee for dress,
 eyes shall close in death, When I soar to world's unknown,

From thy riv - en side that flowed, Be of sin the
 Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could
 Help - less, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the
 See thee on thy Judgment throne, — Rock of A - ges,

doub - le care; Save me from its guilt and pow'r,
 not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
 Foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

HENRY F. LYTE.

(EVENTIDE. 10s.)

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. Not a brief glance I ask, nor passing word, But as thou
 4. I need thy pres - ence ev - ry passing hour; What but thy

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
 dim, its glo - ries pass away; Change and de - cay in all a -
 dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord, Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend - ing,
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thyself, my guide and

comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a - bide with me!
 round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 pa - tient, free, Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me!
 stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!

5. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

475 WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

SYDNEY DYER. (WORK. 75 & 65. P.) LOWELL MASON.

low-ly For our feet to pursue; Our blessed Lord and Master Was Spir - it We surely ought to claim. And tho' the task be me-nial Which labor, And washed those humble feet! And yet we shrink from duties Which

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning *(coming, D. S.— Work, for the night is*

Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing *(so;*
When man's work is done.

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2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

476 NO WORK TOO HUMBLE.

T. R. MATTHEWS. (CHENIES. 75 & 65. D.) KATE CAMERON.

1. There is no work too humble For Christian hands to do; There is no path too
2. If we are his dis-ci-ples, Call'd by his holy name, A portion of his
3. That he, the High and Holy, Whose life-work was complete, Should gird himself for

low-ly For our feet to pursue; Our blessed Lord and Master Was Spir - it We surely ought to claim. And tho' the task be me-nial Which labor, And washed those humble feet! And yet we shrink from duties Which

servant unto all; None wereto poor and needy For him to heed their call. he for us hath set; His own divine example We never should forget. seem so far a-bove This deed of Christ-like meekness, This tender proof of love!

477 CARRY THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

(Tune, WORK, No. 475.)

1 Carry the joyful tidings
To every land and sea;
Banish the heart dividings,—
Brothers should brothers be;
Christ died for all the nations,
"One flesh and blood," saith he;
There are no tribes or stations;
One in the Lord are we.

God who hath freedom given,
Calls us to make it known;
He is preparing heaven
Not for ourselves alone.

3 Souls on the Orient mountains,
Souls in the Northern snows,
Souls by the Southern fountains,
Souls where the sunset glows!
Souls out of Christ the Saviour
O for a Church of love,
Bearing the priceless favor,
Pointing the lost above!

2 God who hath lent his talents,
Bids us his service choose;
God who hath lent his riches,
Bids us in kindness use;

F. E. BELDEN.

478 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION!

G. KEITH. (PORTUGUESE HYMN. 115.) J. READING.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, yesaints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
3. "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-suf-
4. "The soul that on Je-sus doth lean for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy fi-
cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you he hath said Who unto the Sa-viour for ref-uge have
troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-

fled, Who un-to the Sa-viour for ref-uge have fled?
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine."
sake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."

479 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

J. MONTGOMERY. (GOSHEN. 115.) GERMAN.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know;
2. Thro' the val-ley, and shad-ow of death tho' I stray,
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread,
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God,

I feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest;
Since thou art my Guard-ian, no e-vil I fear;
With bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er;
Still fol-low my steps till I meet thee a-bove;

He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow,
Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy staff be my stay,
With per-fume and oil thou an-oint-est my head;
I seek—by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod,

Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppressed.
No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
O, what shall I ask of thy prov-i-dence more?
Thro' the land of their so-journ—thy king-dom of love.

J. H. GILMOUR.

(L. M. D.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort franght!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor er - er mur-mur or re-pine,
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vic-tory's won,

What'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea, — Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
 Con-tent whatev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Chorus.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me:

His faithful fol'wer I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

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ANON.

(THE ALARM. 8s & 7s. D.)

ARRANGED.

1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and aw-ful time,
 2. Christian, rouse and arm for con - flict, Nerve thee for the bat - tle field;
 3. Wicked spirits gather round thee, Legions of those foes to God —

In an age on a-ges telling, To be liv-ing is sub-lime.
 Bear the helmet of sal-va-tion, And the mighty gospel shield;
 Principalities most mighty — Walk unseen the earth abroad;

Hark! the waking up of na - tions, Gog and Magog to the fray;
 Bind the breastplate firmly on thee, Take the Spirit's sword in hand;
 They are gath-ering to the battle, Strengthen'd for the last deep strife;

Hark! what soundeth? Is cre-a-tion Groaning for her lat-ter day?
 Boldly, fearlessly, go forth then, In Jehovah's strength to stand.
 Christian, arm! be watchful, ready, Strug-gle man-ful-ly for life.

482 SPEED THY SERVANTS.

T. KELLY. (NEANDER. 8s & 7s. 6L.) NEANDER, arr. by F. E. B.

1. { Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves;

2. { Friends and home and all for-sak-ing, Lord, they go at thy com-mand,
As their stay thy prom-ise tak-ing, While they trav-erse sea and land:

Be thou with them, be thou with them; 'Tis thine arm a-lone that saves.
O, be with them, O, be with them; Lead them safe-ly by the hand.

- 3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain;
||: Thus supported. :||
Bid their zeal revive again.
- 4 In the midst of opposition
May they trust, O Lord, in thee;
When success attends their mission,
May thy servants humble be;
||: Never leave them. :||
Till thy face in heav'n they see.

483

- 1 In the vineyard of our Father,
Daily work we find to do;
Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
||: Little clusters. :||
Help to fill the garner too.
- 2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments thro' the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray;
||: Gath'ring gladly. :||
Free-will off'ings by the way.

484

ALWAYS WITH US.

(RIPLEY. 8s & 7s. D.)

GREGORIAN.

End.

1. { Al-ways with us, al-ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the ris-en Sav-iour whis-pers, From his dwell-ing-place a-bove. }

2. { With us when the storm is sweep-ing O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Wak-ing hope with-in our bo-soms, Still-ing ev-ry anx-i-ous fear. }

*D. C. Telling us that in the future, Golden harvests shall be won.
Lighting up the gloomy shadows With salvation's radiant beam.*

D. C.
With us when we toil in sad-ness, Sowing much and reaping none;
With us in the lone-ly val-ley, When we cross the chilling stream;

485

- 1 Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heav'n-born art thou, charity!
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee—
Judgment bath in thee no part.
- 2 Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy heav'nly Father's will;
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.

486

- 1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
Thou canst feel a sailor's woe;
Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,
Tho' the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
"All is well," thy constant cheer.
- 2 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me e'er I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry;
And tho' mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in heav'n's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

487 PLANTING SHARON'S ROSE.

(NORTH. 8s & 7s. D.) JAS. M. NORTH.

1. Lord, thou call-est for the workers, Glad we come at thy command ;
 2. Bless our labors, God of heaven, Aid thy servants, Lord of earth,
 3. Ours is toil that knows no season ; Day and night to us are one ;
 4. Wake, O North-wind ! come, O South-wind ! O'er our garden softly blow ;

Give us each the worker's outfit, Loving heart and ready hand.
 As we strive to set our garden With the plant of priceless worth !
 Winter is the same as summer ; Ours is an e - ter - nal sun.
 Bid the Ro - se's sacred perfume From our tender plants to flow.

Great the hon - or, sweet the du - ty That thy love on us be - stows,
 Pa - tient all the day we labor, Still at night the tempter sows
 So when heat of summer scorches, And when storm - y winter blows.
 Come, Be - lov - ed, to thy garden ; All its sweets to thee it owes ;

In the soul, howe'er un - fer - tile, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose !
 Tares of sin where we had planted Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose !
 Still we toil within our gar - den, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose !
 Shed thy ho - ly fragrance o'er us, Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose !

488 BREAD ON THE WATERS.

ANON.

(8s & 7s. D.)

ARRANGED.

1. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have but scant supply ;
 2. "Cast thy bread upon the waters ;" Sad and weary, worn with care,
 3. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have abundant store ;

Ang - el eyes will watch above it ; You shall find it by and by ;
 Wherefore sitting in the shadow ? Surely you've a crumb to spare.
 It may float on many a billow, It may strand on many a shore ;

He who in his righteous balance, Deth each human action weigh,
 Can you not to those around you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,

Will your sac - rifice remember, Will your loving deeds repay.
 As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty telescope ?
 In this life, or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.

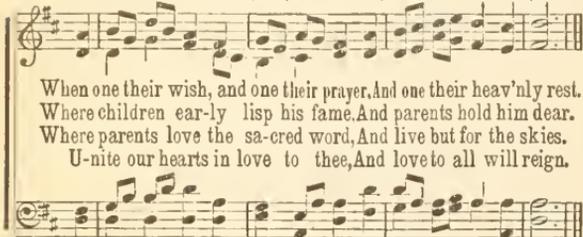
ANON.

(WARWICK, C. M.)

S. STANLEY.



1. Happy the home when God is there, And love fills ev'ry breast;
2. Happy the home where Jesus' name Is sweet to ev'ry ear;
3. Happy the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, may we in our homes a gree, This blessed peace to gain;



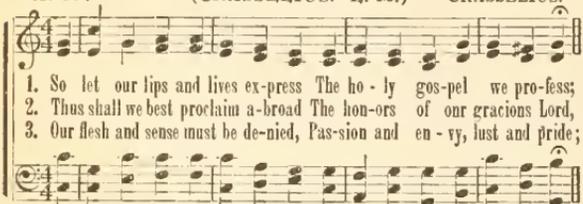
When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heav'nly rest.
Where children ear-ly lisp his fame, And parents hold him dear.
Where parents love the sa-cred word, And live but for the skies.
U-nite our hearts in love to thee, And love to all will reign.

490 THE GOSPEL LIVED OUT.

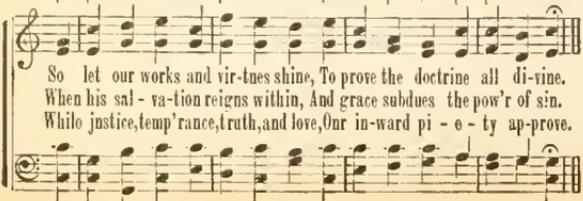
ANON.

(CRASSELIUS, L. M.)

CRASSELIUS.

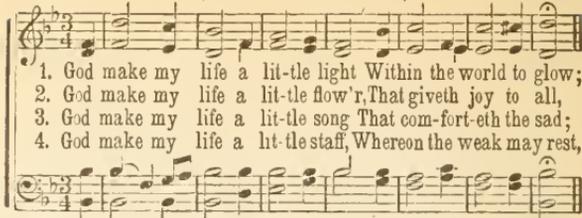


1. So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho-ly gos-pel we pro-fess;
2. Thus shall we best proclaim a-broad The hon-ors of our gracious Lord,
3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pas-sion and en-vy, lust and pride;

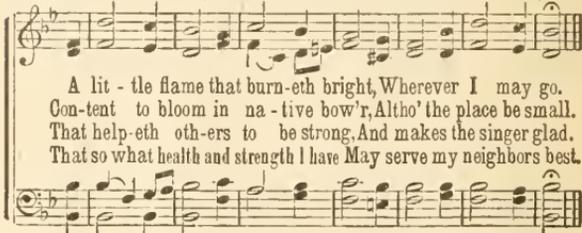


So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
When his sal-va-tion reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love, Our in-ward pi-e-ty ap-prove.

M. B. EDWARDS. (HOLY CROSS, C. M.) MENDELSSOHN.



1. God make my life a lit-tle light Within the world to glow;
2. God make my life a lit-tle flow'r, That giveth joy to all,
3. God make my life a lit-tle song That com-fort-eth the sad;
4. God make my life a lit-tle staff, Whereon the weak may rest,



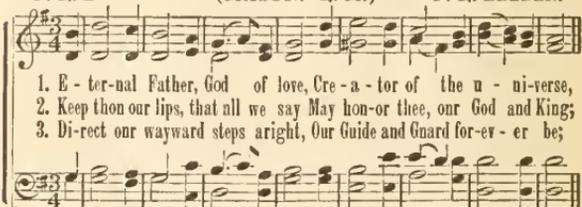
A lit-tle flame that burn-eth bright, Wherever I may go.
Con-tent to bloom in na-tive bow'r, Altho' the place be small.
That help-eth oth-ers to be strong, And makes the singer glad.
That so what health and strength I have May serve my neighbors best.

492 KEEP THOU OUR LIPS.

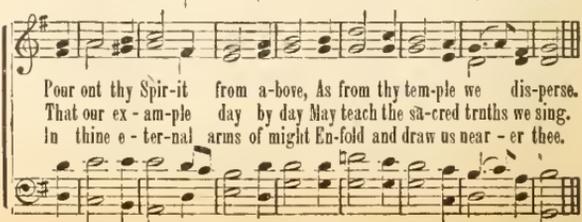
F. E. B

(MASON, L. M.)

F. F. BELDEN.



1. E-ter-nal Father, God of love, Cre-a-tor of the u-ni-verse,
2. Keep thou our lips, that all we say May hon-or thee, our God and King;
3. Di-rect our wayward steps aright, Our Guide and Guard for-ev-er be;



Pour out thy Spir-it from a-bove, As from thy tem-ple we dis-perse.
That our ex-am-ple day by day May teach the sa-cred truths we sing.
In thine e-ter-nal arms of might En-fold and draw us near-er thee.

493

HEAVENLY DOVE.

I. WATTS.

(ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.) WM. TANSUR.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 2. O raise our thoughts from things be-low, From van - i - ties and toys!
 3. A - wake our souls to joy - ful songs; Let pure de-vo-tions rise;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Then shall we with fresh cour-age go To reach e-ter - nal joys.
 Till praise employs our thankful tongues, And doubt for-er - er dies.

494

THE SACRED BOOK.

T. KELLY.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

GREGORIAN.

1. I love the sa-cred book of God, No oth-er can its place sup - ply;
 2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The image of my ab-sent Lord;
 3. But while I'm here, thou shalt sup-ply His place, and tell me of his love;

It points me to the saints' a-bode, And bids me from de - struc-tion fly.
 From thy instructive page I learn The joys his presence will af - ford.
 I'll read with faith's discerning eye, And thus partake of joys a - bore.

495

AMAZING GRACE.

J. NEWTON.

(BELMONT. C. M.)

S. WEBBE.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
 3. Thro' man-y dangers, toils, and snares, I have al-read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace appear. The hour I first be-lieved!
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

496

HOW PRECIOUS!

J. FAWCETT.

(LAUREL HILL. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. How precious is the book divine, By in - spi-ra-tion giv'n!
 2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears,
 3. This lamp, thro' all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way,

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
 And life and light and joy imparts, To banish all our fears.
 Till we be-hold the clearer light Of an e-ter - nal day.

497 SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

WATERBURY. (CALEDONIA. 7s & 5s. D.) SCOTCH.

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Let your Lead-er from the skies
 2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin,
 3. Je-sus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished sin and hell;

Waves be-fore you glo-ry's prize, Prize of vic-to-ry.
 Strive the vic-tor's palm to win, Trusting in the Lord:
 Now he bids his foll'wers tell Triumphs of his cross.

Seize your ar-mor, gird it on; Soon the bat-tle will be won;
 Gird ye on the ar-mor-bright, Warriors of the King of Light,
 Tho' the e-vil hosts ap-pear, Who can doubt, or who can fear?

See! the strife is al-most done; Strug-gle man-ful-ly.
 Nev-er yield, nor lose by flight Your di-vine re-ward.
 God, our strength and shield, is near; Can we suf-fer loss?

498 STAND UP FOR JESUS.

DUFFIELD. (ELLACOMBE. 7s & 6s. D.) ST. GALL'S.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
 2. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! The trumpet call o-bey;
 3. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Stand in his strength a-lone;
 4. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high his roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss:
 Forth to the might-y con-flict, In this his glo-rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat-tle, The next the vic-tor's song:

From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His ar-my shall he lead,
 Ye that are men now serve him, A-against unnumbered foes;
 Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And, watching un-to pray'r,
 To him that o-ver-com-eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
 Let cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.
 He with the King of Glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

499 MY ACTIONS WILL SHOW.

ANON.

(I LOVE THEE. 115.)

JER. INGALLS.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee my
2. I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account! My joys are im-
3. O Je - sus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest, My life and sal-
4. O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he

Saviour, I love thee, my God. I love thee, I love thee, and
mortal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure and
va-tion, my joy and my rest. Thy love be my story, thy
love me, and helps me to sing. I'll praise him, I'll praise him with

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee my ac-tions will show.
long to be there, With Jesus and angels, and kindred so dear.
name be my song; Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
notes loud and clear, While rivers of pleasure my spir-it do cheer:

500 NEVER STAND STILL.

C. WESLEY.

(ANEW. P. M.)

L. MASON.

1. Come, let us a - new our jour-ney pur-sue, Roll
2. His adorable will let us glad-ly ful-fill, And
3. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides
4. O, that each in the day of His coming may say, "I
5. O, that each from his Lord may re-ceive the glad word, "Well

round with the year, And never stand still till the Master ap-
pear, By the patience of hope and the labor of love,
swift-ly a-way, And the fugitive mo - ment re - fus - es to
have fought my way thro': I have finished the work thou didst give me to
and faith-fully done! Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my

pear, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear.
love, By the patience of hope and the la - bor of love.
stay, And the fugitive mo - ment re - fus - es to stay.
do, I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
throne, Enter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne."

501 WALK IN THE LIGHT.

B. BARTON. (CHOPIN. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love His Spir-
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away; Because that
 3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall
 4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, tho' thorny, bright; For God, by

on-ly can bestow Who reigns in light above, Who reigns in light above.
 light on thee hath shone In which is perfect day, In which is perfect day.
 chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there, For Christ hath conquered
 there.
 grace, shall dwell in thee, And God himself is light, And God himself is light.

502 A THANKFUL HEART.

ANNE STEELE. (DENTON. C. M.) E. HAMILTON.

1. Fa-ther, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will denies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry mur-mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend;

Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:-
 The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.
 Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

503 ABOVE THESE SHADES.

ANNE STEELE. (COVENTRY. C. M.) ENGLISH.

1. O could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades,
 2. There, joys un - seen by mortal eyes, Or reason's fee - ble ray,
 3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine, To guide our upward aim;
 4. O then, on faith's sub-lim - est wing, Our ardent souls shall rise,

To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Where sorrow ne'er invades!
 In ev - er-bloom-ing pros-pect rise, Exposed to no de-cay.
 With one re - viv - ing look of thine, Our languid hearts inflame.
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring Im-mortal in the skies.

504 WE WALK BY FAITH.

I. WATTS. (LOUVAN. L. M.) VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
 2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gates appear;
 3. Tho' li-ons roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers fill the way,

Till we arrive at heav'n, our home, Truth is our guide, and faith our light.
 Far in - to distant worlds she pries, And brings e-ter-nal glories near.
 With joy we tread the des-ert thro', While faith inspires a heav'nly ray.

505

DAILY MANNA.

JOSIAH CONDER. (SEYMOUR. 7s.) C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Day by day the man-na fell; O to learn this les-son well!
 2. "Day by day," the promise reads, Daily strength for daily needs;
 3. Lord, our times are in thy hand; All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
 4. Thou our dai-ly task shalt give; Day by day to thee we live;

Still by constant mer-cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai-ly bread.
 Cast fore-bod-ing fears a-way, Take the man-na of to-day.
 To thy wisdom we re-sign, And would mold our wills to thine.
 So shall added years ful-ful Not our own, our Father's will.

506 THY JUDGMENTS ABROAD.

W. BULLOCK. (DOWNS. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord, We now for suc-cor fly;
 2. O look with pit-y on the scene Of sadness and of dread;
 3. With contrite hearts, to thee, our King, We turn who oft have strayed;

Thine awful judgments are a-broad, O shield us, lest we die.
 And let thine an-gel stand between The liv-ing and the dead.
 Ac-cept the sac-ri-fice we bring, And let the plague be stayed.

507

WHAT IS THE CHAFF?

I. WATTS. (WINCHESTER. C. M.) ESTE'S PSALTER.

1. What is the chaff, the word of man, When set against the wheat?
 2. Thy word, O God, with heav'nly bread Thy children doth supply;
 3. 'Tis like a field where hidden lies The pearl of price unknown;

Can it a dy-ing soul sus-tain Like that im-mor-tal meat?
 And those who by thy word are fed, Their souls shall never die.
 And he in-deed is tru-ly wise Who makes this pearl his own.

508

AWAY FROM CARE.

PHERE H. BROWN. (BROWN. C. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ry cumb'ring care,
 2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear;
 3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore;
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes to come;

And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grateful prayer.
 And all His prom-is-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I a-dore.
 The prospect doth my strength renew While here away from home.

509 MEN OF GOD, ARISE!

Att. from M. ANDERSON. (MIRIAM. 75 & 6S. D.) J. HOLBROOK.

1. The whole wide world is pleading: Ye men of God a-rise!
 2. Go, where the waves are breaking On cold-est Northern shore,
 3. The love of Christ un-fold-ing, Speed on from east to west,

His prov-i-dence is lead-ing To man-y'a glad surprise,
 The precious Gos-pel tak-ing, More rich than gold-en ore.
 Till all, by faith be-hold-ing, In Christ are ful-ly blest.

Lo! ev-'ry sky is bright-'ning, Rich promise clothes the soil;
 On highest Eastern mount-ain, In lowest Western vale;
 Great Author of sal-va-tion, Haste, haste the glorious day

Wide fields for har-vest whit'ning, In-vite the reap-er's; toil.
 Be-side the Southern fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.
 Fore-told by rev-e-la-tion,—Thy un-i-ver-sal sway,

510 WHY STAND WITH RUSTY BLADE?

WOODBURY, (LIFE'S HARVEST. 75 & 6S. D.) L. B. WOODBURY.

1. Ho! reap-er of life's harvest, Why stand with rusty blade,
 2. Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's ruddy glow,
 3. Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each er-ror low;

Un-til the night draws round thee, And day be-gins to fade?
 Nor wait un-til the di-al Points to the noon be-low;
 Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know.

Why stand ye i-dle, wait-ing For reap-ers more to come?
 And come with the strong sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold;
 Be faith-ful to thy mission, In ser-vice of thy Lord,

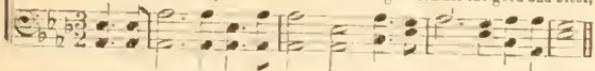
The gold-en morn is passing, Why stand ye i-dle, dumb?
 And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.
 And soon a gold-en chap-let Will be thy rich re-ward.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.)

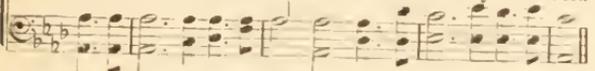
SPANISH.



1. Bles-sed Je-sus, meek and low-ly, With us here take thine abode;
2. Guide us in the path to heaven, Rugged tho' that path may be;
3. In thy vineyard let us la-bor, Of thy goodness let us tell;
4. Then with thee may we for - ev - er Reign with all the good and blest,



We would fain like thee he ho - ly, Humbly walking with our God.
Let each bit - ter cup that's given, Serve to draw us nearer thee.
All is ill without thy fa-vor, With thy presence all is well.
Where no sin from thee can sev-er, Where the wea-ry are at rest.



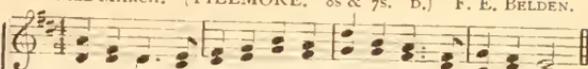
We would thy sweet Spir-it cher-ish, Welcome in our hearts thy stay;
In thy foot-steps traced before us, There we see earth's scorn and frown;
While the er-ning shad-ows gather, Tho' this dre-a-ry night of fears,
There to praise the matchless Giver, There with an-gels to a-dore



Lest without thine aid we per-ish, O, a-bide with us, we pray.
There is suf'ring ere the glo-ry, There's a cross before the crown.
Tar-ry with us, O our Saviour, Till the morning light appears.
Him who did thro' grace de-liv-er Us from death forevermore.



DANIEL MARCH. (FILLMORE. 8s & 7s. D.) F. E. BELDEN.



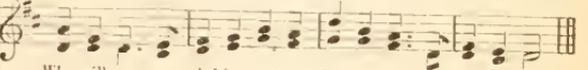
1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?"
2. If you can not cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore,
3. If you can not be the watchman, Standing high on Zion's wall,
4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you,



Fields are white, the harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the heathen re-er, You can help them at your door;
Pointing out the path to heaven, Of ring life and peace to all,
Let none hear you i-dly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"



Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward he of - fers free;
If you can not speak like an-gels, If you can not preach like Paul,
With your pray'rs and with your houn-ties You can do what leav'n de-mands,
Gladly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;



Who will an - swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
You can be like faith-ful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands.
Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."



513

THE DAY OF TOIL.

BONAR.

(MORNINGTON. S. M.) MORNINGTON.

1. This is the day of toil Be neath earth's sul-try noon;
 2. Spend and be spent would we, While last-eth time's brief day;
 3. On-ward we press in haste, Up-ward our jour-ney still;
 4. The way may rough-er grow, The wea-ri-ness in-crease,

This is the day of serv-ice true, But rest-ing com-eth soon.
 No turning back in coward fear, No ling'ring by the way.
 Ours is the path the Master trod Thro' good re-port and ill.
 We gird our loins and hasten on,—The end, the end is peace.

514

KINDRED MINDS.

ANNA BARBAULD. (CAPTIVITY. L. M.)

BRADBURY.

1. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds In sweet communion kindred minds!
 2. To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love! what holy fear!
 3. Their streaming eyes to-geth-er flow For human guilt and human woe;

[one.
 How swift the heav'nly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
 How does the gen'rous flame within Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!
 Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sac-ri-fice.

515

LAMP OF OUR FEET.

BARTON.

(BLISS. C. M.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Lamp of our feet, Whereby we trace Our path when wont to stray;
 2. Bread of our souls, Whereon we feed; True manna from on high;
 3. Pil-lar of fire thro' watches dark, And radiant cloud by day;
 4. Word of the ev-er-last-ing God; Will of his glorious Son,—

Stream from the Fount of heav'nly grace; Brook by the trav'ler's way;
 Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond the sky;
 When waves would whelm our tossing bark, Our an-chor and our stay;
 Without thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it-self be won?

516

'TIS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

C. ELLIOTT.

(NOTTING HILL. C. M.)

C. H. PURDY.

1. When waves of trouble round me swell, My soul is not dismayed;
 2. When black the threat'ning skies appear, And storms my path invade,
 3. There is a gulf that must be crossed; Saviour, be near to aid!

I hear a voice I know full well,—"Tis I; be not a-fraid."
 Those accents tran-quil-ize each fear,—"Tis I; be not a-fraid."
 Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—"Tis I; be not a-fraid."

517

BLESSED HOPE.

ANON.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

J. G. NAGELL.

1. There is a bless-ed hope, More pre-cious and more bright
 2. There is a love-ly star That lights the dark-est gloom,
 3. There is a cheer-ing voice That lifts the soul a-bove,
 4. That voice from Calv'ry's height Proclaims the soul for-giv'n;

Than all the joy-less mock-er-y The world esteems de-light.
 And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er The prospects of the tomb.
 Dis-pels the painful, anxious doubt, And whispers, "God is love."
 That star is rev-e-la-tion's light, That hope, the hope of heav'n.

518

THUS FAR.

I. WATTS.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on: Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;

And ev'-ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
 But he forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-appoint-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

519

ON THY CARE.

H. F. LYTE.

(DAY. S. M.)

H. ABBOTT.

1. My spir-it on thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;
 2. In thee I place my trust, On thee I calm-ly rest;
 3. Whate'er e-vents be-tide, Thy will they all per-form;
 4. Let good or ill be-fall, It must be good for me,

Thou wilt not leave me to despair, For thou art love di-vine.
 I know thee good, I know thee just, And count thy choice the best.
 Safe in thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.
 Se-cure of hav-ing thee in all, Of hav-ing all in thee.

520

NOT LESS TO BEAR.

ANNIE R. SMITH. (HERBERT. C. M.)

L. MASON.

1. I ask not, Lord, for less to bear Here in the nar-row way, But that I
 2. With thee to lead, I will not fear In scenes with danger rife, While still thy
 3. Then help me to improve with care, These precious moments giv'n: For they a

may thy blessing share In all I do or say, In all I do or say,
 cheering voice I hear, "I am the Way, the Life, I am the Way, the Life."
 faith-ful rec-ord bear, Of good or ill, to heav'n. Of good or ill, to heav'n.

521 ETERNAL DEPTH OF LOVE.

ZINZENDORF. (ROTHWELL, L. M.) W. TANSUR.

1. E - ter-nal depth of love di-vine, In Je - sus, God with
 2. With whom dost thou delight to dwell? Sinners, a vile and
 3. The dic-tates of thy sov'reign will With joy our grateful
 4. To thy sure love, thy ten - der care, Our flesh, soul, spir-it,

us, displayed, How bright thy beaming glories shine! How wide thy
 thankless race! O God, what tongue a-ri-ght can tell How vast thy
 hearts receive; All thy delight in us ful - fill: Lo, all we
 we re - sign; O, fix thy sa - cred presence there, And seal th' a -

healing streams are spread, How wide thy healing streams are spread!
 love, how great thy grace? How vast thy love, how great thy grace?
 are, to thee we give; Lo, all we are, to thee we give.
 bode for - ev - er thine! And seal th' abode for - ev - er thine!

522

1 God is our refuge and defense,
 In trouble our un-failing aid;
 Secure in his om-ni-pot-ence,
 What foe can make our souls afraid?
 2 Yea, tho' the earth's founda-tions rock.
 And mountains down the gulf be
 hurled,

His people smile amid the shock;
 They look beyond this tran-sient world.
 3 Built by the word of his com-mand,
 Ten thousand worlds on nothing rest;
 All living things are in his hand,
 And he who trusts his word is blest.

J. MONTGOMERY.

523 MY MAKER AND MY KING.

ANNE STEELE. (EL KADER, S. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. My Mak-er and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy
 2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a - lone I live; My
 3. Lord, what can I im-part When all is thine be-fore? Thy
 4. O! let thy grace in-spire My soul with strength di-vine; Let

sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow; Thy
 God, thy ben - e - fits demand More praise than I can give; My
 love demands a thankful heart; The gift, a - las! how poor; Thy
 ev - 'ry word and each de-sire And all my days be thine; Let

sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my bless - ings flow.
 God, thy ben - e - fits demand More praise than I can give.
 love demands a thankful heart; The gift, a - las! how poor.
 ev'ry word and each desire And all my days be thine.

sov - 'reign boun-ty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

524

1 O Lord, our heavenly King,
 Thy name is all di-vine;
 Thy glories round the earth are
 spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.
 2 Lord, what is worthless man,
 That thou shouldst love him so?

Next to thine angels he is placed,
 And lord of all below.
 3 How rich thy bounties are,
 And wondrous are thy ways!
 In us O let thy power frame
 A monument of praise!

ISAAC WATTS.

F. E. BELDEN.

(FOR MALE VOICES.) *Alt.* from J. KINKEL.

1. Answer the call, ye brave men,—The Master's call to save men;
2. Lighting the world with glory, Once more the gos-pel sto-ry
3. Nations a - far are wa-king, Their i-dol shrines forsaking;
4. Bearing the name of Je - sus, Whose great salvation frees us,
5. Where icy winds are crying, Where India's poor are dy-ing.

Each moment death is gaining, Their blood our garments staining:
In pu - ri - ty and pow'r Proclaims the judgment hour:
God's truth puts on its splendor, Im - man - uel its de - fend - er:
With joy the good news carry, Nor dare to long - er tar - ry:
Where Southern seas are sleeping, Where Western isles are weeping,

Chorus.

Who'll go? who'll go what'er the cost? Who'll go? who'll go to save the lost?
[Last.] I go, I go, what'er the cost; I go, I go to save the lost.

- 1 When storms of life are sweeping,
When lonely watch I'm keeping,
When floods of ill are falling,
And tempter voices calling,
Cbo. Remember me, O Mighty One!
Remember me, O Mighty One!
2 When walking on life's ocean,

- Control its raging motion;
When from its dangers shrinking,
When 'neath the billows sinking. *Cbo.*
3 When weight of care oppresses,
When thought of sin distresses;
Through all the life that's mortal,
And when I pass death's portal. *Cbo.*

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(MELITA. L. M. 6L.)

J. B. DYKES.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;
2. When on the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirst-y monn-tain pant,
3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom-y hor-rors o-ver-spread,

His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye;
To fer-tile vales and dew-y meads My weary, wand'ring steps he leads
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill, For thou, O Lord, art with me still;

My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, A-mid the verdant landscape flow.
Thy friendly staff shall give me aid, And guide me thro' the dreadful shade. A-men.

- 1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!
2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,

- Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when, etc.
3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And garest light and life and peace:
O hear us when, etc.

529

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

C. WESLEY. (BRADFORD. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me;
2. Joy-ful in hope, my spir-it soars To meet thee from a-bove;
3. When God is mine, and I am his, Of par-a-dise possessed,

A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty.
Thy goodness thank-ful-ly adores, And tastes thy precious love.
I taste un-ut-ter-a-ble bliss, And ev-er last-ing rest.

530

BOOK DIVINE.

JOHN BURTON. (HORTON. 7s.) WARTENSEE.

1. Ho-ly Bi-ble! book di-vine! Precious treasure, thou art mine!
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in distress, If the Ho-ly Spir-it bless;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, In the saints' e-ter-nal home:

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine to guide my wayward feet; Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine to show by liv-ing faith, Man can triumph o-ver death;
O thou ho-ly Book di-vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!

531

MY SHEPHERD.

"ROUS' VERSION." (BELMONT. C. M.) SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store again; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill;

In pastures green; he leadeth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
Within the paths of righteousness, Ev'n for his own name's sake.
For thou art with me; and thy rod And staff do com-fort still.

532

GOD, OUR KEEPER.

CHARLES WESLEY. (ROOT. 7s.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. God of love that hearest prayer, Kindly for thy peo-ple care,
2. Save us in the prosp'rous hour, From the flatt'ring tempter's pow'r,
3. Cut off our dependence vain On the help of fee-ble man;
4. Men of worldly, low de-sign, Let not these thy peo-ple join;

Who on thee a-lone de-pend; Love us, save us to the end.
From his un-sus-pect-ed wiles, From the world's pernicious smiles.
Ev-ry arm of flesh re-move; Stay us on-ly on thy love!
Save us from the great and wise, Till they sink in their own eyes.

533

ZION, AWAKE!

C. WESLEY.

(HEBER. L. M.)

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Zi-on, awake! thy slumber break; No longer in thy sins lie down;
2. Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight, And hides the promise from thine eyes;
3. Yes-sels of mer-cy, sons of grace, Be purged from ev'ry sin-ful stain;

His garment of sal-va-tion take, His beauty and His strength put on.
A-rise, and struggle in-to light; Thy great Deliv'rer calls, A - rise!
Be like your Lord, his word embrace, Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

534 LOVE'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

(GOLDEN. C. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
2. When, free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all a - bove,
3. Love is the gold-en chain that binds The trusting soul a - bove;

In one an-oth-er's peace de - light, And thus ful-fill his word!
Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love!
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bosom glow with love.

535 GO, PREACH MY GOSPEL.

ISAAC WATTS.

(TRURO. L. M.)

CHARLES BURNEY.

1. "Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole world my grace receive;
2. "I'll make your great commission known, And ye shall prove my gospel true
3. "Teach all the nations my commands; I'm with you till the world shall end;

He shall be saved who trusts my word, And they condemned who disbelieve.
By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.
All pow'r is vested in my hands; I can de-destroy, and I de-fend."

536 THE DAY IS PAST.

JOHN LELAND.

(VESPER. S. M.)

A. CHAPIN.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; O,
2. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears; May
3. When all our days are past, And we from time remove, O,

may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near.
an-gels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light ap-pears.
may we in thy bos-om rest-The bos-om of thy love.

537 SUN OF MY SOUL.

JOHN KEELE. (HURSLEY, L. M.) PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, O Sav- iour dear! It is not night if thou be near;
2. When soft the dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can - not live;
4. Be near and bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast!
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Till in the o - cean of thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove.

538 IN THE MORNING.

WATTS. (MEAR, C. M.) AARON WILLIAMS.

1. Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as-cend - ing high;
2. O may thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right-eous-ness!
3. The men that love and fear thy name Shall see their hopes ful-filled;

To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye, -
Make ev - 'ry path of dn - ty straight And plain he - fore my face.
The might - y God will com-pass them With fa - vor as a shield.

539 THE LIVING LAW.

WATTS. (ROCKINGHAM, L. M.) L. MASON.

1. My blest Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;
2. What truth and love thy hos-om fill! What zeal to do thy Father's will!
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fer-ror of thy prayer;
4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear More of thy gra-cious im-age here;

But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in liv - ing char-ac-ters.
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine I would transcribe, and make them mine.
The des-ert thy temptations knew, Thy conflict, and thy vic-t'ry too.
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the foll'wers of the Lamh.

540 SABBATH EVE.

J. EDMESTON. (MALVERN, L. M.) L. MASON.

1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve! How soft the sunbeams ling'ring there!
2. Sea-son of rest! the tranquil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
3. Nor will our days of toil be long; Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;

For these blest hours the world I leave, Wafted on wings of faith and pray'r.
And while these sacred moments roll, Faith sees a smiling heav'n a - bove.
And we shall join the ceaseless song, The endless Sabbath of our God.

541 LEAVE THE REST TO GOD.

(SHIRLEY. 6s & 7s.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. He who seeks the truth, and trembles At the dan-gers he must brave,
2. Be thou like the no-ble ancients: Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
3. Be thou like the first a-pos-tles,—Be thou like he-ro-ic Paul;
4. Fear-less-ly face thine ac-cus-ers! Scorn the pris-on, rack, or rod!

Mer-its not the name of Freeman; He at best is but a slave.
Speak! no mat-ter what be-tide thee; let them strike, but let them hear.
If a free thought seeks expression, Speak it bold-ly! speak it all!
If thou hast a truth to ut-ter, Speak, and leave the rest to God.

542 THINE OWN.

BP. WM. W. HOW. (SHIRLAND. S. M.)

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S. STANLEY.

1. We give Thee but thine own, What-e'er the gift may be:
2. To com-fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,
3. The cap-tive to re-lease, To God the lost to bring,

All that we have is thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
To tend the lone and fath-er-less, Is an-gels' work be-low.
To teach the way of life and peace, It is a Christ-like thing.

543 CONTROL MY WILL.

ANON.

(FLOWER. 7s.) J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Prince of Peace, control my will, Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, Open'd wide the gate to God;
3. May thy will, not mine, be done, May thy will and mine be one;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spirit in-to peace.
Peace, I ask, but peace must be, Lord, in be-ing one with thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now thy per-fect peace impart.

544 THE PURE IN HEART.

Used by permission.

F. E. BELDEN. (SILVERTON. S. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they our God shall see,
2. I will be their de-light Who here de-light in me,
3. No more in thought they err, They're free from ev-'ry stain;

And from his presence ne'er de-part Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
And they shall walk with me in white Who seek for pu-ri-ty.
They've wash'd their robes of char-ac-ter, And spot-less they re-main.

1. Pilgrimson! the day is dawning; Strike your tents, and homeward haste;
 2. Pilgrims on! the storm is beating, Beating wildly on your way;
 3. Pilgrimson! what tho' in dangers, Life's e-vent-ful course pur-sue;
 4. Pilgrims on! there's rest in heaven, Rest from every anxious care,

Sleep not while the blush of morning Calls you on the desert waste.
 Tar-ry not, the time is fleet-ing; Shall the storm your footsteps stay?
 La-bor on, ye friendless strangers, Grace will guide you safely through.
 Rest in Je-sus' smiles for-giv-en, Peaceful and e-ter-nal there.

Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Life's sharp anguish must be borne;
 Hasten on, thro' joy and sorrow, Or what-ev-er may be tide,
 What if tri-als must befall you! What if fierce temptations rise!
 O, 't were sweet to toil in sadness, O, 't were well the cross to bear,

Courage, then, ye faint and weary, Linger not to weep and mourn.
 Wait not for the calm to-mor-row, Faithful at your work a-bide.
 Shall earth's bitter strife appall you While contending for the prize?
 If at last in joy and gladness We may rest for-ev-er there!

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee;
 2. Toss'd on the rude, re-lent-less surges, Calmly compos'd and dauntless, stand;
 3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray;

Tin-g'd are the distaut skies with glo-ry. A hea-ven light hangs out for thee.
 For lo, beyond these scenes e-mer-g-es The highs that bound the promi-s'd land.
 The star-ry crowns and realms of glory In-rite thy hap-py soul a-way.

A-ri-se! a-ri-se! the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on the throne;
 Be-hold! behold! the land is nearing, Where storms of evil rage no more;
 A-way! a-way! leave all for glo-ry, Thy name is graven on the throne,

Thy home is in that world of glo-ry Where thy Re-deem-er reigns alone.
 Hark, how the heav'nly hosts are cheering! See in what throngs they range the shore.
 Thy home is in that world of heav'nly Where thy Re-deem-er reigns alone.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

(105 & 45.)

JOHN B. DVKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on!
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I loved the gar-ish day, and spite of fears,
 And with the moru those an-gol fac-es smile

The dis-tant scene; one step's e-nough for me,
 Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

M. M. W.

(GUIDE. 75 D.)

M. M. WELLS.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the
 2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est friend, Ev-er near thine
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for

D. C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low me, I'll

Christian's side; Gent-ly lead us by the hand,
 aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 sweet re-lease, Noth-ing left but heaven and prayer,
guide thee home."

Pil-grims in a des-ert land; Wea-ry souls for
 Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are
 Wond'ring if our namcs are there; Wad-ing deep the

D. C.
 e'er re-joyce, When they hear that sweet-est voice,
 rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 dis-mal flood, Plead-ing nought but Je-sus' blood,

549 STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

P. DODDRIDGE. (ARLINGTON. C. M.) THOS. ARNE.

1. A - wake my soul! stretch ev-ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;
 2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - ma - ting voice, That calls thee from on high;
 3. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round, Hold thee in full sur - vey;
 4. Blest Sar - jour, in - tro - duced by thee, Our race have we he - gun;

A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 'Tis he whose hand pre - sents the prize, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
 For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on - ward urge thy way.
 And, crown'd with vic - try, at thy feet We'll lay our tro - phies down.

550 BE NEAR US.

THOS. KELLY. (WILMOT. 8s & 7s.) C. M. VON WEDER.

1. God of our sal - va - tion, hear us; Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
 2. May we live in view of hear - en, Where we hope to see thy face;
 3. As our steps are drawing near - er To the place we call our home,

When we join the world, be near us, Lest we cold and care - less grow.
 Let thy Spir - it's light be giv - en, All our hid - den paths to trace.
 May our view of heav'n grow clearer, Hope more bright of joys to come.

551 FIRM AS A ROCK.

ISAAC WATTS. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. FRANC.

1. Un - shak - en as the sa - cred hills, And fix'd as mountains stand;
 2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well Fair Sa - lem's hap - py ground,
 3. Do good, O Lord, do good to those Who cleave to thee in heart,

Firm as a rock the soul shall rest That trusts th'Al - might - y hand.
 As' those e - ter - nal arms of love That ev - 'ry saint sur - round.
 Who on thy truth a - lone re - pose, Nor from thy law de - part.

552 ONE LIVING FAITH.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) G. FRANC.

1. God's law de - mands one liv - ing faith, And not a crowd of life - less creeds;
 2. O Lord, for give - thy ho - ly law Grows tarnish'd in our earth - ly clasp;
 3. For - give the sac - ri - lege, and take From ev - ry soul th' un - ho - ly stain,

Its war - rant is a firm "God saith;" Its claim not words, but liv - ing deeds.
 Pure in it - self, with - out a flaw It dims in our too world - ly grasp.
 And help us for thy Son's dear sake, To keep thy per - fect law a - gain.

553 A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

WATTS.

(MILES LANE. C. M.)

ENGLISH.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'er of the Lamb? And shall I
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, Whilst others
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the

fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Or blush to speak his name?
fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? And sailed thro' bloody seas?
world a friend of grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
't'ail, endure the pain, Sup-ported by thy word, Supported by thy word.

554 EACH RETURNING MORN.

ANON.

(ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. O Christ, with each re-turn-ing morn Thine image to our hearts be borne;
2. All hallowed be our walk this day; May meekness form our morning ray,
3. May grace each i-dle thought control, And sanc-ti-fy each wayward soul;

And may we ev - er clear-ly see Our dearest treasure, Lord, in thee!
And faithful love our noontide light, And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
May guile depart, and mal-ice cease, And all within be joy and peace.

555

BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH.

(LABAN. S. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a - rise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold-ly ev - 'ry day And help di-vine implore.
Thy arduous task will not be done Till thou obtain the crown.

556 CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

ANON.

(HOLLEY. 7s.)

GEORGE HEWS.

1. Cast thy burden on the Lord; Lean thou on-ly on his word:
2. Ev - er in the raging storm Thou shalt see his cheering form,
3. Cast thy burden at his feet; Lin-ger near his mer-cy - seat:

Ev - er will he be thy stay, Tho' the hear'n's shall pass away.
Hear his pledge of com-ing aid: "It is I, be not a-fraid."
He will lead thee by the hand Gen-tly to the bet-ter land.

557 HEIR OF THE KINGDOM.

ANON.

(RODMAN. IIS & IOS.)

L. MASON.

1. Heir of the king-dom, O why dost thou slum-ber?
 2. Earth's might-y na-tions, in strife and com-mo-tion,
 3. Stay not, O stay not for earth's vain al-lure-ments!
 4. Keep the eye sin-gle, the head up-ward lift-ed;

Why art thou sleep-ing so near thy blest home?
 Trem-ble with ter-ror, and sink in dis-may;
 See how its glo-ry is pass-ing a-way;
 Watch for the glo-ry of earth's com-ing King;

Wake thee, a-rouse thee, and gird on thine ar-mor,
 Lis-ten, 'tis naught but the char-iot's loud rum-bling;
 Break the strong fet-ters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
 Lo! o'er the moun-tain-tops light is now break-ing;

Speed, for the mo-ments are hur-ry-ing on.
 Heir of the king-dom, no lon-ger de-lay.
 Heir of the king-dom, turn, turn thee a-way.
 Heir of the king-dom, re-joice ye and sing.

558 THEY CALL US.

HEBER.

(MISSIONARY HYMN. 75 & 68. D)

MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy monatians, From India's cor-al strand,
 2. Can we whose souls are lighted, With wisdom from on high,—
 3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto-ry, Ye wa-ters, on-ward roll,

Where Afric's sunny fount-ains Roll down their gold-en sand,
 Can we, to men be-night-ed, The lamp of life de-ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo-ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an ancient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain,
 Sal-va-tion, O sal-va-tion! The joy-fnl sound proclaim
 Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The Lamb for sin-ners slain—

They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.
 Till earth's re-mot-est na-tion Has heard Mes-si-ah's name.
 Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a-tor—In bliss re-returns to reign.

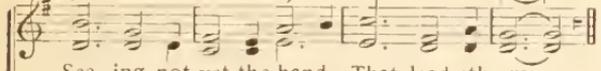
C. S. ROBINSON.

(DOANE. 6s & 4s.)

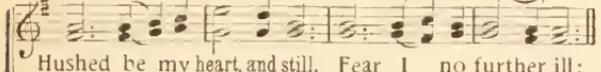
F. E. BELDEN.



1. Saviour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by thee,
2. Riv-en the Rock for me, Thirst to re-lieve,
3. Of-ten to Marah's brink, Have I been bro't;
4. Saviour! I long to walk Clo-ser with thee;



See-ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;
 Man-na from heaven falls Fresh ev-ry eve;
 Shrinking the cup to drink, Help I have sought;
 Led by thy guiding hand, Ev-er to be



Hushed be my heart, and still, Fear I no further ill;
 Nev-er a want se vere Causeth mine eye a tear,
 And with the prayer's as-cent, Je-sus the branch hath rent—
 Constantly near thy side, Quickened and purified,



On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.
 But thou dost whisper near, "On-ly be-lieve!"
 Quickly re-lief hath sent, Sweet'ning the draught.
 Liv-ing for him who died Free-ly for me.



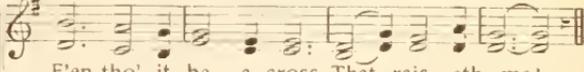
SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6s & 4s.)

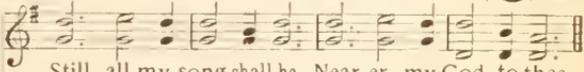
LOWELL MASON.



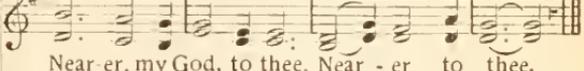
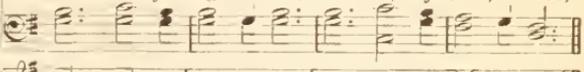
1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone,
3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heav'n,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky,



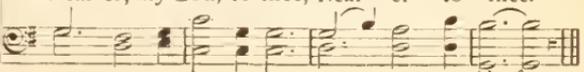
E'en tho' it be a cross That rais eth me!
 Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
 All that thou send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n;
 Out of my ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise;
 Sun, moon, and stars forget, Up-ward I fly,



Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee,
 An-gels to beckon me Near-er, my God, to thee,
 So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,



Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.



561 SPEND AND BE SPENT.

H. BONAR. (ALL SAINTS. L. M.) WILLIAM KNAPP.

1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will:
2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'nly gain:
3. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice; For toil comes rest; for ex - ile, home;

It is the way the Master went; Should not the serv - ant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praises, - what are men?
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

562 GENTLY THINK AND SPEAK.

JOHN MONSELL. (NUREMBERG. 7s.) J. R. AHLE.

1. Gently think, and gently speak, Art thou strong? respect the weak;
2. He who knew the thoughts of men, Gentle was; O let us then
3. Rain and dews, and sunshine fall, With unbounded love, on all;
4. Then be gen - tle, O my soul, Thoughts and words a - like control;

Art thou weak? from what thou art, Gently touch an - oth - er's heart.
Care - ful be in thought and tone, We, who scarce can read our own.
Shall my narrow heart re - fuse Its poor sun, and rain, and dews?
If thou must in aught de - cide, Err up - on the gen - tle side.

563 IN LOWLY PATHS.

REV. W. GLADDEN. (BERA. L. M.) JOHN E. GOULD.

1. O Master, let me walk with thee In lowly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear winning word of love;
3. Teach me thy patience; still with thee In closer, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'n'ing way;

Tell me thy se - cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret o' care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong;
In peace that wealth can never give, With thee, O Master, let me live.

564 THOUGH NATURE WEEPS.

ANON. (PATMOS. C. M.) GREGORIAN.

1. Love - ly this child, a - sleep in death; - How beautiful and fair!
2. And if thus fair and love - ly here, Beneath death's i - cy hand,
3. Tho' nature weeps when holy ties So strongly bound are riv'n,

Yes, e - ven now, tho' void of breath, God's impress still is there.
O will it not be beau - teous there, 'Mid the im - mor - tal band?
Yet faith the Saviour's word ap - plies, "Of such the realms of heav'n."

565

BLESSED BIBLE.

ANON.

(GRANNIS. 8s & 7s.) W. O. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed Bi-ble, how I love it! How it doth my bos-om cheer!
 2. 'Tis a fount-ain ev-er bursting, Whence the wea-ry may ob-tain
 3. 'Tis a chart that nev-er fail-eth, One which God to man has giv'n;
 4. 'Tis a pearl of price ex-ceed-ing All the gems in o-cean found;

What hath earth like this to cor-ect? O, what stores of wealth are here!
 Wa-ter for the soul that's thirsting, That it may not thirst a-gain.
 And tho' oft the storm as-sail-eth, It will guide us safe to hear'n.
 All its sa-cred precepts heed-ing, So shall we in grace a-bound.

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566

THOU HAST LEFT US.

S. F. SMITH. (MT. VERNON. 8s & 7s.) L. MASON.

1. Sis-ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen-tle as the sum-mer breeze;
 2. Dear-est sis-ter, thou hast left us! Here thy loss we deep-ly feel;
 3. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee, When this mor-tal life is fled;

Pleas-ant as the air of evening When it floats a-mong the trees.
 But 'tis God that hath be-rest us, He can all our sor-rows heal.
 Then, in hear'n, with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed.

567

EVENING BLESSING.

J. EDMESTON. (PALMER. 8s & 7s.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing Ere re- pose our spir-its seal;
 2. Tho' de-struction walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-rows past us fly,
 3. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can-not hide from thee;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And command us to the tomb,

Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
 An-gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe if thou art nigh.
 Thou art he, who, ner-er wea-ry, Watchest where thy peo-ple be.
 May the morn of glo-ry wake us, Clad in bright, e-ter-nal bloom.

568

THY WILL BE DONE.

T. HASTINGS. (HOPE. 8s & 7s.) MENDELSSOHN.

1. Je-sus, while our hearts are bleeding, O'er the spoils that death has won,
 2. Tho' cast down, we're not for-sa-ken; Tho' af-flict-ed, not a-lone;
 3. By thy hands the boon was giv-en, Thou hast ta-ken but thine own:

We would at this sol- emn meeting, Calmly say, "Thy will be done."
 Thou didst give, and thou hast ta-ken; Blessed Lord, thy will be done.
 Lord of earth, and God of heav-en, Ev-er-more thy will be done.

569 I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ANON.

(PROMISE. 8s & 7s. 6L.)

UNKNOWN.



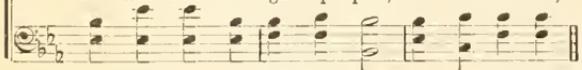
1. I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er
2. When the storm is rag - ing round thee, Call on me in
3. When the sky a - bove is glow - ing, And around thee
4. When thy soul is dark and cloud - ed, Fill'd with doubt, and



thee for - sake; I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
hum - ble pray'r; I will fold my arms a - round thee,
all is bright, Pleasure like a riv - er flow - ing,
grief and care, Thro' the mists by which 'tis shroud - ed,



For my name and mer - cy's sake; Fear no e - vil,
Guard thee with the ten - d'rest care: In the tri - al,
All things tend - ing to de - light; I'll be with thee,
I will make the light ap - pear, And the ban - ner,



Fear no e - vil, On - ly all my coun - sel take.
In the tri - al, I will make thy path - way clear.
I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps a - right.
And the ban - ner Of my love I will up - rear.



570 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

D. A. THRUPP.

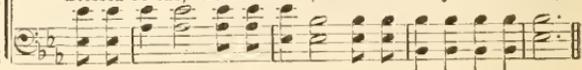
(SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



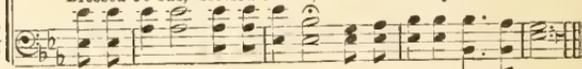
1. { Saviour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need thy tender care; }
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fold prepare; }
2. { We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
3. { Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray. }
- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| { Thou hast promised to receive us, | Poor and sinful tho' we be; |
| { Thou hast mercy to relieve us, | Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free. |



Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Thou hast hought us, thine we are;
Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to thee;



Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Blessed Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to thee.



571

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 God has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth."
 : Guide us, Saviour. :
In the narrow way of truth.</p> | <p>2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
 : Naught can harm us :
While we thus in thee abide.</p> |
|--|---|

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B. SCHMOLKE.

(JEWETT. 6S. D.)

WEBER.

1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt. O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Tho' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a - hove,

Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, "My Lord, thy will be done."
I travel calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

573

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

MRS. E. R. PARSON. (ROTHMANN. 6S. D.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Je - sus, we love to meet On this thy ho - ly day; We worship
2. We dare not tri - fle now, On this thy ho - ly day; In - si - lent
3. We list - en to thy word, On this thy ho - ly day; Bless all that

ronnd thy feet On this thy ho - ly day. Thou tender Heav'nly Friend,
awe we bow, On this thy ho - ly day. Check ev'ry wand'ring tho't,
we have heard On this thy ho - ly day. Go with us when we part,

To thee our pray'rs ascend; O'er us in blessing bend, On this thy ho - ly day.
And let us all be taught To serve thee as we ought, On this thy ho - ly day.
And to each humble heart Thy saving grace impart, On this thy ho - ly day.

575

1 God sets a still small voice
Deep ev'ry soul within;
It guideth to the right,
And warneth us of sin.
If we that voice obey,
Clearer its tones will be,
Till all God's will for us,
Bright as the noon we see.

2. If we that voice neglect,
Fainter will be its tone;
If still unheeded, soon
I will leave us quite alone.
O grief! to be allowed
To go in our own way;
Lord, hold our footsteps back,
Lest we so sadly stray.

576 THINE APPROBATION.

FITCH.

(UXBRIDGE. L. M.)

L. MASON.

1. One precious boon, O Lord, I seek, While tossed upon life's billowy sea;
2. Earth's scoffs and scorn well pleased I'll bear, Nor mourn tho' under foot I'm tread,
3. Let me but know, where'er I roam, That I am do-ing Je-sus' will;

To bear a voice within me speak, "Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee."
If day by day I may but share Thine ap-pro-ba-tion, O my God!
And tho' I've neither friends nor home, My heart shall glow with gladness still.

577 BID OUR DOUBTINGS CEASE.

ANON.

(STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.)

JONES.

1. Let thy Spir-it, bless-ed Sav-iour, Come and bid our doubt-ings cease;
2. Fearful dan-gers are a-round us, Sa-tan watch-es to de-stroy;
3. On thy word our souls are resting; Taught by thee, thy name we love;

Come, O come with love and fa-vor, Fill us all with joy and peace.
Lord, our foes would fain confound us; O for us thy might employ!
Sweet-est of all names is Je-sus; How it doth our spir-its move!

578 THE MERCY SEAT.

STOWELL.

(RETREAT. L. M.)

HASTINGS.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellow-ship with friend;
3. Ah! whither should we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dismayed?

There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found above the mer-cy-seat.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one com-mon mer-cy-seat.
Or how the hosts of sin de-feat, Had suf-f'ring saints no mer-cy-seat?

579 COMMUNING WITH THEE.

DOANE.

(MERCY. 7s.)

GOTTSCHALK.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades ap-on our sight a-way;
2. Thon, whose all-per-va-ding eye Nanght es-apes, without, with-in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for-er pass a-way;

Free from care, from la-bor-free, Lord, we would commune with thee.
Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pea fault, and se-cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

580 TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH.

WM. C. BRYANT. (LORENZ. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again, - Th' eternal years of God are hers;
2. Heed not the shaft by ha-tred cast, The foul and hiss-ing bolt of scorn;
3. Yea, tho' thou lie - on - on the dust, When all thy help-ers flee in fear,
4. Some oth-er arm thy sword shall wield, Some other hand the standard wate,

But Er-ror, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies a-mong his wor-ship-ers.
For with the right shall dwell at last The vic - t'ry of en-dur-ance born.
Die full of hope and man-ly trust, Like those who fell for free-dom dear.
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed The blast of tri-umph o'er thy grave.

581 THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

S. MEDLEY. (GERMANY. L. M.) BEETHOVEN.

1. Je-sus, engrave it on my heart That thou the one thing needful art:
2. Needful is thy most precious blood, To rec-on-cile my soul to God:
3. Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay, Thro' all life's dark and wea-ry way;

I could from all things parted be, But nev-er, nev - er, Lord, from thee.
Need-ful is thy in-dul-gent care, Needful thy all - pre-tail-ing prayer.
Nor will at last less need-ful be To bring me home to hear'n and thee.

582 BE NOT AFRAID.

SIR. F. E. SMITH. (MELITA. L. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. When pow'r di-vine, in mortal form, Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
2. So when in silence nature sleeps, And lonely watch the mourner keeps,
3. And when the last dread hour shall come, While trembling nature waits her doom,

In soothing ac-cent's Je-sus said, "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid."
One thought shall er-'ry pang remove, Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
This voice shall wake the righteous dead - "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid."

583 GOD, OUR REFUGE.

ISAAC WATTS. (MILLER. L. M.) CARL P. E. BACH.

1. God is the ref-uge of his saints When storms of sharp distress invade:
2. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa-cred peace our souls a-bide;
3. Zi - on en-joys her Monarch's love, Se-cure against a threat'ning hour;

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.
While ev-'ry na-tion, er - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
Nor can her firm foundation more, Built on his truth, and armed with pow'r.

584 YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS!

ANON.

(OAKLAND. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim Salvation thro' Immanuel's name;
 2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
 3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more,

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
 Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
 There with the blood-bought throng to fall And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

586 HELP IN GOD FOR THEE.

J. MONTGOMERY. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. The tempter to my soul hath said, "There is no help in God for thee;"
 2. Thus to the Lord I raised my cry; He heard me from his ho - ly hill;
 3. I will not fear, tho' arm-ed throngs Compass my steps in all their wrath;

Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head; My glory, shield, and sol-ace be.
 At his command the waves rolled by; He beckoned, and the winds were still.
 Sal-va-tion to the Lord be-longs; His pre-ence guards his people's path.

585 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!

C. WESLEY.

(SILVER STREET. S. M.)

I. SMITH.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on;
 2. We fight not a-against flesh, We wres-tle not with blood;
 3. With wicked spir-its, too, That in high pla - ces stand,

Fight, for the bat-tle will be ours; We fight to win a crown.
 But prin-ci-pal-i-ties and pow'rs, And for the truth of God;
 Per-vert-ing oft the word of God, And say 'tis by com-mand.

587 IMPOSTURE SHRINKS.

ANON.

(ST. THOMAS. S. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. Im-post-ure shrinks from light, And dreads the cu - rious eye;
 2. O may we still main-tain A meek, in - quir-ing mind,
 3. With un-der-stand-ing blest, Cre - a - ted to be free,

But sa-cred truths the test in - vite, They bid us search and try.
 Assured we shall not search in vain, But hid-den treasures find.
 Our faith on man we dare not rest, We trust a - lone in Thee.

588 CHILDREN OF THE KING.

JOHN CENNICK.

(HART. 7s.)

HART.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As we journey, sweetly sing;
2. We are trav'ling home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod;
3. Shout, ye lit-tle flock, and blest, You near Je-sus' throne shall rest;
4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of your land;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
And when Christ our Lord shall come, We shall all be gathered home.
There your seats are now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.
Je-sus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismayed go on.

589 SCORN PRAISE OF MEN.

F. W. FABER.

(SPOHR. C. M.) ARR. FROM SPOHR.

1. O blest is he who can di-vine Where truth and justice lie,
2. Then learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God;
3. For right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win;

And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blinded eye.
For Je-sus won the world thro' shame, And beckons thee his road.
To doubt would be dis-loy - al-ty, To fal - ter would be sin.

590

G. BURDER.

SWEET THE TIME.

("INNOCENTS." 7s.) A. F. THIBAUT.

1. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet! When the saints together meet,
2. Sing we then e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa-ther move;
3. Sing the Son's a-maz-ing love; How he left the realms above,
4. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints in heav'n shall meet;

When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.
He beheld the world un-done, Loved the world and gave his Son.
Took our nature and our place, Lived and died to save our race.
Je - sus still will be the theme, They shall always sing of him.

591

MOURN FOR THE SLAIN.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

L. MASON.

1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong;
2. Mourn for the lost, - but call, Call to the strong, the free;
3. Mourn for the lost, - but pray, Pray to our God a - bove,

Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de-lud - ed throng.
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the Ref - uge flee.
To break the fell destroyer's sway, And show his sav-ing love.

J. H.

(HUMILITY. 8s & 7s D.)

ARR.

1. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
 2. Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
 3. Bless me, O my Saviour, bless me, As I'm waiting at thy feet,

Hap-py place! so near, so precious! May it find me there each day;
 There I lay my sins and sorrows, And, when weary, find sweet rest;
 O look down in love up - on me, Let me see thy face so sweet;

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past,
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is,

For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
 While I from his ful-ness gath-er Grace and comfort ev'ry day.
 May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.

LILLA M. EDWARDS.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

1. There is nev-er a day so drear-y, But God can make it bright;
 2. There is nev-er a cross so heav-y, But Je - sus' hands are there,
 3. There is nev-er a heart so brok-en, But Je - sus Christ can heal;

And to the soul that trusts him, He giv-eth pure de-light;
 Outstretched in sweet compassion, Our bur - den still to bear;
 The heart once pierced on Gal - v'ry Doth for his peo-ple feel;

There is nev-er a path so hid-den, But God will show the way,
 There is nev-er a life so darkened, So hope-less, so un-blest,
 He will ev-er fulfill his prom-ise, His word can nev-er fail;

If we will seek his guidance, And patient-ly will pray.
 But may be fill'd with gladness; In Je - sus' peace may rest.
 God is our help in troub - le, Our strength when foes as-sail.

J. MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE. 6s & 5s. D.) * SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa - ther, strength - en me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for - bid - den plea - sures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor - did trea - sures
3. Should thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, care, and woe; Or should pain at - tend me

I de - part from thee. When thou see'st me wa - ver, With a touch re -
Spread to work me harm; By thy love sus - tain - ing, Fa - ther keep thy
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy hand to

call, Nor from thy dear fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
child; All my foes re - strain - ing, And my pas - sions wild.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee. A - men.

595

AS PANTS THE HART.

ANON. (MENDELSSOHN. 11s & 10s.) F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks ex -
2. Lord, thy sure mercies, ev - er in my sight, My heart shall
3. Why faint my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid? Thy God the

haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for thee, great
gladden thro' the tedious day; And 'midst the dark and gloom - y
God of mer - cy still shall prove; Within his courts thy thanks shall

King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place.
shades of night, To thee, my God, I'll tune the grate - ful lay.
yet be paid; Unques - tioned be his faith - ful - ness and love.

596

WITH THEE.

(Tune "Mendelssohn," 595.)

- 0 blessed peace, that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
0 joyous faith, that grasps the glad forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's little while!
- When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.
- So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
0, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

597 PRAY FOR REAPERS. HENRY SMART,
MAXWELL. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. 6L.) Arr. by F. E. B.

1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, To-ken of the coming Lord;
2. Fee-bly now they toil in sad-ness, Weeping o'er the waste around,
3. Now, O Lord, ful-fill thy pleasure, Breathe upon thy cho-sen band,
4. Soon shall end the time of weeping, Soon the reaping time will come,

O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning, Louder rings the Master's word:
Slow-ly gath'ring grains of gladness, While their echoing cries resound:
And with pen-te-cost-al meas-ure, Send forth reapers in our land;
Heav'n and earth to-gether keep-ing God's e-ter-nal harvest home;

Pray for reapers, Pray for reap-ers, In the har-vest of the Lord.
Pray that reapers, Pray that reapers, In God's harvest may abound.
Faithful reap-ers, Faithful reap-ers, Gath'ring sheaves for thy right hand.
Saints and angels, Saints and angels, Shout the world's great harvest home.

598 ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. An-y-where, dear Saviour, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bidst me
2. Where the night may find us, Surely matters not; If we camp with
3. All a-long the jour-ney, Let us fix our eyes On the "Rock of

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.— CONCLUDED.

la-bor, Lord, there would I a-bide. Mir-a-cle of saving grace,
Je-sus, O bless-ed is the spot! Quickly we the tent may fold,
A-ges," Un-til we gain the prize. There the heart will make its home,

Used by permission of Henry Date, owner.

That thou givest me a place Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.
Cheerful march thro' storm or cold, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.
Willing led by thee to roam, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.

599 THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK.

C. S. HARRINGTON, by per.

1. In some way or other the Lord will provide; It may not be *my* way,
2. At some time or other the Lord will provide; It may not be *my* time,
3. Respond then no longer, the Lord will provide; And this be the token—
4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall di-vide; The path shall he glorious;

It may not be *thy* way, And yet in his *own* way, "the Lord will provide."
It may not be *thy* time, And yet in his *own* time, "the Lord will provide."
No word he hath spoken Was ev-er yet bro-ken, "the Lord will provide."
With shoutings vic-to-rious We'll join in the cho-rus, "the Lord will provide."

DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watchman, blow the gospel trumpet, Ev-'ry soul a warning give;
2. Sound it loud o'er ev-'ry hill-top, Gloomy shade, and sunny plain;
3. Sound it in the hedge and highway, Earth's dark spots where exiles roam;
4. Sound it for the heav-y la-den, Weary, longing to be free.

Who-so-ev-er hears the message May repent, and turn, and live.
O - cean depths repeat the message, Full salvation's glad re-frain.
Let it tell all things are read-y, Father waits to welcome home.
Sound a Saviour's in-vi - ta - tion, Sweetly saying, "Come to me."

Chorus.

Blow the trumpet, trusty watchman, Blow it loud o'er land and sea; - - -
loud o'er land and sea;

God commissions, sound the message! Ev'ry captive may be free.

Used by permission of W. J. Kirkpatrick.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Words of cheer from the bat-tle-field of life, Welcome tidings from
2. Fierce and long has the strug-gle been with sin, Still the Church moves on
3. Stand like men! there's a bat - tle to be fought; All the hosts of hell
4. Who so strong as to trust in self a-lone 'Gainst a foe so swift

the war; Glo-rious news from the grand and ho - ly strife, — Soon the
be - low; War with-out and temp-ta-tion from with-in, Vain-ly
will rage; Trust in God! he de - liv-erance has wrought For his
and sure? Who so weak that he can not grasp the Throne And the

Chorus.

con-flict will be o'er.
seek her o-vertthrow. } Words of bat-tle cheer! tidings from the war!
saints in ev-'ry age. } Words of bat-tle cheer! tidings from the war!
promised help se-cure?

1
2
"How has gone the conflict?" Vict'ry's near; Glorious news of vict'ry! Words of cheer.

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ANON. (SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. P.) G. F. ROOT.

1. { This rite our blest Redeemer gave To all in him be-liev-ing; He bids us seek this hallowed grave, To his ex-am-ple (*Omit.*) cleaving. *D.C.*—*He saves my soul, he's left his word To guide me now and ever.*

Chorus. *D.C.*

I'll fol-low now my glorious Lord, What-e'er the ties I sev-er;

2 For me the cross and shame to bear, Dear Saviour, thou wast willing;
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear, All right-ousness fulfilling.

3 Jesus to thee we yield our all; In thy kind arms enfold us;
Our hearts are fixed,—no fears appall, Thy gracious power shall hold us.

603 IN SWEET COMMUNION.

E. DENNY. (GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.) ROUSSEAU.

End.

1. { While in sweet communion feed-ing On this earthly bread and wine, }
{ Sav-iour, may we see thee bleeding On the cross, to make us thine. }
D.C.—*Whisper words of peace to cheer us, Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.*

D.C.

Tho' un-seen, Lord, thou art near us, With thy still small voice of love;

2 Bring before us all the story
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.
Draw us nearer and still nearer
To thy pier'd and bleeding side,
Till our view of self grows clearer
In the light of Him who died.

604

1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

605 SUBMISSION SWEET.

MRS. STUTTLE. (SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6L.) SPANISH.

End.

1. Thou who on the cross didst make Sac-ri-fice complete for me;
D.C.—*Thou didst teach submission sweet, Washing thy disciples' feet.*

D.C.

Thou who didst for my poor sake Suf-fer on the curs-ed tree;

2 O my soul! and shalt thou scorn
Thus to do as He hath done?—
Thou a wretched, dying worm:
He the blessed, sinless One!—
Gladly would I wash his feet,
Bow-ing in submission sweet.

3 Such a joy may not be mine,
Thus to prove my love for thee;
Such a privilege divine
Thou hast never given me;
But, in blest submission sweet,
Kneel I at thy servant's feet.

DAVID DENHAM.

(11s.)

HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-
2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus, whose
3. While here in this val-ley of con-flict I stay, O give me submission and

mun - ion of saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,
love can not cease! Tho' oft from thy presence in sad-ness I roam,
strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to thee would I come,

Ref. *D. S.*

And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.
By faith I behold thee in glo - ry at home. Home, home, sweet,
Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home. sweet home;
D. S. Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven's home.

- 607 1. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Refrain.— Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
And with them, God's peace, which is dearer than all.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Arr. by F. E. B.

ABBIE HUTCHINSON, arr.

1. Kind words can ner-er die, Cherish'd and blest: God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can ner-er die, Tho' like the flow'rs Their brightest hues may fly
3. True love can ner-er die, Tho' in the tomb We all may si-ent lie,

Stored in the breast, Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,—
In win't'ry hours; But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew,
Wrapp'd in its gloom; Tho' mor-tal flesh de-cay, There comes a glo-ri-ous day,

Refrain.

Yes, in all years and climes, Pistant or near. Kind words can never die,
With many an ad-ded hue They bloom a-gain. Sweet tho'ts can never die,
When dust shall soar a-way To Christ a-hove. True love can ner-er die,

Ner-er die, ner-er die; Kind words can ner-er die, No, ner-er die.
Ner-er die, ner-er die; Sweet tho'ts can ner-er die, No, ner-er die.
Ner-er die, ner-er die; True love can ner-er die, No, ner-er die.

609

GENTLE PEACE.

UNKNOWN.

(RATHBUN, 8s & 7s.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. Gentle Peace, from heav'n descended, We would live be-neath thy law;
2. Thou hast thrown a smile of beauty O'er the meadow, hill, and grove;
3. Stay thou with us, still re-plen-ish Fields with fruit, ourselves with love;

Thou hast home and life be-friend-ed, Born of no-bler deeds than war.
Thou hast quickened us to du-ty, Thou hast warmed our hearts to love.
Dis-cord and dis-sen-sion banish, Peace-ful spir-it from a-bore.

610

PROTECT US.

REV. SAMUEL SMITH. (AMERICA. 6s & 4s.)

HENRY CAREY.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride. From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake. Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

611

OUR EXILED FATHERS.

REV. LEONARD BACON. (HAMBURG. L. M.)

GREGORIAN.

1. O God, beneath thy guiding hand, Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
2. Truth, freedom, justice, faith in God, Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
3. And here thy name, O God of love, May we, their children, still a-dore,

And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshiped thee.
And where their pilgrim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
Till these e-ter-nal hills re-move, And spring adorns the earth no more.

612

BROTHERHOOD OF MEN.

J. S. DWIGHT.

(DORT. 6s & 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. God bless our native land! May Heaven's protecting hand Still
[guard our shore. May peace her
2. May just and righteous laws Uphold the public cause, And bless our name; Home of the
3. And not this land alone, But be thy mercies known From shore to shore; O that all

pow'r extend, Foe be transformed to friend, And all our rights depend On war no more.
brave and free, Stronghold of Liberty, We pray that still on thee May rest no stain.
men would see That they should brothers be, And form one family, The wide world o'er!

613 F. E. B. LET US WORK TOO. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The Lord work-eth, let us work too; In his vine-yard there's much to do,
2. The world mov-eth, let us move too, The Sun's glo-ry that we may view,
3. The wrong speak-eth, let us speak too; The worst er-ror is bright with dew;
4. The Christ liv-eth, let us live too, From death waking, his work to do,

And souls per-ish for need of you: The Lord work-eth, let us work too.
 From night turning to day-dawn new: The world mov-eth, let us move too.
 Shall truth slumber the whole day thro'? The wrong speak-eth, let us speak too.
 With hearts lov-ing and pure and true: The Christ liv-eth, let us live too.

615 F. E. B. FOR JESUS. F. E. BELDEN.

1. For Jesus, all my morning hours, For Jesus, all my noon-day pow'rs;
2. For Jesus, all the songs I sing, For Jesus, all the praise I bring,
3. For Jesus, all the gold he lends, For Jesus, all the strength he sends,
4. For Jesus, all who sigh in sin, For Jesus, all that love can win,

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.

For Je-sus, evening's gathered flow'rs,—For Je-sus, all for Je-sus.
 For Je-sus,—he who bore death's sting,—My Je-sus; all for Je-sus.
 For Je-sus, heart and home and friends,—For Je-sus, all for Je-sus.
 For Je-sus, king enthroned with-in, Yes, all, and more, for Je-sus.

614 SHEPHERD DIVINE.

F. E. BELDEN. (WINTERBOURNE, L. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. Shep-herd di-vine, thou lead-est me Where the still wa-ters gen-tly flow;
2. In dan-ger's hour thou bid-est me, Safe from the foe of thy dear flock;
3. When chill-ing dews of eve-ning fall, Then to the fold thou bidst me come;

In pas-tures fair thou feed-est me; I trust thy love, no want I know.
 At sul-try noon thou guid-est me To rest be-side the cool-ing rock.
 Gladly I hasten at thy call; Sweet is the voice that calls me home.

616 ANOTHER YEAR.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (WEBER, 75 & 6s.) ART. FROM WEBER.

1. An-oth-er year is dawn-ing! Dear Mas-ter, let it be
2. An-oth-er year of mer-cies, Of faith-fulness and grace,
3. An-oth-er year of serv-ice, Of wit-ness for thy love;

In work-ing or in wait-ing, An-oth-er year with thee.
 An-oth-er year of glad-ness,—The shin-ing of thy face.
 An-oth-er year of train-ing For hol-ier work a-bove.

617 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

(ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s. D.)

S. BARING-GOULD.

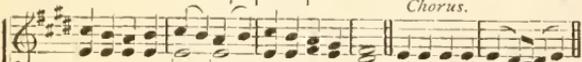
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN



1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Crowns and thrones have perished, Kingdoms ruled and waned, But the Church of Jesus
5. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

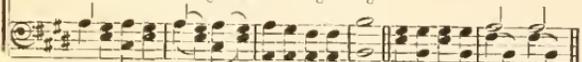


Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe.
On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foundations quiv-er At the shout of praise.
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we,
Constant has remained. Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glory, praise, and hon-or Unto Christ the King;



Chorus.

Forward in-to bat-tle, See his ban-ners go!
Brothers, lift your voice, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty, Onward, Christian soldiers!
We have Christ's own promise, That can never fail.
This thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.



618 A MIGHTY FORTRESS.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE.

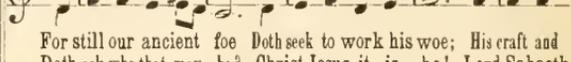
MARTIN LUTHER.



1. A might-y fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail-ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing;
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us,



Our help-er he, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us.



For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his woe; His craft and
Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he! Lord Sabaoth
Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-so; The bod-y



pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate; On earth is not his e-qual.
is his name, From age to age the same; And he must win the bat-tle.
they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for-er-er.



619 CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the
Cast thy burden on the Lord, - - - - - [Lord.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and

comfort thee; He will sustain thee, and com-fort thee, He will sustain thee, and

com-fort thee. He will sustain thee, He will comfort thee:

Repeat pp
Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord.

620 WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

ANON.

ARR. FROM SCHUMANN'S "TRAUMEREI."

1. We lay us calmly down to sleep When friendly night is come, and
2. As sinks the sun in western skies When day is done, and twilight
3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shunn the grave, for aching
4. Some other hand the task can take, If so it seem-eth best,— the

leave To God the rest; Whether we wake to smile or weep, Or
dim Comes si-lent on, So fades the world's most lur-ing prize On
head So cool and low? Have we found life so pass-ing fair, So
task By us be-gun; No work for which we need to wake In

wake no more on time's fair shore. He knoweth best, He knoweth best.
eyes that close in deep re-pose Till wakes the dawn, Till wakes the dawn.
grand to be, so sweet that we Should dread to go? Should dread to go?
joy or grief, for life so brief, Be-neath the sun, Beneath the sun.

O Fa-ther, us in safe-ty keep! We lay us down to sleep.

BATHURST.

(NORTHFIELD. C. M.)

J. INGALLS.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by many a

toe; That will not trem-ble
That will not trem-ble on the brink Of That

That will not trem-ble on the brink, That will not tremble

on the brink
pov-er-ty or woe, Of pov - er - ty or woe;
will not tremble on the brink

on the brink

- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
clear
When tempests rage without;
Then when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

ANON.

(EXHORTATION. C. M.)

S. HIBBARD.

1. How cheer - ing is the Christian's hope, While toil - ing here be -

low! It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of
It buoys us up while passing thro' This

It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe,

woe, It buoys us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe.
wil-der-ness of woe,

. It buoys us up while passing thro'

- 2 It points to us a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign,
Where we shall meet the loved of
earth,
And never part again, -
- 3 A land where sin can never come,
Temptations ne'er annoy,
Where happiness will ever dwell,
And that without alloy.
- 4 In that bright world no tears will
flow,
• Death ne'er can enter there;
For all who gain that heavenly land
Will be as angels are.
- 5 Fly, ling'ring moments, fly, O fly,
Dear Saviour, quickly come!
We long to see thee as thou art,
And reach that blissful home.

A. M. TOPLADY.

(SELVIN. S. M.)

GERMAN.

1. If, through un-ruf-led seas, Calmly w'ard heav'n we sail,
 2. But should the sur-ges rise, And rest de-lay to come,
 3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to thy control;
 4. Teach us in ev'-ry state, To make thy will our own,

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.
 Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.
 Thy ten-der mercies shall illume The midnight of the soul.
 And when the joys of sense depart, To live by faith a-lone.

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.
 Blest be the sor-row, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home.
 Thy tender mercies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul.
 And when the joys of sense depart, To live by faith a-lone.

624

- 1 "My times are in thy hand;"
 My God, I wish them there;
 My life, my friends, my all I leave
 Entirely to thy care.
 2 "My times are in thy hand;"
 Why should I doubt or fear?"

- My Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
 3 "My times are in thy hand;"
 I'll always trust in thee,
 Till I possess the promised land,
 And all thy glory see.

W. M. F. LLOYD.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (EL KADER. S. M.)

UNKNOWN.

1. Ye servants of the Lord, Each in his of- fice wait;
 2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame;
 3. Watch, 'tis your Lord's command, And while we speak, he's near;
 4. O, hap-py ser- vant he, In such a posture found!

Ob-serv-ant of his heav'nly word, And watchful at his gate. Ob-
 Gird up your loins as in his sight; His coming thus proclaim. Gird
 Mark the first signal of his hand, And ready all ap-pear. Mark
 He shall his Lord with rapture see, And be with honor crown'd. He

servant of his heav'nly word, And watchful at his gate.
 up your loins as in his sight; His com-ing thus pro-claim.
 the first signal of his hand, And read-y all ap-pear.
 shall his Lord with rapture see, And be with hon-or crown'd.

626

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
 Broadcast it o'er the land.
 2 Thou canst not toil in vain:
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

- Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garner in the sky.
 3 Then, when the glorious end,
 The day of God, shall come,
 The angel reapers shall descend,
 And heav'n shout "Harvest home!"

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

End.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, etc.
D. C.—Promise of which on us each is bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward etc.

D. C.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we're rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, etc.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, etc.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, etc.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glorious God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glorious God! we shall shout ever more;
We're home at last, home at last.

628 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD.

(L. M. D.)

W. B. BRADBURY.

End.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
{ And bids me, at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known!
D. C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet . . . hour of pray'r.

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D. C.

lu sea-sons of distress and grief, My soul has off - en found re-lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight.
In my immortal flesh I'll rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout while passing thro' the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

629 GLIDING SWIFTLY BY.

D. NELSON. (SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. P.) G. F. ROOT.

1. { My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would
not detain them as they fly—These hours of toil and (Omit.) danger;
D. C.—And just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.

Chorus. *D. C.*
For O, we stand on Jordan's strand, And soon we'll all pass o - ver;

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let ev'ry lamp be burning.

4 That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
4 Let sorrow's rnest tempests blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
3 Shuld coming days be cold and dark,
Our King says, Come, and there's our
We need not cease our singing; Forever, O. forever! [home,

THOS. R. TAYLOR.

(OAK. 6s & 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. { I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand

Round me on er-'ry hand, Heav'n is my Fa-therland, Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There'll be the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
There, too, I soon shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

631 WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

MRS. E. MILLS.

(LAND OF REST. C. M.)

WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come [home?]
When I shall lay my armor by, And (Omit.) dwell with Christ at

Chorus.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work - - - And we'll be gathered home.

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3. When by affliction sharply tried,
Faith tells of scenes to come, —
Those endless joys prepared above, —
And then I sigh for home.

632 I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

J. FAWCETT.

(PERSEVERANCE. C. M. D.)

UNKNOWN.

1. Thou coming One, our wants relieve! In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give The pow'r to watch [and pray.] Long as our fiery trials last,

Long as the cross we bear, O may our souls on thee be cast, In all-prevailing pray'r.

2. The pow'r of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
Till then thy perfect love impart;
Till thou appear below
Be this the cry of er'ry heart, —
"I will not let thee go."

3. I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.
Then shall I on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in joyful praise.

ANON.

(WEBB, 7s & 6s. D.)

WEBB.

1. How long, O Lord our Sav - iour, Wilt thou re-main a - way?
 2. How long, O gracious Mas - ter, Wilt thou thy household leave?
 3. O, wake thy slumb'ring peo-ple; Send forth the sol-enn cry;

Our hearts are grow-ing wea - ry Of thy so long de - lay.
 So long hast thou now tar-ried, Few thy re - turn be - lieve.
 Let all the saints re - peat it,—"The Sav-iour draweth nigh!"

O when shall come the mo-ment, When, brighter far than morn,
 Inmersed in sloth and fol - ly, Thy servants, Lord, we see;
 May all our lamps be burn - ing, Our loins well gird-ed be,

The sunshine of thy glo - ry Shall on thy peo-ple dawn?
 And few of us stand read - y With joy to wel-come thee.
 Each longing heart pre-par - ing With joy thy face to see.

1 Speak often to each other,
 To cheer the fainting mind;
 And often be your voices
 In pure devotion joined;
 Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies;
 Take courage, brother pilgrim,
 And soon you'll win the prize.

2 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
 In that auspicious day
 When I make up my jewels,
 Released from cumb'rous clay;
 He'll polish and refine you
 From worthless dross and tin,
 And to his heavenly kingdom
 Will bid you enter in.

3 We'll range the wide dominion
 Of our Redeemer round,
 And in dissolving raptures
 Be lost in love profound;
 While all the flaming harpers
 Begin the lasting song,
 With hallelujahs rolling
 From the unnumbered throng.

ANON.

635 BE SOBER.

1 The world is very evil,
 The times are waxing late;
 Be sober and keep vigil;
 The Judge is at the gate,—
 The Judge who comes in mercy,
 The Judge who comes with might,—
 Who comes to end the evil,
 Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, O Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead,—

To light that has no evening,
 That knows no moon nor sun,—
 The light so fair and golden,
 Of Christ, the sinless One.

3 Behold, the morn shall waken,
 And shadows may shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as does the day;
 And God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of his grace,
 Shall we behold forever,
 And worship face to face.

JOHN M. NEALE.

636 MORNING.

1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears:
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

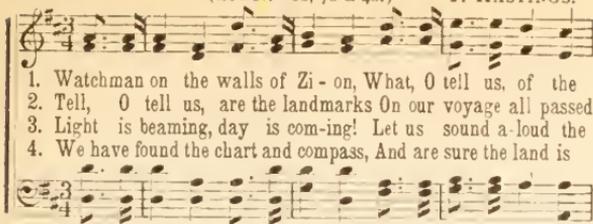
2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle show'r,
 And harvest fields before us
 Are op'ning ev'ry hour;
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heav'nly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay.
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. SMITH.

ANON.

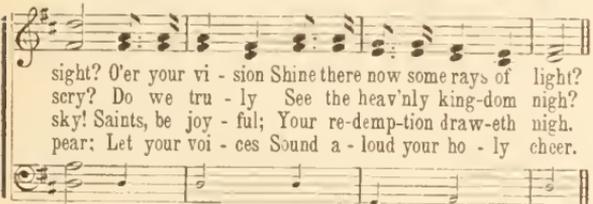
(ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.) T. HASTINGS.



1. Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, What, O tell us, of the
2. Tell, O tell us, are the landmarks On our voyage all passed
3. Light is beaming, day is com-ing! Let us sound a-loud the
4. We have found the chart and compass, And are sure the land is



night? Is the day-star now a-rising? Will the morn soon greet our
 by? Are we nearing now the ha-ven? Can we e'en the land de-
 cry; We be-hold the day-star ris-ing Pure and bright in yonder
 near; Onward, onward we are hasting, Soon the haven will ap-



sight? O'er your vi - sion Shine there now some rays of light?
 scry? Do we tru - ly See the heav'nly king-dom nigh?
 sky! Saints, be joy - ful; Your re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh.
 pear; Let your voi - ces Sound a - loud your ho - ly cheer.



O'er your vi - sion Shine there now some rays of light?
 Do we tru - ly See the heav'n - ly king - dom nigh?
 Saints, be joy - ful; Your re-demp-tion draw - eth nigh.
 Let your voi - ces Sound a - loud your ho - ly cheer.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land:
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy pow'ful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliver,
 Be thou still my strength and
 shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside:
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

WM. WILLIAMS.

639 ZION STANDS.

- 1 Zion stands with walls surrounded,
 Zion, kept by pow'r divine:
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine:
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!
- 2 Ev'ry human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;

Heav'n and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more
 bright;
 But can never cease to love thee:
 Thou art precious in his sight:
 God is with thee,
 God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY.

640 HE COMES.

- 1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain;
 Countless angels, him attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus comes and comes to reign.
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty!
 Those who set at naught and sold him,
 Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 **A**men! let all adore thee,
 High on thy eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Make thy righteous sentence known;
 O come quickly,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!

CHARLES WESLEY.

PILOT ME.

EDWARD HOFFER. (GOULD. 75. 6L.) JOHN E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem -
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst calm the
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful

pest - ous sea; Unknown waves be - fore me roll,
 o - cean wild; Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will
 breakers roar 'Tween me and the peace - ful rest,

Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and
 When thou say'st to them, "Be still!" Wond'rous
 Then, while lean - ing on thy breast, May I

compass came from thee; Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
 Sov'rign of the sea, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.
 hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

TILL HE COME.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. (ELTHAM. 75 6L.) LOWELL MASON.

1. "Till He come!"—O let the words Lin - ger on the
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love, From the cares of
 3. Clouds and dark - ness round us press; Would we have one

trembling chords; Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween,
 earth re - move, When their words of hope and cheer
 sor - row less? All the sharpness of the cross,

In their gold - en light be seen; Let us think how
 Fall no long - er on our ear, Hush! be ev - 'ry
 All that tells the world is loss,— Death and darkness

heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"
 mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
 and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come!"

S. S. BREWER. (DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn? }
 { Have the signs that mark His coming Yet upon thy pathway shone? }
D. C. Gird thy bridal robes around thee, Morning dawns, arise! arise!

D. C.
 Pilgrim, yes! arise, look round thee; Light is breaking in the skies;

- 2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon thy way;
 Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day
 When the Jubal trumpet, sounding,
 Shall awake from land and sea
 All the saints of God, now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.
- 3 Watchman, hail the light ascending
 Of the grand Sabbath year;
 All with voices loud proclaiming
 That the kingdom now is near:
 Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Tow'ring 'neath its sunlit skies.

- 4 Watchman, in the golden city,
 Seated on his jasper throne,
 Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone:
 There on sunlit hills and mountains,
 Golden beams serenely glow;
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,
 On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.
- 5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flow'rs;
 On, just yonder,—O how cheering!
 Bloom forever Eden's bow'rs.
 Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air;
 See the millions, bear them singing,
 Soon the pilgrim will be there.

ANON. (GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.) ROUSSEAU.

1. { Gracious Father, guard thy children From the foe's destructive pow'r; }
 { Save O save them, Lord, from falling In this dark and try-ing hour. }
D. C. But thy word illumines our pathway, And in God we still confide.

D. C.
 Thou wilt surely prove thy people, All our gra-ces must be tried;

- 2 We are in the time of waiting;
 Soon we shall behold our Lord,
 Wafted far away from sorrow,
 To receive our rich reward.
 Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing,
 Pure, unspotted from the world;
 Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us
 Till thy banner is unfurled.
- 1 Long upon the mountains, weary,
 Have the scattered flock been torn;
 Dark the desert paths, and dreary;
 Grievous trials have they borne.
 Now the gath'ring call is sounding,
 Solemn in its warning voice;
 Union, faith, and love, abounding,
 Bid the little flock rejoice.

- 2 Now the light of truth they're seeking,
 In its onward track pursue;
 All the ten commandments keeping,
 They are holy, just, and true.
 On the words of life they're feeding,
 Precious to their taste, so sweet;
 All their Master's precepts heeding,
 Bowing humbly at his feet.
- 3 Soon He comes, with clouds descending;
 All his saints, entombed, arise;
 The redeemed, in anthems blending,
 Shout their vict'ry thro' the skies.
 O, we long for thine appearing!
 Come, O Saviour, quickly come!
 Blessed hope! our spirits cheering,
 Take thy ransomed children home.

646 HOW FAR FROM HOME?

ANNIE R. SMITH.

ARRANGED.

1. How far from home? I asked, as on I bent my steps—the watchman spake:
2. I asked the war-rior on the field: This was his soul-inspiring song:
3. I asked a-gain; earth, sea, and sun Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
4. Not far from home! O blessed thought! The trav'ler's lonely heart to cheer;

“The long, dark night is al - most gone, The morning soon will break.
“With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield, The bat-tle is not long.
“Time's wasting sands are near - ly run, E - ter - ni - ty is nigh.
Which oft a heal-ing balm has brought, And dried the mourner's tear.

Then weep no more, but speed thy flight, With Hope's bright star thy guiding ray,
Then weep no more, but well en-dure The con-flict, till thy work is done;
Then weep no more—with warning tones Portentous signs are thick'ning round,
Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where weary footsteps never roam—

Till thou shalt reach the realms of light, In ev - er - last - ing day.”
For this we know, the prize is sure, When vic - to - ry is won.”
The whole cre - a - tion, wait - ing, groans, To hear the trumpet sound.”
Our tri - als past, our joys complete, Safe in our Father's home.

647 ASLEEP IN JESUS.

MARGARET MACKAY. (REST. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! Peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! Soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to rest In hope of being ev - er blest.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.
Then burst the fet-ters of the tomb, And wake in full, in-mor-tal bloom.

648

(Music, No. 646.)

1 A thrilling cry—we hear the sound;
The faithful watchmen lift their voice;
From land to land the world around—
It bids the saints rejoice:
Ye pilgrims, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious coming of your King;
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
“Prepare to meet your Lord.”

2 Blow, watchmen, blow the certain
sound,
For dark and dangerous is the night;
And daring scoffers gather round—
The evil servants smite.

Ye faithful ones, the strict watch keep,
With lamps well trimmed, and do not sleep—
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
“Prepare to meet your Lord.”

3 In earth's dark hour God's word gives
light,
Its rays dispel the thickening gloom;
The path to glory now is bright—
The Bridegroom soon will come.
Then lift your voices, saints, and sing
Your sweetest strains to Zion's King—
Your thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
“Prepare to meet your Lord.”

A.N.O.

PART IV.

Home and Heaven.

659

WE SHALL MEET, BY AND BY.

JOHN ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

ff *pp* *ff* *pp*

1. We shall meet beyond the riv-er, By and by, by and by; And the darkness shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glory, By and by, by and by; We shall sing redemption's story, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall see and be like Jesus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
4. There our tears shall all cease flow-ing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest rapture know-ing, By and by, by and by,

ff *pp*

With the toilsome jour-ney done, And the glorious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
 And the strains for-ev-er-more Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yon-der ev-er-last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
 And the an-gels who ful-fil All the mandates of His will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
 All the loved ones, part-ed long, We with shoutings shall re-join In that land of life and song, By and by, by and by.

(May be used as male quartet, first tenor taking alto notes as if written an octave higher.)



1. When my life - work is end - ed, and I cross the swell - ing tide, When "this mor - tal puts on
2. O, the soul - thrill - ing rap - ture when I view his bless - ed face, And the lus - ter of his
3. O, the dear ones de - part - ed! How the ten - der mem' - ries come, As the fare - well at the
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white, He will lead me where no



im - mor - tal - i - ty;" I shall know my Re - deem - er when I reach the oth - er side, And his
kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer - cy, love, and grace, That pre -
riv - er I re - call; In the sweet vales of E - den we shall meet no more to roam, But I
tears shall ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de - light; But I



CHORUS.



smile will be the first to wel - come me. I shall know - - him, I shall know him As re -
pares for me a mansion in the sky.
long to see my Sa - viour first of all.
long to meet my Sa - viour first of all. I shall know



MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

deemed by his side I shall stand, I shall know - him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hands.
I shall know

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a hymn tune with lyrics underneath.

661

NO SEAS AGAIN SHALL SEVER.

HORATIUS BONAR.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face"—1 Cor. 13:12.

D. S. HAKES.

1. No seas again shall sever, No desert intervene; No deep sad flowing river Shall roll its tides between.
2. No dread of wasting sickness, No tho't of ache or pain; No fretting hours of weakness Shall mar our peace again.
3. No death, our home o'ershading, Shall e'er our harps unstring; For all is life unfading In presence of our King.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a hymn tune with lyrics underneath.

CHORUS

Joy, and un-severed union Of soul, with those we love, Nearness and glad communion Shall be our joys a-bove.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a chorus with lyrics underneath.

By permission of D. S. HAKES.

SOME SWEET DAY.

Dedicated to W. H. Doane, composer of the first "Some Sweet Day."

F. E. B. "I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."—John 14:2, 3. F. E. BELDEN.

Tenderly. *rit.* *tempo.*

1. We shall meet be-yond the skies, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Gaze no more in tear-ful eyes,
 2. There will be no va-cant chair, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Nor a mourning cir-cle, there,
 3. Win-ter's frost or sum-mer's heat, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Make no har-vest in-complete,

rit. **REFRAIN.**

Some sweet day, some sweet day. We shall clasp our own a-gain, Free from sor-row, sin, and pain;
 Some sweet day, some sweet day. Death shall hear its note of doom, Christ shall burst the seal-ed tomb,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day. E-den bloom is ev-'rywhere, Fadeless flow'rs per-fume the air,

p

4. Mansion, crown, and harp of gold,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Songs that never shall grow old,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Joy shall bid farewell to Care,
 Praise shall sing no more with Prayer,
 Love shall lead us, over there,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day.

SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Then shall I know."—1 Cor. 13:12.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press the golden strand, Some sweet day,
 2. At the crys-tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall find each broken link, Some sweet day,
 3. Oh, these part-ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gather friend with friend, Some sweet day,

by and by; O the lov-ing welcome there, By the tree of life so fair! How we long that joy to share,
 by and by; Then the star that, fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so dear, We shall see more bright and clear,
 by and by; There before our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,

REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet day, We shall meet our lov'd ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.
 By and by, yes, by and by.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage:
R. E. H. and the door was shut."—Matt. 25: 10. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes? Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-ing When he
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will all go out to meet him When he
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he

comes, when he comes? Behold, he cometh! be-hold, he cometh! Be robed and read-y; for the Bride-groom comes.
comes, when he comes: He quickly cometh! he quick-ly cometh! O soul, be read-y when the Bride-groom comes.
comes, when he comes: He sure-ly cometh! he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bride-groom comes.
comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh! lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bride-groom comes.

D. S.—Behold, he cometh! behold, he cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bride-groom comes.

CHORUS. D. S.

Be - hold the Bride-groom; for he comes, for he comes! Behold the Bride-groom; for he comes, for he comes.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10:20.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would en-ter the fold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are man-y, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Savionr, Is snf-fi-cient for me;
 3. O that bean-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings In pure garments of white;

In the book of thy kingdom, With its pag-es so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Savionr, Is my name writ-ten there?
 For thy prom-ise is written In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
 Where no e-vil thing cometh To de-spoil what is fair, Where the angels are watching,—Is my name writ-ten there?

CHORUS.

Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

F. E. B.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17 : 15.

*Softly.**May be sung as Male Quartet, 1st Tenor taking Alto an octave higher.*

F. E. BELDEN.



1. Soul a-mid earth-sorrows dwelling, Sigh-ing for the strife to cease, Lo! the pro-mise sweet foretelling
 2. Saddened by the world's complaining, Burdened with the ceaseless care, Tell me! is there rest remaining
 3. Patient wait God's time for go-ing, Murmur not though long thy stay, Ev - er trust - ing, ev - er knowing
 4. Born of God, the soul can nev - er Will - ing here with sin a-bide; Earth is not the glad for - ev - er



CHORUS.



Soon shall come the Prince of Peace. I - - - shall be sat - is - fied then, I - - - shall be
 For the toil-ers ov - er there?
 Thou shalt dwell with him some day.
 Where the soul is sat - is fied. I shall be sat-is-fied when I awake, I shall be sat-is-fied



sat - is - fied then; When the King of kings, with an-gels attending, Rends the az-ure sky, in glo - ry de-
 when I awake;



I SHALL BE SATISFIED.—CONCLUDED.

scending, When the saints a wake in his own like-ness, I shall be sat - is - fied then (ha-le-lu-jah!).

ff *dim.*

667

WHEN I SHALL AWAKE.

HORATIUS BONAR, arr.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. When I shall a wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft-er whose dawning nev-er night returns, And with whose bright glory
2. And when I shall see His glo-ry face to face, Hear his glad welcome, feel his fond embrace, And feast on the ful - ness
3. And when I shall meet the friends that I have loved, Clasp to my bo-som dear ones long removed, And witness how faith - ful
4. O soon I shall gaze up - on the face of Him, Pierced to redeem me from the curse of sin, And praise him for - ev - er

rit. REFRAIN. *D. S.*—When I shall a - wake, in

day e - ter - nal burns,
of his heav'nly grace,
Christ to me hath proved, I shall be sat-is - fied then. I shall be sat-is - fied then, I shall be sat-is - fied then.
with the glad new hymn;

D. S.

that fair morn of morns, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

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BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

"Arrayed in fine linen clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."—Rev. 19:8.

E. F. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall enter naught that may defile;
 2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the beauty of the King we see;
 3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of de-light, Where the Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead;

Where the daybeam ne'er declines, For the blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
 Hold - ing converse full and sweet, In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho-ly mel - o - dy.
 For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no spot of sin re - main, And the soul for-ever-more is freed.

CHORUS.

1
 { Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes we
 { Gar - ments of light, . . . Love - ly and bright, . . . (Omit) - - -
 { Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear,
 { Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, love-ly and bright,

BEAUTIFUL ROBES—CONCLUDED.

2

then shall wear; Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.
 Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature, and a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

669

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

ANNA B. WARNER.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12: 21

F. E. BELDEN.

1. "We would see Je - sus;" for the shad-ows length-en A - cross the lit - tle landscape of our life;
2. "We would see Je - sus," Rock of our sal - va - tion, Whereon our feet were set with sov'reign grace;
3. "We would see Je - sus;" oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we did re-joice to see;
4. "We would see Je - sus;" this is all we're need-ing,—Strength, joy, and will- ingness come with the sight;

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature, and a bass clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last con - flict, the last mor - tal strife.
 Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, gaz - ing on his face.
 The blessings of this sin - ful world are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, in exchange for Thee.
 We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead - ing, Soon to re - turn and end this mor - tal night!

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature, and a bass clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

F. E. B.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1:7.

F. E. BELDEN,

1. I am wait - ing for the morn - ing Of the day that brings re - lease, Waiting for the gold - en
 2. O'er the hill - tops brightly breaking, Sun of Right - eous - ness a - rise, Ev - 'ry soul from slumber
 3. End - less joy for hours of cry - ing, Ev - er - last - ing peace for care; Im - mor - tal - i - ty for

Solo prominent, one or more voices. Other parts light.

rit. CHORUS.

dawn - ing Of God's ev - er - last - ing peace. Has - ten on,
 wak - ing As God's glo - ry gilds the skies.
 dy - ing, Hal - le - lu - jahs glad, for prayer! Has - ten on, O day e -

day e - ter - nal! Bid the night of sor - row cease;
 ternal! Bid the night of sor - row cease; Ush - er

GOLDEN DAWNING.— CONCLUDED.

Ush-er in love su-per-nal, Bring the gold-en
in - - love's reign supernal, - - Bring the gold - en dawn of peace, sweet peace.

rit. pp

671

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHOEBE CARY.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."— Heb. 11:16.

PHILIP PHILLIPS,

1. One sweetly sol- emn tho't, Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer to my home to-day, Than e'er I've been be- fore.
2. Near-er my Fath-er's house, Where many mansions be; Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Nearer the crys- tal sea.
3. Near-er my go- ing home, Lay- ing my bur- dens down, Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wearing my star- ry crown.

CHORUS.

Near-er my home, Near-er my home; Nearer my home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been be- fore.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

"At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Ps. 16: 11.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gath-er O'er the Christian's na-tal skies, Dis-tant beams, like floods of glo-ry,
2. Yet a lit-tle while we lin-ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit-tle while of la-bor,
3. O the bliss of life e-ter-nal! O the long un-bro-ken rest! In the gold-en fields of pleas-ure,



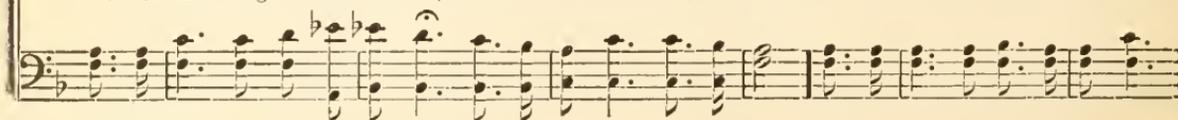
Fill the soul with glad sur-prise; And we al-most hear the ech-o Of the pure and ho-ly throng,
 Ere the ev-'ning shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slum-ber, But the night will soon be o'er;
 In the re-gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be-fore his throne to fall,



CHORUS.



In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the sum-mer-land of song.
 In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, We shall wake, to weep no more. On the banks beyond the riv-er
 There to hear his gracious welcome,— Will be sweet-er far than all.



THE BRIGHT FOREVER.— CONCLUDED.

Musical score for 'The Bright Forever'— Concluded. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'We shall meet, no more to sev - er; In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the sum-mer-land of song.'

673

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

T. C. TILDESLEY.

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."— Ps. 127 : 2.

(Solo, or Quartet.)

FRANZ ABT. Arr.

Musical score for 'He Giveth His Beloved Sleep'. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo marking is 'Slowly'. The lyrics are: '1. Sorrow and care may meet, The tempest cloud may low'r, The surge of sin may beat Up-on earth's troubled shore; 2. The din of war may roll With all its rag - ing might; Grief may oppress the soul Thro'out the wea - ry night; 3. In childhood's winsome page, In manhood's joyous bloom, In fee - ble-ness and age, In death's dark, gath'ring gloom.'

REFRAIN. Musical score for the refrain of 'He Giveth His Beloved Sleep'. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The tempo marking is 'rit. pp'. The lyrics are: 'God doth his own in safe - ty keep; He giveth his be - lov - ed sleep, He giveth his be - lov - ed sleep.'

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

"He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—Isa. 51:3.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O - ver the hearts of the
 2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shin - eth the gold - en day, Waft-ing the songs of the
 3. There is the home of my Sav-iour; There with the blood-wash'd throng, O - ver the high-lands of

REFRAIN.

wea - ry, Breath-ing thy waves of balm.
 an - gels, Down from the far a - way. Beau-ti-ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the
 glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.

pure and blest, How of - ten a - mid the wild bill-ows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!
 the pure and blest. *rit.*

WHEN THE KING SHALL CLAIM HIS OWN.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—Matt. 16: 27.

L. D. SANTEE.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. In the glad time of the harvest, In the grand mil-len-nial year, When the King shall take His scepter,
 2. O the rap - ture of His peo-ple! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod, With their hearts e'er turning homeward,
 3. Long they've toiled within the harvest, Sown the precious seed with tears; Soon they'll drop their heavy burdens

And to judge the world ap-pear, Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand be-fore the throne;
 Rich in faith and love to God. They will share the life im - mor-tal, They will know as they are known,
 In the glad mil-len-nial years; They will share the bliss of heav - en, Nev - er more to sigh or moan;

Just a-wards will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.
 They will pass the pearly portal, When the King shall claim His own.
 Starry crowns will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.

4 We shall greet the loved and loving,
 Who have left us lonely here;
 Every heart-ache will be banished
 When the Saviour shall appear;
 Never grieved with sin or sorrow,
 Never weary or alone;
 O, we long for that glad morrow
 When the King shall claim His own.

THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,
the city of the great King."—Ps. 48: 2.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. A - bove the clouds - - that veil the blue, - - Be-yond the stars - - that glimmer through,
2. The stream of life - - - with ceaseless flow, - - - The ho - ly joy - - - that an-gels know,
3. The flow'rs that sleep - - - neath winter's snow, - - - The loved ones lost - - - to us be - low,

A - bove the clouds that veil the blue, Beyond the stars that glimmer thro',

There is a home - - un-known to care, - - - Its gates a - jar - - - in- vite me there. - -
The gold - en harp, - - - the song di - vine, - - - The spot - less robe - - - Faith calls them mine. - -
The voic - es hush'd - - - that used to sing, - - - We'll find them all - - - where Christ is King.

REFRAIN.

O home of beau - ty, free from sor - row! O ev - er - last - ing glad to - mor - row!
beau - ti - ful beyond! beau - ti - ful beyond!

THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND.— CONCLUDED.

Faith swings the pearl-y por - tal wide, Love calls me to his side.
Faith swings the por - tal wide, Love calls me to my Father's side (my Father's side).

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JEWELS.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when
I make up my jewels."—Mal. 3: 17.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When He com-eth, when he com-eth To make up his jew-els, All his jewels, precious jewels, His loved and his own,
2. He will gath-er, he will gath-er The gems for his kingdom, All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and his own.
3. Lit - the children, lit the children Who love their Re - deem-er, Are the jew-els, precious jewels, His loved and his own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for his crown.

JESUS COMES.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER. "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



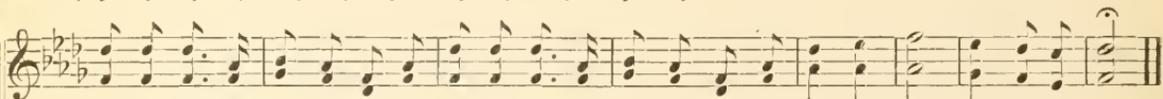
1. Watch, ye saints, with eye-lids wak - ing; Lo! the powers of heav'n are shaking; Keep your lamps all
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-iour, Pardon'd sin and purchased fa - vor, Blood-wash'd robes and
3. King-doms at their base are crumbling, Hark! his chariot wheels are rumbling; Tell, O tell of
4. Na - tions wane, tho' proud and state - ly; Christ his kingdom hasteneth great - ly; Earth her lat - est
5. Sin - ners, come, while Christ is pleading; Now for you he's in - ter - ced - ing; Haste, ere grace and



REFRAIN.



trimm'd and burning, Read - y for your Lord's re - turn - ing.
 crowns of glo - ry; Haste to tell re - demp - tion's sto - ry.
 grace a - bound - ing, Whilst the sev - enth trump is sound - ing. Lo! he comes, lo! Je - sus comes;
 pangs is summing: Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com - ing.
 time di - min - ished Shall proclaim the mys - tery fin - ished.



Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious! Jesus comes to reign vic - to - rious, Lo! he, comes, yes, Je - sus comes.



WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.

F. E. B. *Allegretto.* "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24: 36, 42. F. E. BELDEN.

1. We know not the hour of the Mas-ter's ap-pear-ing, Yet signs all fore-tell that the mo-ment is
 2. There's light for the wise who are seek-ing sal-va-tion, There's truth in the Book of Di-vine rev-e-
 3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burn-ing, We'll work and we'll wait till the Mas-ter's re-

near-ing When he shall re-turn,—'tis a prom-ise most cheer-ing,—
 la-tion, Each proph-e-cy points to the great con-sum-ma-tion,—But we know not the hour.
 turn-ing, We'll sing and re-joice, ev-'ry o-men dis-cern-ing,—
D. S.—come in the clouds of his Father's bright glo-ry,—But we know not the hour.

p CHORUS. *p* *D. S.*
 He will come, let us watch and be ready; He will come, hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will
 He will come, He will come,

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

"The seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest."— Lev. 25 : 4.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh, glo-ry to God! it is com-ing again, 'Tis the glad ju - bi - lee of the children of men;
 2. 'Tis the glad an-ti - type of that day long a - go, When the hosts of the Lord might not gath-er or sow;
 3. Yes, gladder by far is that rest "by and by," When on wings like the ea - gle we mount to the sky;

Then blow ye the trumpet, shout glo-ry and sing, And join in the praises of Je-sus the King.
 When the minions of Is - rael from la-bor were free, And the land was to rest in the glad ju - bi - lee.
 We shall dwell ev - er-more in that land of the blest, In that grand ju - bi - lee, in that sabbath of rest.

CHORUS.

Shout with the voice of tri-umph, Soon shall the saints be free (be free); Glo-ry to the Lord! hal - le - lu - jah! Has-ten the ju - bi - lee!

CROWN AFTER CROSS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

"Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross."— Heb. 12: 2.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Light aft - er dark-ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er wear - i-ness, Crown aft - er cross.
 2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sigh aft - er mys - te - ry, Peace aft - er pain.
 3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er lone - li-ness, Life aft - er tomb.

Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Song aft - er sigh, Home aft - er wan-der-ing, Praise af - ter cry.
 Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast, Rest aft - er wea - ri-ness, Sweet rest at last.
 Aft - er long ag - o-ny, Rapt-ure of bliss! Right was the path - way Lead - ing to this.

REFRAIN.

Now comes the weeping, Then the glad reap-ing, Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re-wa-ard.

From "Gates of Praise," by permission of E. S. Lorenz.

"WE HAVE WAITED FOR HIM."

H. L. TURNER.

Last stanza and Cho. by F. E. B.

"Behold I come quickly."—Rev. 22: 12.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is
 2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twilight, It may be, perchance, that the blackness of
 3. O joy! O de-light! should we go with-out dying, No sickness, no sad - ness, no dread, and no
 4. Speed on, glorious morn, bless - ed day of returning; We know not the time, while its nearness dis-

breaking, That Je - sus will come in the full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world his own.
 midnight Will burst in - to light in the blaze of his glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives his own.
 cry - ing; Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives his own.
 cerning: "Behold, I come quickly!" With joy shout the "A - men, E - ven so, Lord Je - sus, come."

CHORUS.

Come, Lord Je - sus, come quickly; We will shout the glad song, We will shout the glad song;

“ WE HAVE WAITED FOR HIM.”—CONCLUDED.

“ This is our God, he will save us, We have wait - ed for him, We have wait - ed for him.”

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GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.

S. J. GRAHAM,

S. J. G. “ They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.”—Matt. 24:30. by per.

1. The gold-en morn-ing is fast approach-ing: Je-sus soon will come To take his faithful and happy children
2. The gos-pel summons will soon be carried To the nations round; The Bridegroom then will cease to tarry
3. At - tend - ed by all the shin-ing an-gels, Down the flaming sky The Judge will come, and will take his peo-ple
4. The lov'd of earth who have long been part-ed, Meet in that glad day; The tears of those who are broken heart-ed

To their promised home.
 And the trum-pet sound. }
 Where they will not die. } 0, we see the gleams of the golden morning Piercing thro' this night of gloom !
 Shall be wiped a - way. } 0, we see the gleams of the gold-en morning (Omit.) - - - - } That will burst the tomb.

SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

R. S. TAYLOR. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."—John 5:17. "We shall be like him."—1 John 3:2. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. There'll be something in hea-ven for children to do; None are i - dle in that bless-ed land.
2. There'll be les-sons to learn of the wis-dom of God, As we wan-der the green meadows o'er;
3. There'll be er-rands of love from the mansions a-bove, To the beau-ti-ful worlds far a - way;



There'll be love for the heart, there'll be thought for the mind, And employment for each lit - tle hand.
 And we'll have for our teach-er in that blest a - bode, Gen-tle Je - sus, to love and a - dore.
 And I'm sure that our Fa-ther the child-ren will send Who are his cheer-ful help - ers to - day.



D. S. On the bright shining shore, where there's joy ev-er-more, There'll be something for chil-dren to do.

CHORUS.



There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be something for chil-dren to do.



SHALL WE BE THERE?

F. E. B.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: . . . I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2. F. E. BELDEN.

1. An - gels are building fair mansions a-bove; Shall we be there? shall we be there? Dwelling for-
 2. In the glad home of our Father there's room, Room for us all, room for us all; Je - sus in-
 3. Joy - ous the meeting with lov'd ones shall be; No farewell tears, no part-ing fears; From pain and

REFRAIN.

ev - er with those that we love? Children, shall we be there?
 vites us, the Spir-it says, Come, Come to your heav'nly home. We must be there, we must be there,
 sor-row the heart shall be free Thro' the e - ter - nal years.

Safe in the beau-ti-ful cit - y of gold; We must be there, we must be there, When the bright gates un - fold.

F. E. B.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126 : 5.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. O there'll be joy when the work is done, Joy when the reapers gath - er home, Bringing the sheaves at
 2. Sweet are the songs that we hope to sing, Grateful the thanks our hearts shall bring, Prais - ing for - ev - er
 3. Pure are the joy's that a - wait us there, Man - y' the golden mansions fair; Je - sus him - self doth

CHORUS.

set of sun To the New Je - ru - sa - lem, Joy, joy, there'll be joy by and by,
 Christour King In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
 them prepare, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem. Joy joy, joy, joy by and by,

Joy, joy, where the joys never die; Joy, joy; for the day draweth nigh When the workers gather home.
 Joy, joy, joy, joys never die; Joy, joy, joy,

WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

"The voice of weeping shall be no more heard." "They shall not build and another inhabit;
they shall not plant and another eat."—Isa. 65: 19, 22.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. With friends on earth we meet in glad-ness, While swift the mo-ments fly, Yet ev-er comes the
2. How joy-ful is the hope that lin-gers, When loved ones say "Fare-well," That we when all earth's
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spok-en In yon-der home so fair, But songs of joy, and

CHORUS.

thought of sad-ness, That we must say "Good-by."
toils are end-ed, With them shall ev-er dwell! We'll nev-er say good-by in heav'n,
peace, and gladness, We'll sing for-ev-er there.

We'll nev-er say good-by, In that fair land of joy and song We'll nev-er say good-by.

HEAVEN AT LAST.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which
 HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 Cor. 2:9. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An - gel voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome ring - ing, News of wondrous
 2. On the jas - per threshold stand - ing, Like a pil - grim safe - ly land - ing, See the strange, bright
 3. Soft - est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh - est fragrance, spir - it - heal - ing, Hap - py hymns a -
 4. Not a tear - drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas - ure ev - er pall - eth, Song to song for -
 5. Christ, himself, the liv - ing splen - dor, Christ the sun - light, mild and ten - der; Prais - es to the

REFRAIN.

glad - ness bring - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
 scene ex - pand - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
 round us steal - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; O, the joy - ful sto - ry of
 ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
 Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

Small notes for final ending.

heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; Endless, boundless glo - ry, In heav'n at last.

SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

T. C. O'K.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." — Matt. 25 : 34.

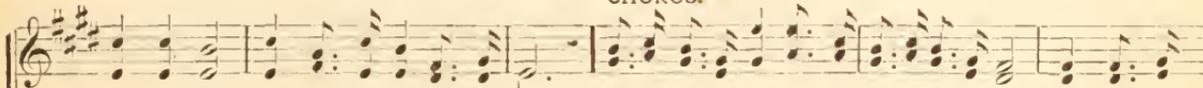
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. Who, who are these beyond the chill-y wave, Just past the borders of the silent grave, Shouting Je- sus'
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus ear - ly, and in wisdom's ways Proved the ful-ness
3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev - er have found in Je-sus calm re- pose, Peace which from a
4. These, these are they who in the conflict dre, Bold-ly have stood amid the hot-test fire; Je-sus now says,
5. Safe, safe up - on the ev - er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er; Hap- py now and



CHORUS.



pow'r to save?
 of his grace, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Je-ru - sa-lem, Washed in the
 pure heart flows,
 "Come up higher;"
 ev - er - more,



blood of the Lamb; - - Sweeping thro' the gates to the New Je-ru - sa-lem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 in the blood of the Lamb;



BEAUTIFUL CITY.

"Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious."—Rev. 21:11.

FRANKLIN E. BELDEN.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of peace, Beau-ti-ful home where weeping shall cease; When shall thy gates be
 2. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of joy, Heaven - ly praise our tongues shall em-ploy; Glad are thy songs that
 3. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, ha-ven of rest, Beau-ti-ful mansions, home of the blest; O how I long thy

REFRAIN.

o-pened to me? When shall I rest for - ev - er in thee?
 nev-er grow old, Bright are thy walls of jas- per and gold. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, haven of peace,
 glo-ries to see! Beau - ti - ful cit - y, waiting for me.

Home of the soul, where weeping shall cease; Beautiful cit - y, waiting for me, When shall I rest for - ev - er in thee?

REV. J. D. HAMMOND.

"They desire a better country, an heavenly."—Heb. 11:16.

D. S. HAKES.

1. When mid toil and strife I wan-der Far from home and those I love, Faith points out my home up yonder,
 2. There I see its radiant brightness, Far out-shin - - ing light of sun; There I see the pearly whiteness,
 3. Let the tho't of home and heaven, Help me, Lord, to do my best: Help me strug - gle as 'tis giv-en,

REFRAIN.

God's own home, of light and love. Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Hap-py place so bright and
 Of the robes thro' battle won.
 Till thou call - est me to rest. Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Happy place,

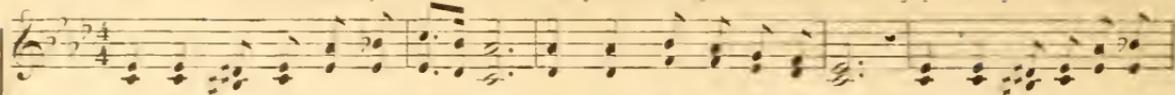
fair; Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Help me, Lord, to meet thee there (to meet thee there).
 so bright and fair; Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Help me, Lord, to meet thee there.

ONLY WAITING.

W. G. IRVIN.

"The Lord direct your hearts into . . . the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3: 5.

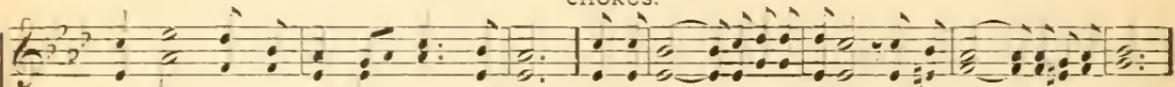
J. H. FILLMORE.



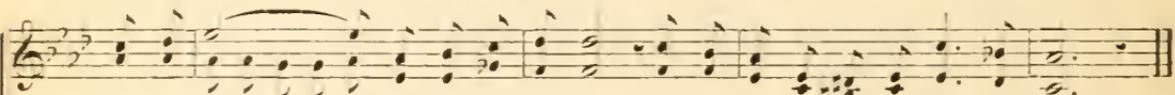
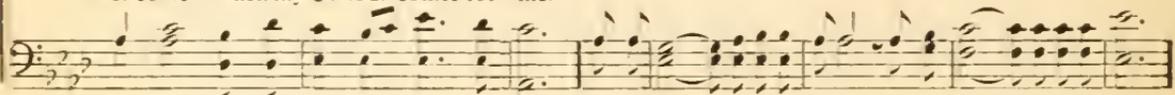
1. I am wait - ing for the morn - ing Of the bless - ed day to dawn, When the sorrow and the
 2. I am wait - ing, worn and wea - ry With the bat - tle and the strife, Hoping, when the warfare's
 3. Wait - ing, hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er. For a home of boundless love, Like a pilgrim looking
 4. Hop - ing soon to meet the loved ones Where the man - y mansions be, Long - ing for the happy



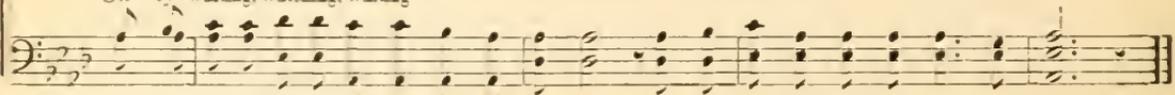
CHORUS.



sad - ness Of this changeful life are gone.
 o - ver. To re - ceive a crown of life. I am wait - ing, calmly waiting, Till this wea - ry life is o'er;
 for - ward To the land of bliss a - bove.
 wel - come When my Saviour comes for me.



On - ly wait - ing for my welcome, From my Saviour on the oth - er shore.
 On - ly wait - ing, watch - ing, wait - ing



SOMETIME.

F. E. BELDEN.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30:10.

D. S. HAKES.

1. When we lay our burdens down, Some-time, some - time; When we take the harp and crown In that cit - y
2. We shall meet to part no more, Some-time, some - time; On that blest im - mor - tal shore. Where the reign of
3. In that bright e - ter - nal day—Some-time, some - time, Tears shall all be wiped a - way, And we nev - er

Sometime, sometime;

of re - nown, We shall sing some - time, Some - time, some - time. We shall sing, some - time, We shall sing,
death is o'er, We shall meet some - time, Some - time, some - time. We shall meet, some - time, We shall meet,
more shall say, We shall sing some - time, Some - time, some - time. We shall sing, some - time, We shall sing,

REFRAIN.

Duet

some-time; Where the heart is nev - er sad, Where the dwellers all are glad, In that happy, Eden clime, We shall sing, some-time.
We shall meet, some-time.
We shall sing, some-time.

ANNIE HERBERT.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13:13.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in
 2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust, If we miss the law of kind - ness When we
 3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall

kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray; We shall know each other
 strug - gle to be just, Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the er - rors of to - day, When the weary watch is
 know as we are known; Far be - yond the o - rient meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart we bide the

CHORUS.

bet - ter When the mists have cleared a - way. We shall know - - as we are known, - - Nev - er -
 o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way. We shall know as we are known,
 shadows, Till the mists have cleared a - way. We shall know as we are known,

more - - to walk a - lone, - - In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists - - have cleared a -
 Nev - er more to walk a - lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing, When the mists have cleared a -

WE SHALL KNOW.— CONCLUDED.

rit.

way; In the dawn - ing of the morn-ing. When the mists - - have cleared away (have cleared away).
 have cleared away; In the dawning When the mists

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"HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

F. E. B. "Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3: 11. F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sweet promise is giv'n to all who be-lieve,—“Be-hold I come quickly, mine own to re-ceive;
2. We'll “watch un-to pray'r” with lamps burning bright; He comes to all oth-ers a “thief in the night.”
3. Yes! this is our hope, 'tis built on His word,— The glo-rious ap-pear-ing of Je - sus, our Lord;

Hold fast till I come; the dan - ger is great; Sleep not as do oth - ers; be watch-ful, and wait,
 We know he is near, but know not the day,— As spring shows that summer is not far a - way.
 Of prom - is - es all, it stands as the sum: “Be hold I come quick-ly, hold fast till I come.”

D.S.—“Come, en-ter my joy, sit down on my throne; Bright crowns are in wait-ing; hold fast till I come.”

CHORUS.

D. S.

“Hold fast till I come;” sweet prom-ise of heav'n,—“The kingdom restored, to you shall be giv'n.”

ISAAC WATTS, arr. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! Let men their
 3. Soon will he rule the earth with grace, And make the

ceivo her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And
 songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-
 na-tions prove The glo-ries of his right-eous-ness, And

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture
 peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 won - ders of his love, And won - ders of his

And heav'n and nature sing. And

sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
 love, And won - and won - ders of his love.

heav'n and nature sing,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. A - wake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And
 2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each
 3. Not man - y years their round shall run, Not

raise your voic - es high; A - wake, and praise that
 mo - ment brings it near; Then wel - come each de -
 man - y morn - ings rise, Ere all its glo - ries

sov'reign love That shows sal - va-tion nigh; A - wake, and
 clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year; Then welcome
 stand revealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes; Ere all its

praise that sov'reign love That shows sal - va-tion nigh.
 each de - clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year.
 glo - ries stand revealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. (AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s D.) F. J. HAYDN.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God :
2. See! the streams of living waters, Springing from E - ternal Love,

He, whose word can not be broken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode.
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove.

On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose ?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ever flows their thirst t' assuage? —

With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver, Nev - er fails from age to age.

H. T. SCHENCK. (NEANDER. 8s & 7s.) JOACHIM NEANDER.

1. Who are these like stars appearing, These, before God's throne who stand ?
2. These are they who have contend - ed For their Saviour's honor long,
3. These are they whose hearts were riv - en, Sore with woe and anguish tried,

Each a gold - en crown is wearing, Who are all this glorious band?
Wrestling on till life was end - ed, Foll'wing not the sinful throng :
Who in pray'r full oft have striven With the God they glo - ri - fied :

Al - le - lu - ia ! hark, they sing, Praising loud their heav'nly King.

4. These, like priests, have watched and waited
Offering up to God their will ;
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve him still :
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before his face.

F. W. FABER, D. D. (PARADISE. P. M.) JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! The world is grow - ing old;
 3. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more;
 4. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! I would so faith - ful be,

Who would not seek the happy land Where they that love are blest?
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore.
 That when my race on earth has run That race may end in thee.

Refrain.

Where loyal hearts and true

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (EWING. 75 & 6s. D.) ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest,
 2. There is the throne of Dav - id, And there, from care releas'd,
 3. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Beneath thy con - tem - plation Sink heart and voice oppress'd:
 The song of them that tri - ump, The shout of them that feast;
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What ho - ly joys are there;
 And they who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,
 Je - sus in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com - pare.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it ev - er blest.

702 LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

WATTS. (VARINA. C. M. D.) by G. F. ROOT.
 Arr. from CHAS. H. RINCK.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
 2. Pure is the land the saints es-py, And all the re-gion peace;
 3. O could we make our doubts remove Those gloomy doubts that rise,

In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
 No wanton lips nor envious eye Can see or taste the bliss.
 And see the Canaan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes;

There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And never-with-ri-ing flow'rs,
 Those ho-ly gates for-ev-er bar Pol-lu-tion, sin, and shame;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,-

And but a lit-tle space divides This heav'nly land from ours.
 None shall obtain admittance there But foll'wers of the Lamb.
 Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.

703 PLACE OF SACRED REST.

ANON. (OAKLEY, C. M. D.) WM. H. OAKLEY.

1. There is a place of sa-cred rest, Far, far be-yond the skies,
 2. When tossed up-on the waves of life, With fear on ev-'ry side,
 3. In that pure home of tear-less joy Earth's part-ed friends shall meet,

Where bean-ty smiles e-ter-nal-ly, And pleas-ure nev-er dies;-
 When fierce-ly howls the gath'ring storm, And foams the an-gry tide,
 With smiles of love that nev-er fade, And bless-ed-ness com-plete.

My Fa-ther's house, my heav'nly home, Where man-y mansions stand,
 Be-yond the storm, be-yond the gloom, Breaks forth the light of morn,
 There, there a-dieus are sounds un-known; Death frowns not on that scene,

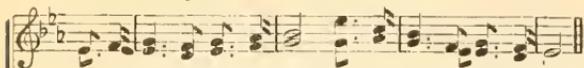
Prepared, by hands di-vine, for all Who seek the bet-ter land.
 Bright beaming from my Father's house, To cheer the soul for-lorn.
 But life and glo-ri-ous bean-ty shine, Un-troub-led and re-rena.

704 THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

J. MONTGOMERY. (WATCHMAN. 7S. D.) L. MASON.



1. Hark! the song of Ju-bi-lee; Loud as might-y thunders roar,
2. Hal-lelu-jah! hark! the sound Ris-es joy-ful to the skies;
3. He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway;



Or the ful-ness of the sea When it breaks upon the shore:
From a-bove, beneath, around, Wake cre-a-tion's har-mo-nies:
He shall reign, when like a scroll Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away:



Hal-le-lu-jah! 'tis the Lord! Lo, he comes on earth to reign;
See Je-ho-vah's ban-ner furl'd, Sheath'd his sword: he speaks, 'tis done,
Then be-neath his i-ron rod, Man's last en-e-my shall fall;



Hal-le-lu-jah! let the word Ech-o-round the earth and main.
Now the kingdoms of this world Are the king-doms of his Son.
Hal-le-lu-jah! to our God, Lo, he comes to con-quer all.

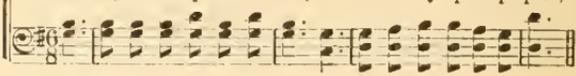


705 TO BE THERE.

ELIZABETH MILLS. (CONTRAST. 8S. D.) LEWIS EDSON.



1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, tempta-tion and care,
3. Do Thou, midst tempta-tion and woe, For heaven my spirit pre-pare,



And oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be to be there!
From trials without and within, But what must it be to be there!
And short-ly I al-so shall know And feel what it is to be there;



We speak of its streets of pure gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
We speak of its ser-vice of love, And robes which the glorified wear,—
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam, In glo-ry ce-les-tial and fair,



Its wonders and pleasures untold, But what must it be to be there!
The church of the firstborn above,—But what must it be to be there!
With saints and with angels at home, And Jesus himself will be there.



HAVERGAL. (DEERHURST. 8s & 7s. D.) LANGRAN.

1. "This same Je-sus!" O how sweet-ly Fall those words up-on the ear,
 2. "This same Je-sus!" When the vi-sion Of that last and aw-ful day
 3. He, him-self, and "not an-oth-er," He for whom our hearts have yearned

Like the swell of far-off mu-sic, In a night-watch still and clear,
 Bursts up-on the pros-trate spir-it, Like a mid-night lightning ray,
 Thro' long years of twi-light wait-ing, To his ransom'd ones re-turnd;

He who healed the hopeless lep-er, He who dried the wid-ow's tear,
 May we lift our hearts, a-dor-ing "This same Je-sus," loved and known
 For this word, O Lord, we bless thee, Bless our Master's changeless name;

He who changed to health and gladness Helpless, suff'ring, trembling fear.
 As our own most gra-cious Saviour, Seat-ed on the great white throne,
 Yes-ter-day, to-day, for-ev-er, Je-sus Christ is still the same.

ANON.

(12s & 8s.)

ARRANGED.

1. How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he wanders in
 2. The mossy old graves where the pil-grims sleep Shall be o-pen'd as
 3. There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy Eden home, Sweet songs of re-
 4. Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah a-gain! Soon, if faithful, we

ex-ile from home! Soon, soon will the Saviour in glory appear, And
 wide as be-fore, And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep Shall
 deap-tion we'll sing; From the North, from the South, all the ransom'd shall come, And
 all shall be there; O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joy-fal till then, And a

Chorus.
 soon will the kingdom come.
 live on this earth once more. He's coming, coming, coming soon, I know, Coming
 worship our heavenly King.
 crown of bright glory we'll wear.

back to this earth again; And the weary pilgrims will to glory go, When the Saviour
 comes to reign.

708 HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

F. W. FABER.

(115 & 105. P.)

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, weary souls, for
 3. Far, far, a-way, like bells at even-ing peal-ing, The voice of Je-sus
 4. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Je-sus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la-den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 of the songs a-bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

Chorus.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home. An-gels of Je-sus,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to thee.
 And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.

an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

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709 SHALL WE MEET?

HORACE L. HASTINGS.

(8s & 7s.)

ELIHU S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y roya-ges is o'er?
 3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
 4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Sav-our, When he comes to claim his own?

Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built for us by hands di-vine?
 Shall we know his bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on his thro-ne?

Refrain.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?
 4. We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall, etc.

Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
 We shall, etc.

710 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

R. L.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er Where bright angel feet have trod;
 2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Washing up its sil-ver spray,
 3. Ere we reach the shining riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease,

With its crys-tal tide for- ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and worship er - er, All the hap-py gold - en day.
 Grace our spir-its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown
 Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

Chorus.

Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er;

Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

Used by permission of Robert Lowry.

711 FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

J. MONTGOMERY.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For-ev - er with the Lord!" A-men, so let it be; Life for the dead is
 2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's as-
 3. And when the morn shall come That ends this night of pain, Thro' grace may I es-

in that word: 'Tis im - mor-tal - i - ty. Here in this bod - y pent,
 pir - ing eye, Thy gold-en gates ap-pear! Ah, then my spir - it faints
 cape the tomb, And life e - ter-nal gain; Then knowing "as I'm known,"

Ab - sent from him I roam: Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A
 To reach the land I love; The bright in - her - i-tance of saints, Je-
 How shall I love that word, And oft re-peat be-fore the throne, "For

Chorus.

day's march nearer home. }
 ru - sa lem a - bore. } Nearer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.
 ev-er with the Lord!" }

712 ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

THOS. KELLY. (TAMWORTH. 8s & 7s. 6L.) C. LOCKHART.

1. On the moun-tain top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy
3. God, thy God will now re-store thee; He him-

sa-cred her-ald stands, Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing-
friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
self ap-pears thy friend; All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee;

Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: Mourning cap-tive!
By thy sighs and tears un-moved? Cease thy mourning;
Here their boasts and tri-umphs end: Great de-liv'-rance,

Mourn-ing cap-tive! God himself shall loose thy bands.
Cease thy mourn-ing; Zi-on still is well be-lov'd.
Great de-liv'-rance Zi-on's king will sure-ly send.

713 DAWN.

- 1 O'er the distant mountain breaking,
Comes the red'ning dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
||: 'T is the Saviour: ||
On his bright returning way.
- 2 O thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see:
||: O my Saviour, :||
When wilt thou return to me?
- 3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from thee I pine;
When, O when shall I the gladness
Of thy Spirit feel in mine?
||: O my Saviour, :||
When shall I be wholly thine?
- 4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
||: O my Saviour, :||
In thy bright and promised land.
- 5 With my lamp well-trimm'd and
burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;

||: Come, my Saviour, :||

O my Saviour, quickly come!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

714 COME.

- 1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travails cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
||: Christ is coming! :||
Come, thou blessed Prince of
Peace!
- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall soon behold thy glory,
When thou comest back to reign;
||: Christ is coming! :||
Let each heart repeat the strain.
- 3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heav'nly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
||: Christ is coming! :||
Haste the joyous jubilee.
- 4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll, from tongue to tongue;
||: Christ is coming! :||
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!
JOHN R. MACDUFF.

THOMAS HASTINGS. (115 & 105.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing!
 2. Lo, in the des - ert, rich flow - ers are spring-ing;
 3. See, the dead ris - en from land and from o - cean;

Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!
 Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;
 Praise to Je - ho - vah, as - cend - ing on high;

Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourning:
 Loud, from the moun - tain - tops, ech - oes are ring - ing;
 Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com - mo - tion;

Zi - on, in tri - umph, be - gins her mild reign.
 Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
 Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

FITZGERALD'S COL. (115. P.) UNKNOWN.

1. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness;
 2. Strong were thy foes; but the arm that sub - dued them,
 3. Daugh - ter of Zi - on, the power that hath saved thee,
D. C. - Daughter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness;

End.
 A - wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.
 And scat - tered their le - gions, was might - i - er far;
 Ex - tolled with the harp and the tim - brel shall be;
A - wake, for thy foes shall op - press thee no more.

Bright, o'er thy hills, dawns the day - star of glad - ness,
 They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
 Shout: for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;

D. C. for Chorus.
 A - rise, for the night of thy sor - row is o'er.
 In vain were their steeds and their char - iots of war.
 Th'op - press - or is vanquished, and Zi - on is free.

F. E. BELDEN.

(BYRON. 4s & 6s D.)

D. S. HAKES.

1. Sweet be thy rest, And peaceful thy sleeping; God's way is best,
2. Thy work is done, Thy sowing and reap-ing; Thy crown is won,
3. Sweet be thy rest; No more we may greet thee Till with the blest

Thou art in his keep-ing. O blessed sleep, Where ills ne'er mo-
And hush'd is thy weep-ing. From tears and woes, From earth's midnight
In heaven we meet thee. O un-ion sweet, That death can not

lest thee! Why should we weep? For heaven hath blessed thee: Sweet be thy rest-
dreary, Thine is re-*po*-se Where none *ev*-er *wea*-ry: Sweet be thy rest-
ser-er! There we shall meet, Where sad tears fall never: Sweet be thy rest-

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718 SOON SHALL WE MEET.

A. A. WATTS.

(UNITY. 6s & 5s.)

L. MASON.

1. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sev - er, Soon shall peace
2. Soon shall love freely flow Pure as life's riv - er; Soon shall sweet
3. Then to that world of light Take us, dear Saviour; May we all

wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts can ne'er re-*po*-se, Safe
friendship glow, Changeless for - ev - er. Where joys ce-*les*-tial thrill, There
there u - nite, Bless - ed for - ev - er; Where kindred spir-its dwell, There

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes; Never,—no, never!
bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part-ing chill Never,—no, never!
may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pell Never,—no, never!

719 BREAK, ETERNAL DAY.

ANON.

(AMERICA. 6s & 4s.)

HENRY CAREY.

1. Break, break, eternal day, Bid darkness flee away; Pour on our sight Light from the
2. Rise, rise, thou glorious Sun, Hasten thy race to run; At God's command Extend thy
3. Come, come, thou conqu'ring One, Reign thou
up - on thy throne, In glory bright; Then shall the

world of joy, Bliss pure without alloy; Then ne'er shall gloom annoy; All shall be bright,
healing wings; Open joy's long-sealed springs; Reign, O thou King of kings, In this dark
ransomed raise, Unceasing songs of praise, Thro' out e - ternal days, In realm of light.

720 JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

JESSIE E. STROUT.

GEO. E. LEE.

1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Je - sus is
 2. Ech - o it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Je - sus is
 3. Sound it, old o - cean, in each mighty wave; Je - sus is
 4. Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng; Je - sus is
 5. Na-tions are angry,—by this do we know; Je - sus is

com - ing a - gain! Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing;
 com - ing a - gain! Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain;
 com - ing a - gain! Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave;
 com - ing a - gain! Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong;
 com - ing a - gain! Knowledge increases, men run to and fro;

Chorus.

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Com - ing a - gain,

com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

721 EVEN AT THE DOOR.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN,

1. The coming king is at the door, Who once the cross for sinners bore;
 2. The signs that show his coming near, Are fast ful-fill-ing year by year,
 3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not be-low for joy and peace,
 4. Then in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the countless ages thro';

But now the righteous ones a-lone He comes to gath - er home.
 And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn Of heaven's e - ter - nal morn.
 Un - til the Sa - viour comes again To ban - ish death and sin.
 This mor - tal shall im - mor - tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

At the door, at the door, At the door, yes, even at the door,
 At the door, at the door,

He is com - ing, he is com - ing, He is e - ven at the door.
 coming again, coming again,

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722 THE EVERGREEN SHORE. BRADBURY.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.— CONCLUDED.

ANON.

1. We are joy-ous-ly voy-a-ging o-ver the main, Bound for
 2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Un-der
 3. Both the wind and the wave our Com-mand-er con-trols, Not-hing
 4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon, Send not
 5. Let the high-heav-ing bil-lows and mountainous wave, Fear-ful-

weather the blast, and we'll land at last, Safe on the ev-er-green shore.

the ev-er-green shore, Whose in-hab-it-ants nev-er of
 our Saviour's command; And our hearts in the midst of the
 can baf-fle his skill; And his voice when the thundering
 a glim-mer-ing ray, Then the light of his coun-te-nance,
 ly o-ver-head break; There is One by our side that can

723 SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.
 J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green,
 2. On-ward bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands!
 3. Now we're safe from all temp-a-tion, All the storms of life are past;

sickness complain, And nev-er see death a-ny more.
 dangers are brave; For Je-sus will bring us to land.
 hur-ri-cane rolls, Can make the loud tem-pest be still.
 brighter than noon, Will drive all our ter-ror a-way.
 com-fort and save, There is One who will nev-er for-sake.

Chorus.

And the liv-ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright im-mor-tal band!
 Praise the Rock of our sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last!

Then let the hurricane roar, It will the sooner be o'er; We will

Chorus. *D. S.—I am safe within the veil!*
D. S.
 Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that eternal shore;
 Drop the anchor! furl the sail!

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724 ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

REV. S. STENNETT.

(C. M.)

T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. O'er all those wide extend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day,
 3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for-ev-er blest?
 4. Fill'd with delight, my raptir-ed soul Would here no longer stay;

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There Christ, the Sun, forever reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 When shall I see my Father's face, And in his king-dom rest?
 Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd lanch away.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
 by and by,

cross on the evergreen shore; . . . Sing the song of
 ev-er-green shore;

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ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.— CONCLUDED.

Mo-ses and the Lamb by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

725 A FEW MORE YEARS.

H. BONAR.

(BONAR. S. M. D.)

L. MASON.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall meet the
 2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore, And we shall be where
 3. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings sore, A few more toils, a
 4. 'Tis but a lit-tle while, And He shall come a-gain, Who died that we might

Chorus.

loved who now Are sleeping in the tomb:
 tempests cease, And surges swell no more: Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My
 few more tears, And we shall weep no more: live, who lives That we may with him reign:

soul for that great day: O, wash me in thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a-way.

R. F. COTTRELL (ANVERN. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. The time is near when Zi-on's sons With ho - ly joy shall
 2. O - pen ye gates! The glorious King Ap - proach - es with
 3. O righteous na - tion! en - ter in, That kept the law of
 4. Within these walls shall they remain, Who trust - ed, mighty

sing the song Foretold by seers—a - nointed ones: We have a
 holy throng; O - pen, ye gates! Saints, angels, sing On gold - en
 truth below, En - ter the place, all free from sin, Where life's pure
 Lord! in thee: Death, their last en - e - my, is slain; They have a

cit - y great and strong, We have a cit - y great and strong,
 harps the victor's song! On gold en harps the vic - tor's song.
 wa - ters gen - tly flow. Where life's pure waters gently flow.
 right to life's fair tree, They have a right to life's fair tree.

727

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation wakes auew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
 : What eye the dazzling glory view? | 3 | Lilies on parched grounds shall grow,
 : And gladness spring on every tree:
The high and low shall meet in love,
 : All pride shall die, and meekness reign,
When Christ descends from worlds above
 : To dwell with men on earth again. |
| 2 | Celestial streams shall gently flow,
The wilderness shall joyful be, | | |

THOMAS KELLY. (ANDRE. L. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. We've no a - bi - ding cit - y here; Sad truth, were this to
 2. We've no a - bi - ding cit - y here, We seek a cit - y
 3. O sweet a - bode of peace and love, Where pilgrims freed from
 4. But hush, my soul! nor dare re - pine; The time my God ap -

be our home; But let this thought our spirits cheer, We seek a
 out of sight; Zi - on its name, the Lord is there, It shines with
 toil, are blest! Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd fly to
 points is best: While here, to do his will be mine, And his to

cit - y yet to come, We seek a cit - y yet to come.
 ev - er last ing light, It shines with ev - er - last - ing light.
 thee, and be at rest, I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
 fix my time of rest, And his to fix my time of rest.

729

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|--|
| 1 | Thy kingdom come. Thus day by day
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
 : The meaning of the words he said? | 3 | When hate and strife and war shall cease,
 : And man with man shall be at peace.
Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,
And all the earth with glory fill; |
| 2 | Thy kingdom come. O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ; | | His word shall Paradise restore,
 : And sin and death afflict no more. |

730 WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

ISAAC WATTS. (C. M.) ARR. BY T. C. O'KANE.

1. { When I can read my ti-tle clear, When I can read my ti-tle clear, When
I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, I'll

Chorus.

I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, } We will stand the
bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. } the storm. It will

storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by; We will
not be very long. We will anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by;

stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
the storm, It will not be very long,

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

- May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a ware of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

731 REST FOR THE WEARY.

S. F. HARMER. (8s & 7s.) J. W. DADMUN, ARR.

1. { In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest; }
And my Saviour's gone be-fore me (*Omit.*) }

Refrain.
2 To ful-fill my soul's request. { There is rest for the wea-ry, There is
On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the

rest for the weary. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you;
sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance thro'.

732

HARK! THAT SHOUT!

THOMAS KELLY. (HENDON. 7s.) C. H. A. MALAN.

and,

1. Hark! that shout of rapture high, Bursting forth from yonder cloud; Jesus comes,
2. Hark! the trumpet's awful voice Sounds abroad o'er sea and land; Let his people
3. See, the Lord appears in view; Heav'n and earth before him fly; Rise, ye saints, ho
4. Go and dwell with him above, Where no foe can e'er molest; Happy in the

thro' the sky, Angels tell their joy a - loud, Angels tell their joy a-loud.
now rejoice; Their redemption is at hand, Their redemption is at hand.
comes for you; Rise, to meet him in the sky, Rise, to meet him in the sky.
Saviour's love, Ev-er blessing, ev-er blest, Ev-er blessing, ev-er blest.

733 PATIENCE BIDS US WAIT.

ANON. (CHOPIN, C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. The glories of that heav'nly land I've oft-times felt be - fore; But what I
2. Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly and be at rest; Then would I
3. But Patience bids us wait awhile! The crown's for them that fight: The prize for

feel is just a taste, And makes me long for more, And makes me long for more.
go to Christ, my love, And dwell among the blest, And dwell among the blest.
those that win the race By faith, and not by sight, By faith, and not by sight.

734

REDEMPTION NIGH.

REGINALD HEBER. (PLEYEL, 7s.) IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. In the sun, and moon, and stars, Signs and wonders have appeared;
2. Soon shall ocean's hoary deep, Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
3. Dread alarms shall shake the proud, Pale amazement, restless fear;
4. But, tho' from his awful face, Heav'n shall fade, and earth shall fly,

Earth has groan'd with bloody wars, And the hearts of men have fear'd.
Darker storms the mountains sweep, Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.
And a - mid the thunder cloud Shall the Judge of men appear.
Fear not ye, his cho-sen race, Your redemption draweth nigh.

735 REST FOR THE TOILING HAND.

H. BONAR. (BOYLSTON, S. M.) L. MASON.

1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anx - ious brow,
2. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel - come sound
3. 'Twas sown in weakness here, 'Twill then be raised in pow'r;

Rest for the wea - ry, way - worn feet, Rest from all la - bor now.
That shakes thy silent chamber walls, And breaks the turf - sealed ground,
That which was sown an earthly seed, Shall rise a heav'nly flow'r!

736 WHEN THOU SHALT COME.

SELINA, C. of H. (MERIBAH. C. P. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call thy ransom'd people home, Shall

I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, [hand?] Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
Nor can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call.

3 Let me among thy saints be found,
When e'er th' Archangel's trump
shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then joyfully thy praise I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of endless grace.

737 BEAR ME ON.

ANON. (C. M.) ARRANGED.

1. O how I long to see that day When the redeemed shall come To Zion, clad in
D. S.-- O bear me on to that

END. Chorus.

white array—Their blissful, happy home. O bear me on, bear me on To Mount Zion;
city of love Where saints shall ever dwell.

2 I'll hear the alleluia roll
From the unnumbered throng,
And with a heaven-ecstatic soul
I'll join redemption's song.

3 All hail! the morn of glory's nigh
The pilgrim longs to see,
That dries the tear from every eye—
Creation's jubilee.

738 MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.

H. F. LYTE. (11S.) LOWELL MASON

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I tremble when trials are near?

Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Nor building my hopes in a region
like this;
I look for a city that hands have
not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 Let doubt, then, and danger, my prog-
ress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet
at its close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, what e'er
may befall,
An hour with my God will make up
for them all.

739 WE WOULD NOT WEEP.

DALE.

(LAUREL HILL. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. Dear as thou wert, and justly dear, We would not weep for thee;
2. And thus shall faith's consoling pow'r The tears of love re-strain:
3. Angels shall guard thy sleeping dust, And, as thy Saviour rose,

One thought shall check the starting tear: From sorrow thou art free.
O, who that saw thy parting hour Could wish thee back again?
The grave a-gain shall yield her trust, And end thy deep repose.

740 GONE TO REST.

ANNIE R. SMITH.

(ELLA. Ss & 4s.)

F. E. BELDEN.

1. She } hath passed death's chilling billow, And gone to rest;
He }
2. When the morn of glo-ry, break-ing, Shall light the tomb,
3. Where no win-try winds are blowing, -No bur-ial train,-

Je-sus smoothed } her } dy-ing pillow, -O slum-ber blest!
his }
Beau-ti-ful will be thy waking In fade-less bloom;
Crown'd with life's ce-less-tial glowing, We'll meet a-gain.

741 NO SORROW THERE.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

(S. M.)

E. W. DUNBAR.

1. There'll be no grief in heav'n; For life is one glad day,
2. There'll be no sin in heav'n; Be-hold that bless-ed throng,
3. There'll be no death in heav'n; For they who gain that shore
Ref. - There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there;

And tears are of those former things Which all have passed a way.
All ho-ly in their spotless robes, All ho-ly in their song.
Have won their im-mor-tal-ity, And they can die no more.
In heav'n above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

742

MEET AGAIN.

L. S. HALL.

(7s.)

L. S. HALL.

1. Meet a-gain when time is o'er, Meet a-gain to part no more;
2. Meet a-gain where endless joy We shall taste without a-loy;
3. Meet a-gain, -how passing sweet, Friends long lost a-gain to meet!

How it cheers the drooping heart, When from friends we're called to part!
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old, Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.
Careworn souls, by tempests driv'n, O how sweet to meet in heav'n!

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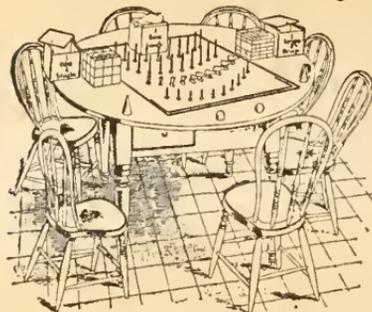
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L. A. SPENCER, Supt.

Kenwood Evangelical Sunday School, Chicago.

"Your Bible Kindergarten Supplies that have been recently adopted in our Primary Department are a delight to all. Not only have the teachers been able to hold the attention of the little ones as never before, and get them nearer their hearts, but the parents and other visitors have been attracted to the Department. An outside interest has been awakened in the homes, and thus the Department has increased in numbers. The little ones must be reached *through the eye* to the heart, and these lessons are a happy means to that end. We are glad to have been able to send several visitors to you for these supplies to be used in other towns. We hope that Book No. 2 may soon be in readiness for the public, so that a continued study may be carried on after Book No. 1 is finished."

Very sincerely,

MRS. ALFRED W. HOYT, Supt. Primary Dept.

First Presbyterian Sunday School, Springfield, Ill.

"Our teachers are delighted with your Bible Kindergarten system, which we have lately introduced into the Primary Department of our Sunday School; it is beautiful to see the interest with which the children enter into each lesson, and it is safe to say the truths of God's Word thus impressed upon their young minds will never be effaced. I believe you have introduced a method that will be shortly adopted by all progressive schools for primary instruction. Wishing you God's richest blessing on your labor, I remain yours for the children."

ISAAC K. DILLER, Supt.

[Two months later the Second Presbyterian Sunday School of Springfield, Ill., also adopted this kindergarten method.]

Congregational Sunday School, Kansas City, Mo.

"Possibly it may interest you to know that my Sunday School is progressing very nicely in its work, and I heartily believe that the methods of kindergarten discipline are the best to be employed. I have taken pleasure in my work, and can say the same for the children. We are beginning now to see the effectiveness of the method. I am also pleased to say that others in the city, who come from other churches, are looking into the matter somewhat."

MISS MAYBELLE GILBERT,

Supt. Primary Dept.
1431 Harrison St.

[She has in her school eight round tables, eight sets of the material, and ten books.]

IT FILLS THE CHURCH.

Hyde Park M. E. Sunday School, Chicago.

"We have been using your 'Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones' with the tables and materials in our Primary Department for a year and a half, and have found them very helpful with the little ones. We have eight tables, with a teacher and an average of eight children at each table. I take pleasure in recommending their use to other Primary workers."

MRS. A. R. PORTER,

Supt. Primary Dept.

First Baptist Sunday School, Binghamton, N. Y.

"In our school we have nine classes, and are about to form another as the school is constantly growing. Our teachers are very enthusiastic about the book, 'Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones' on the Life of Christ, and nearly every Sunday some expression is given by them as to the satisfactory results obtained by giving the children SOMETHING TO DO and something to look at while talking about the lesson."

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MRS. HENRY S. MARTIN, Supt. Primary Dept.

M. E. Sunday School, Three Rivers, Mass.

"In teaching our children the life of Christ with your method, our anticipations have been fully realized. I can safely say that the children have learned more of Christ in the last year than in any previous year since I have been connected with the school."

F. A. C. PHAM, Supt.

Leavitt St. Congregational Sunday School, Chicago.

"I write to tell you of the pleasure and profit we have derived from the use of your 'Bible Kindergarten' supplies in our primary department, and most heartily recommend them to all primary schools. We have had better attendance; teachers can control their scholars, gathered about the round tables; and the truths of the lesson are made real by using the three boxes of material. I am an enthusiast in regard to the use of your object method for Bible study with young children."

MRS. H. M. LAMPHEAR, Supt. Primary Dept.

Sunday School Union, Province of Quebec.

"Am using your material in my Sunday School, and want to say I believe you have the right idea of holding the attention of the children. Our Montreal primary teachers are using these methods freely, and can not get along without them. 'Through the eye to the heart' is the easiest way, and the most experienced teachers know it best."

GEO. H. ARCHIBALD,

Gen'l Sec.; also Leader Montreal Primary Union.

"'Bible Object Lessons and Songs' contains suggestions, music, and a fine collection of pictures, which will be a help to any teacher or mother of young children."

BERTHA F. VELLA,

Vice-President International Union of S. S. Primary Teachers

"I shall recommend it to our students here in school."

GEO. W. PEASE, Springfield, Mass.









